

Stanley Baker

628 East 7th Street

Cherryvale Kas.

SPARKS *of* LAUGHTER

Seventh Annual Compilation

STEWART ANDERSON

NEWARK, N. J.

Copyright, 1926
By Stewart Anderson

Intelligencer Printing Company
Lancaster, Pa.

Contents

SEVENTH ANNUAL GREETING.....	3
SUGGESTIONS TO TOASTMASTERS.....	5
THE BUSY MAN'S VOICE.....	15
HOW TO TELL A FUNNY STORY.....	19
<hr/>	
AEROPLANE.....	25
ARMY AND NAVY.....	27
ARTS.....	35
AUTOMOBILISTS.....	39
BIBULOUS.....	50
BOARDING HOUSE.....	52
BRIDE AND GROOM.....	54
CHARITY, TRAMPS, ETC.....	55
CLERGY.....	58
COURTING DAYS.....	61
CULLUD.....	66
CUPID.....	75
DIPLOMACY.....	77
DOCTORS.....	78
DOMESTIC ANIMALS AND PETS.....	81
EMBARRASSING.....	84
ENGLISH.....	90
ETIQUETTE.....	94
FAMILY.....	96
FARM.....	107
GIRLS.....	113
HEBREW.....	115
HOME, SWEET HOME.....	118
HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.....	122
IRISH.....	128
JOKERS.....	132
KIDS.....	133
LADIES.....	138
LANDLORD.....	143
LAW.....	145
LITERATURE.....	152
MAID SERVANT.....	156
MARRIED.....	161
MERCHANT.....	173

MONEY TROUBLES.....	180
NEIGHBORS.....	181
NEW GENERATION.....	184
NEWSPAPERS.....	189
OUR LANGUAGE.....	193
PASSING THROG.....	196
PLATFORM AND STAGE.....	215
POLITICS.....	222
PUBLIC SERVICE.....	224
RADIO.....	227
RAILROAD STORIES.....	231
SALESMAN.....	233
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.....	239
SCOTCH.....	248
SEA.....	255
SMOKER.....	257
SNAPPY RETORTS.....	258
SPORTS.....	267
TIRED BUSINESS MAN.....	273
TRADES.....	292
TRAVELLERS.....	295


Seventh Annual Greeting

To the lovers of anecdotal laughter in America, who include thousands of regular patrons, we tender the Seventh Annual Compilation of the quips and jests and anecdotes which have been food for mirth throughout the nation during the last few months. We venture to believe that the quality of this volume is just a little bit finer than that of any of its predecessors, and that the satisfaction of its readers will, therefore, be just a little bit stronger.

"SPARKS OF LAUGHTER" has by its seven successfully early appearances, and by the comprehensiveness of its contents, established itself as the nation's one publication that is a genuine reflector of American laughter—a practical and delighting book for users and for lovers of laughter.

STEWART ANDERSON.

*Newark, N. J.,
September, 1926.*



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

Suggestions to Toastmasters

If you are without experience you would do well to act on these suggestions, at least until your own judgment is seasoned, and if you are a master, still you may find in these few paragraphs a helpful hint, for none of us is all-knowing.

Great toastmasters prepare for the occasion, and do not depend on the "inspiration of the moment." The "moment" gives them opportunities to add to or change what they had planned to do or say, and sometimes necessitates a variation; but the frame of their evening's work is made in advance. This preparation has two parts—having a finger in planning the program, if that is possible, and getting ready for one's own conduct of the program.

Preparation

The Date: When choosing the dinner's date, diligently inquire about dinners or meetings of other organizations which might draw some whom you desire as guests and some of your own members also. You want the fullest possible attendance. Avoid Friday if you can, that all your members and all your guests may be liable to partake of *all* the food that is set before them.

Menu: The day of the many-course, heavy-dish dinner has gone by, and such a banquet nowadays is served only when display is desired. A few courses satisfy hunger and pleasure, and are long enough for the generation of comradeship and jollity.

Punctuality: Insist and insistently emphasize to the caterer—club or restaurant or hotel—that the dinner must and shall begin *on time*. Then advertise the beginning as a quarter of an hour earlier. Guests and members grow weary with standing around a half hour or an hour, and are impatient at the long delay. A good part of a banquet's success is due to the right start, and only the "on time" start is the right start.

Waiters: See to it—have it clearly understood—and drum it into the head waiter if you can get at him—that the waiters

are to leave the room as soon as the coffee and cigars are served, or, at least, that they shall collect the cups and saucers as soon as the cups have been emptied—shall do it quickly, and get out, and *stay* out.

The Tip: Arrange with the management to add the equivalent of the collective tip to their charge, and thus avoid the annoyance of passing the plates or saucers among your guests. That is a banquet barbarism which nowadays is never seen at well-ordered affairs.

The Newspapers: And whatever else you may overlook, do not forget the newspapers. The newspaper will be one of the best friends an organization can have, if it is given half a chance. We want a good story of our dinner in the next day's paper, but too often do nothing to earn it. The newspaper's commodity is news, and our dinner is news; but also we desire publicity; and so our relation to the press is reciprocal. Now, the reporter is a human being, with feelings and usually with fine sensibilities, and the way to gain him as an ally is to show him and his employer that you respect the newspaper as an institution and that you respect his profession. A good way not to do this is to stay away from the newspaper office, give them no notice of the dinner, and offer no facilities to the reporter for doing justice to the occasion. And a good way to procure and secure newspaper goodwill is to call on the city editor, give him the data, solicit cordially his own attendance or that of a reporter, and leave tickets for reserved seats, and then see to it that the seats are seats of honor, near the head table, where the scribe can hear perfectly and can see perfectly both those at the head table and all others in the room; and see to it also that someone at the door has been told about these seats, and, when the newspaper men come, will welcome them with a warmly glad hand and conduct them to their places. How would you like to stand outside a banquet door while some ignoramus trots up to the head table and tells the toastmaster that a reporter from the *Town Booster* is outside and asks what's to be done? Yet that happens often enough, and then there's wonderment that the dinner did not have a front page fat story next day.

Still more: If you are to have an out-of-town speaker, try to obtain from him a manuscript of his address, or, better, an

Sparks of Laughter

abstract, and see that each paper has a copy of it twenty-four hours in advance of the banquet. In these complex times dinner speeches are given far less space than was accorded to them before August 1, 1914, yet sometimes a little more space is available if the material is on hand early. Well managed newspapers usually, or commonly, write to such a speaker for manuscript or abstract; but you should not rely on its being done. Metropolitan dailies have space for none but the oratory of the great. The "home town" paper is liberal.

Music: What about music? Just two kinds are permissible during the dining. One is mere murmuring music—not *murdersoms* music—that does not interfere with conversation and merriment. Men do not like, at a public dinner, to have their voices drowned and their laughter quenched by a brass band or by a blaring orchestra. Set your foot down hard, and keep it down, if rackety music is proposed. If the musicians are artists they should play after the dinner—and so with the singers—and not while plates are clattering, and silver and glass are clinking, and waiters are bustling, and there is the hum of voices and laughter. The diners do not enjoy it, and artists loathe it. There is a time for everything. The other kind of permissible music is that in which the banqueters can participate with song—such as good chorus singing, backed by an orchestra. But keep out the mere row music, and give fellowship the chance it looks for at a dinner table.

There are few banquet programs that cannot be made more enjoyable by fine vocal or instrumental music, to be alternated with the speeches—just enough to fill in, and relieve the monotony of the speaking, and far from enough to throw the program out of balance and give to music, instead of to speaking, the chief place.

Printed Program: An engraved or printed menu and program is desirable, at least for an annual or a special dinner—it is kept as a souvenir by many.

Speakers: This is the ticklish part of the planner's task, frequently. First, say that this is the annual dinner of your organization. There is not to be an outside speaker. And you have a horde of officials who will sit at the head table. Now, here's what you are after:—to make your dinner so enjoyable that next year everybody will say, "Let's go!" But jhey won't say it if every magnate at that long head table

makes a speech. Midnight will not find them finished. And most of them God did not purpose should ever make a speech. Wherefore, that they are officials does not justify your banquet committee in compelling them to daze, but not to dazzle, your audience. Your program should end not later than eleven o'clock, and your members and guests should not be compelled to listen to a procession of men, half of whom get up and say, "I am not a speechmaker," or "I am not going to make a speech,"—the first usually tells the truth, and the second is often an unmitigated liar. Firmly, gently, tactfully, pick out four or five who *can* make a decent address, and without explanation or apology, name them as your speakers; adding, as occasionally is necessary, some venerable or honored member, to whom all delight to pay respect. Tell each one exactly how many minutes he may speak, and explain why the limit was fixed—that will help some, even though one or more may exceed his minutes.

If you are to have an out-of-town speaker, all the more reason for keeping down the number of local orators. You must get the crowd away at eleven, and you can't do it if "the whole town" play orator. A hint here:—some of your members and guests may have come by train and must leave before eleven. If so, call up your out-of-town speaker first, or at least early enough for these early leavers to hear his entire address—they have paid their money to see the show, and he is the star attraction.

Some men have a deserved reputation as writers or as doers. But that does not make them acceptable banquet orators. Make sure that a proposed speaker can indeed speak, and is *known* as a capable speaker. Otherwise his reputation with your people is liable to suffer and he may ruin your dinner. I have seen it happen more than once. Fix this in your mind and don't let it get out:—a great name as a writer or a doer is not a guarantee of a great or even an ordinary capable speaker. Don't risk it, don't yield to persuasion—*know* what you are doing when you engage your chief show piece. And do your engaging three months in advance, if you can, else you may not be able to procure him. If he is popular, others will be after him, too.

Don't Wreck Your Program: When you have announced your speakers, or when you have printed your program, stick to your list. An audience, that has been promised three

Sparks of Laughter

speakers only, will curse you if two or three additional are imposed upon them. And the man whom you invited to be your chief speaker, whom you told would have but two preceders, with fifteen minutes each, and to whom you gave the place of honor at the end of the evening, will have just cause for offense if you earlier ring in two or three unadvertised speakers. Your guest of honor has the right to expect that his audience shall not have been worn out before his turn has come, or that he shall not be eclipsed by a speaker who perhaps excels him. Treat your chief speaker courteously and fairly. He is giving you not only his banquet time, but likely enough he has spent many hours in preparing his address.

A common plague is the member who says, "Mr. So-and-So is unexpectedly here. I think it would be fine to ask him to speak." And the inexperienced toastmaster assents. Then five times out of six, the program is put out of joint. I have many times seen such an unexpected guest speak half or three quarters of an hour, with the result that the advertised speakers were ill at ease and cut down addresses which the audience desired to hear, or else they plunged in at full length, and eleven or twelve o'clock had come before the "speaker of the evening" was called up to face a disgusted and dwindling audience. Don't tamper with your list of speakers for any other than an imperative reason, such as the unexpected presence of a high official of your organization. You owe more banquet courtesy to your invited speakers than you do to John Flounder Flubdub, Billy Grinwide Lime-light, or the Honorable Notoribus Spoutlong Killem.

The Toastmaster

The "Once Over": And now it is time for the dinner, and we will give the room the "once over" before the doors are opened. Yes, the place cards are at the head table, each with a name upon it—and *in its right place!* Better remove that tall vase that stands squarely in front of the place of toastmaster or guest of honor—it would hide either one from the banqueters.

Seating your Guests: All right—let them in. The bugle blows or the orchestra plays, and in they come. If your speaker is a non-member *you* will escort him to the place of

honor at your right hand. If there are two such guests, you will bring in both, and place the chief one at your right and the lesser one at your left; or *you* may bring in the chief guest and another officer may pilot the lesser light, to be seated at your right and left.

The Start: The company is standing at the tables, and waiting your invitation to be seated. Here's where your work begins. Here's where you set the atmosphere, so to speak. Instead of merely saying, "Be seated, gentlemen," say more. First of all you must have complete silence. Get it by pounding a heavy plate, or the table, with the end of your table knife. Don't try tinkling your glass—they won't hear it. *Pound* with that knife—if you haven't a gavel. (Own and carry a gavel.) Some will immediately stop talking and look toward your throne, but there will still be a few who do not hear, or hearing, do not heed. Pound again. Keep your poise, and don't open your mouth until the hall is silent. Then, in a voice that reaches to the edges, quote say, Bobbie Burns:

*"Some hae meat, and canna eat;
Some can eat, and want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
So let the Lord be thankit."*

"Will you take your seats, gentlemen?"

or something equally appropriate—you can get a book of toasts at any bookstore and make your own selection. If a minister is at the head table, this "grace" from Burns would not serve, of course. In that case, after silence had been obtained, you would say, "Will the Rev. Dr. [or Bishop] Robinson say grace?" And then, if you are dead sure your quotation would not spoil the grace, follow with your welcoming sentiment, quickly enough, so that the diners would not have sat down, and yet not so quickly as to seem to be pushing the grace aside—a little practice will make you expert.

Control of Singing: During the dinner there may be light music or chorus singing, and if you are the local song leader you will do the leading. Commonly, song sheets with numbered songs are scattered among the tables, and the diners with rivalry do the selecting—table outshouting table. Catch the fun at the top moment and yourself announce the win-

Sparks of Laughter

ning number—don't let the fun run wild, but help it along and direct it with a word of jest or repartee. Have it understood with the leader of the orchestra that he is to play only what *you* announce. Be boss!—and keep the control which you gained when at the beginning you compelled them to silence. An audience admires a firm toastmaster.

Compacting the Audience: Keep your eye on those coffee cups—that head waiter may have forgotten. Don't hesitate to send someone to remind him. The waiters have gone at last—don't begin until they have gone. Is the hall large? Then at once request the banqueters to move toward the head table, both that the speakers' task may be easier and that no one may miss any part of what is said.

You Begin: And now you start. But not to make a speech. No!—a thousand times, no. You are the toastmaster and not speechmaker. Your sole job is to be the connecting link between the speakers and the audience, and, as I said before, to fix the atmosphere, and keep it fixed. That's all:—doing it, however, with all the grace of personality, and play of wit or seriousness, as may be required, that you can command. First, a few words of welcome and of compliment to guests and members. Next, a few words about the object and character of your organization, that your guests may be informed. Then a few words, if needed or appropriate, about the purpose of the dinner. Five minutes is ample, and two would be a volume. Learn letter-perfect what you intend to say—don't fumble, don't stumble, don't hesitate, and don't read from a wretched little piece of paper. Speak it out like a man and a toastmaster! All right? Well, then, begin your introductions. If the speaker is an outsider, you should have learned the reason for his eminence and the extent of his reputation—and have memorized the introduction. Just a brief presentment of his virtues or powers, or whatever made him famous—in modest language that avoids world-bursting superlatives. Two minutes is enough. And for heaven's sake don't say, "We have with us to-night!" Now he's on his feet and is receiving his welcoming hand-clap. Stay on your feet and lead the clapping as soon as you have uttered his name. If he is one to whom should be accorded the honor of a rising welcome, and the audience is a second slow, pull them to their feet by a raising of your eyebrows and

Sparks of Laughter

a slight motion of your hands—they'll come. If he is one to be received with cheers, be the cheer leader. And then keep on standing until he has turned to say, "Mr. Toastmaster," at which you bow and take your seat.

If Only One Speaker: While he is speaking, listen. You will probably catch a sentence or a drift that will suggest a jest, or a serious anecdote, or the recitation of a verse, or the utterance of a follow-up and clinching sentiment, after he has ended. Give his audience a chance to applaud him and give him "curtain calls" before you rise. Then say the say which his address has inspired, thank him in behalf of your organization and its guests for having honored your banquet table, speaking appreciation of his eloquent or learned or whatnot address. Then, if there are no others, thank your guests for having graced your banquet tables with their presence, thank the representatives of the press for their most friendly and long-continued service to your organization, and bid all "Good Night."

If Other Speakers: If you have member speakers, you will have prepared your introductions carefully—for this one a humorous story or jest, for that one both jest and serious word, and for that other a serious word only. You will find plenty of appropriate stories in SPARKS OF LAUGHTER.

Controlling the Speaking: Sometimes a speaker, although informed of his time limit, will meander on and on, or rush on and on, far beyond his allowance. If he is a stranger or a personage, courtesy forbids that he be publicly pulled to his seat. And usually it is not necessary. When he has trespassed five minutes, or ten if you can spare it, reach out your hand and unobtrusively push your watch toward him. Commonly the motion is successful. If it isn't, a minute or two later put your handkerchief to your face and from behind it say, "Five minutes more, Mr. Blank." And if that doesn't fetch him, in another minute or two lean toward the table and briskly pick up papers or programs, as if to remind yourself of the name of the next speaker, and looking out over the audience, in courteous attention, gently tap your fingers on the table, as if slightly impatient. Only as an extremity, and when absolutely necessary, rise and apologetically finish him, with a reason and with smiling courtesy.

Sparks of Laughter

At the dinners of the Gridiron Club in Washington no speaker, it is said, be he ever so celebrated, is permitted to exceed his time allotment. But what those autocratic satirists impose upon their speakers, your organization should not upon yours. Your speakers commonly are friends and neighbors and members, and are not accustomed to the rules of the game of public speaking. Hurting their feelings would be harmful to your organization. Do the best you can to obtain their co-operation, and be contented with the results. To preserve good will and fraternity is worth a few wasted minutes of unwanted oratory.

Alarm clocks and flashing red lights are well enough for the give and take and rough-and-tumble of lunch meetings. They are out of place at an evening dinner.

Tribute to Departed Members: At an annual dinner of a business or civic club, or other organization, it is customary to mention the names and describe the qualities and services of members who have passed on during the twelve-month period. And then frequently, the toastmaster says: "Let us pay tribute to their memory by rising and standing a moment in silence." If a bugler or cornetist is present, the impressiveness of the tribute can be heightened by having him softly sound taps while the audience is on its feet. Or, instead, if the toastmaster has the voice and personality to do it, he may say this:

Something starry, something bold,
Eludes the clutch of dust and mold;
Something that shall not wholly die
Out of the azure of the sky.

Or, again, and instead, if the Toastmaster is indeed a master, if he has voice, and skill in using it, and if he has a distinguished personality, let him try the following—I promise him that his auditors will remember the incident for many and many a day:

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Don't have taps sounded if you use either of these quotations, for they are jubilant of victory, while taps speak only

of death and the grave. And don't use either quotation, especially the biblical, unless you are certain of your qualifications. It is easy to make a grotesque mess of such a task. Sometimes at the head table is a minister who, without announcement, might repeat the lines, but that he is a minister is no assurance that he could do the work well—precious few ministers, alas! are competent to read Paul's great lines on immortality. The moment the company is seated again, bring on some sprightly music, instrumental or vocal, to restore the cheerful tone of the meeting. Or else tell a funny story, or have something else to say, with a smile and an accordant voice.

"Good Night!" Frequently a part of the audience begins to ooze out as soon as the chief speech, which usually is the last one, has been finished. Bang your gavel and stop them and hold them and make them join in the courtesy of your *"Good Night!"* utterance. Here is an admirable finale:

The songs are ended and the speeches done,
The stories told, we've lit our last cigar;
We leave this place of meeting, one by one,
To seek a shadowy country, dim and far.

It is a land where dreams do all come true,
Where failures and resentments do not lurk,
Where youth and hope are ours, and faith is new,
And swift success does follow honest work.

Two words invoke the bounty of that land,
With all its favors and its blessings bright,—
I give to each of you a brother's hand,
And bid you, one and all, Good Night!—Good Night!

You started the banquet, and *you* ended it. You had control throughout. You pleased your audience, and you made their enjoyment more complete because you did start and did control and did announce the end; never leave the audience to wonder whether or not the program has ended—do the ending yourself.

Toastmastering is a useful and an ornamental art. I have tried to show you some of its first principles. Use them and you will not go far wrong. Prepare thoroughly all that you do. And by and by your workmanship will be a master's, the product of your own personality and suited to your own temperament.

The Busy Man's Voice

This chapter is brief. Its aim is, not to supply an elaborate and technical course in elocution, but is merely, on the contrary, to show the business man and woman how to acquire the vocal power of serviceable speech.

We commonly think of a voice as being the especial instrument of the preacher, or the actor, or the lawyer, or the lecturer, and that it is to them a gift of nature, denied to ordinary men. The fact is, however, that every man and woman whose vocal organs are normal is equipped to produce a pleasing voice. The *nasal* voice is usually a misplaced voice, a thing of habit imitatively acquired in childhood. The *whining* or complaining voice is usually an expression of mental or emotional attitude. The *indistinct throaty* voice is merely a misplaced voice. Any one who is willing to spend a half hour a day for six months can have a pleasing voice. We do not mean that training will give that beauty of individuality to voice which makes some voices supreme. Even as faces differ in beauty, so do voices. But voices, unlike faces, can be changed and the vocal organs be made to produce tones that are melodious. Our advice to any man or woman who has both the time and the means and who wishes to acquire a good speaking voice is this:—

First, go to a nose and throat specialist to see whether or not there is anything wrong, even though you are sure there is nothing wrong. That done, go to a first class teacher of the speaking voice and take about a dozen lessons in voice-placing.

In no time at all, the nasal voice will disappear, as will the back-in-the-throat voice. You will learn that the proper use of the lips is necessary to distinct articulation and how to form your tones in the front part of the mouth—your voice will be pulled down from your nose (although, as a matter of fact, it never is there), or your voice will be dragged up from your throat and put in charge of your lips and teeth.

Self-Training

If, however, you cannot employ a teacher, follow day by day the method we now describe, and in a few months you will be delighted with the improvement in your voice.

Words are formed of vowels and of consonants. The consonants are the frames of the vowels, as it were. If you do not use the lips and the teeth to shape the consonants, necessarily your articulation is indistinct—you get only half-formed words. Articulation is necessary to the pleasing voice, and articulation comes from the efficient pronouncing of each syllable in a word, since words are made up of syllables. If you give each syllable its value, the entire word is sure to be clearly pronounced. You must, therefore, drill yourself in clear enunciation.

If you have a nasal voice, you must rid yourself of it; and if your voice is indistinct because throaty, that must be changed. Let us attack these two faults first, the cure for each being the same.

Sound a full long \bar{o} . Any nasal sound, or throaty sound? Well, try this:—Stand before a mirror, or sit, and round the lips into a small circle. Now sing \bar{o} , and feel the breath passing sharply through the lips. If the tone is still nasal, concentrate upon that round orifice of the lips—keep it round—and try again and again until you are conscious that the \bar{o} is being formed on the lips alone. You will soon learn to distinguish between the nasal and the pure tone. When that recognition has come, watch your words for every \bar{o} you use and send it through the lips.

Having placed \bar{o} properly, next take the long “o,” as in “gold.” Treat it as you now do the “ \bar{o} ,” except that the mouth circle is a little larger.

Next sound both “ \bar{o} ” and “ \bar{o} ” preceded by these consonants:—p, b, m, d, s, h. Bring each of these consonants to the lips and clearly sound them when joined to “ \bar{o} ” and “ \bar{o} .”

This done, pass on to long “a” and “e.” Both of these vowels are placed just back of the teeth. Fasten your mind on that part of the mouth, tell yourself that there, and from there alone, the sound of “a” shall proceed, and then sing the vowel gently or speak it lingeringly. Keep at it until you perceive the difference between the “a” so sounded and the “a” that has nasal quality. Then go to “e,” and treat it in the same way. Which done, hook on the named consonants, and as many others as you wish, making the utterance sharp and clear-cut.

With these four vowels properly placed, the nasal property will have disappeared, and the habit of forming their tones in

the back of the throat, instead of the front of the mouth, will have been broken.

And from the start watch your voice in conversation, or in public utterance, schooling yourself to front-mouth speech, and it will not be long before a gratifying improvement both in character of tone and clarity of enunciation will be seen.

Now, then, for enunciation itself, aside from curing nasal and throaty utterance:—

You may have a voice loud enough to fill any hall, yet if you do not frame and shape your words into hearable speech, noise, melodious or unmelodious, is your probable vocal product, and your audiences miss a good deal of what you say. In the closeness of conversational contact that speech fault may not be disastrous, but it cannot help being so when you are speaking in public.

Here is the cure, and while you are taking it you will increase your volume and the quality of your tone—don't holler! at first. Clear melodious speech is what you are after. You would not at first, unless already an athlete, do to the full limit of your strength the prescribed exercises in a gymnasium.

Take a list of fifty four-syllable words, choosing such as have *long vowels*—like “oo” in “cool,” “o” in “cold,” “a” in “fate,” “e” in “feel.” Then day after day, before a mirror, for at least three months, give yourself a half-hour drill in syllabic articulation. Split each word into its syllables, and pronounce each syllable as if it were an entire word. For example, “Oklahoma.” Pronounce it “Ok-la-ho-ma,” a syllable at a time. Round the full “o” to begin with, and join it to the clicking sound of “k.” Then the “la,”—just as you would sing “la-la-la-la-la,”—hit the “l” as strongly as you do the following vowel. Next the “ho,”—as if you were calling “Ho!”—with push in your sounding of the “h.” Finally, the “ma,”—bring your lips tightly together to form the “m,” and join to it the full “a” as in “father.”

Treat all the words in your list to this process—“do your exercises” faithfully day after day for at least three months, and you will have three things to show for your work:—

1. Effective enunciation—clearness of vocality.
2. Tonal quality. The vowels, which provide the *music* in speech, will have been purified and made brilliant.
3. The daily use of your vocal organs will have developed strength or volume of voice.

Sparks of Laughter

The enunciate voice, the rich-vowel voice, the strong voice, is a voice indeed.

By all means, go to a *first-class* teacher if you can. But if you cannot, do what has here been laid down, and you may be confident that in due time you will have a voice if you are voiceless now, or a still better voice if already you have a good one.

How to Tell a Funny Story

I assume that you do not know how, and that you have not developed any part of the instrument for story-telling. I assume also that you earnestly desire to develop this faculty or power, and that, being reasonable, you will agree that a few minutes a day must be given, for some weeks or months, to practice—just as you would be obliged to do in acquiring facility in any other easily acquired art. I do not mean, of course, that you need to defer the beginning of your story-telling for several months, but merely that to become a thoroughly capable jester, methodical and persistent practice is necessary. Let us first take the easier part of the work—

The Easier Part

Gather a Fund: From the start be on the watch for good brief bits of laughter, in magazines and newspapers. Clip them, and file them alphabetically, according to the subject. Also be a watchful listener, and write down, at the earliest moment—don't trust memory too long—each usable story and put it in your files. You will thus create a valuable stock, that will contain something for every occasion.

Carry a card in your pocket, bearing the first or a suggestional line of several stories, and when you find yourself in a company, public or private, in whose entertainment you are likely to be a participant, refresh your memory by glancing at your memoranda. Do this, and you will not later regret not having told some story that had a special relish.

Memorize: Memorize your stories. Get them down letter perfect. Don't spoil your chance to earn a laugh by hesitating, stumbling, recalling, apologizing. Let the story come trippingly on the tongue. Face yourself in the mirror. Tell your stories to the man in the mirror. Satisfy him—completely—and then you may confidently expect to satisfy a larger audience.

Voice: If the story is without dialogue, you will use your natural voice alone, of course. But if it has dialogue, you must use at least three voices—the narrator's (your own), and a different voice for each of the two in the dialogue. Give one of them a bass and the other a tenor voice; or one of them may need an old man's quavering, toothless voice, and the

other the voice of a man in his prime; or both may be boy's voices; or one a man's and the other a woman's. You must give to each speaker such a voice as belongs to the character you are depicting. If you employ only your own voice, you produce monotony, and you cannot create the individual color that variety of voice permits. That is obvious.

Face: But the voice is only a part of story-telling. You must use facial expressions as would be used by the man of whom you are telling. If the words are angry, so must the face be; if of grief the face must respond; if of joy, the face must show it; if of disdain, derision, truculence, dissemblance,—the face should match. Again the mirror. Tell the story to its man. Tell it again and again, until you satisfy *him*. Then take it out and try it.

Gesture and Posture: Nor are voice and face all. There are also gesture and posture—gesture, the action of fingers, hands, arms, shoulders; posture, generally, the body's action or attitude. Some stories require neither gesture nor posture; others require one or both. An excited Frenchman or a voluble Hebrew is apt to talk with his entirety as is also the lively dorky. And so you must be a mimic also in these respects. Watch—*watch*—WATCH! when you see a “character,” and then as soon as possible go to the man in the mirror and practice until he tells you that you may try out on somebody else.

What to Tell: What kind of story shall you tell? Humor in stories may lie in a play upon words, or in the incident, or in the dialect and action, or in a combination of these elements. Assume that, although you enjoy dialect, you have yet no facility in its use. Choose, then, a story with play on words or of incident; and stick to that kind until you have developed ease with dialect.

Dialect: The man who can use dialect has a rich talent. Nearly all of us are attracted to one dialect more than to another—to the Hebrew, or the Irish, or the Scotch, or the Canuck. Which is your favorite? The Hebrew? All right. Then never miss an opportunity to listen to a Hebrew. And, I repeat, as soon as you can reach your mirror, use your power of mimicry to copy what you have heard. Do it over and over again, and listen over and over again!—and not to only one subject, but to several; at the same time noting, and copying before your mirror, the typical Hebrew motions of shoulders and arms. Scotch? Go where Scotchmen are,

and as soon as you can try it on the man in the mirror. Practice "rolling" the "r" —difficult at first, but soon you will be able to roll one as long as those of Harry Lauder. When you have dialect down pat, try it out at that little luncheon or card game. If it goes, as it probably will, keep on practicing, and take on at the same time another dialect. Soon you will have two or three at command.

Choose Your Time: How to tell a story comprises also *when* to tell. The greatest success is obtained by using such a story as the subject of the conversation, or the address, or the character of the occasion, naturally educes, for the minds of your hearers are already receptive to it. Don't jar with an ill-timed jest a serious moment.

The Banquet Table: Suppose you are at a banquet table and are called upon without warning to speak on a subject of which you know little. Self-deprecation would be appropriate, and, if you did indeed speak to the purpose, so much the greater your credit with your audience because you began so modestly. For example: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen, I am only so slightly familiar with the subject under discussion that I fear anything I might say would remind you of the man who recently was a police-court prisoner"—and then tell the the police-court stuttering story:—A prisoner recently was called to the bar of a New York police court. JUDGE: Prisoner, your name? PRISONER: F-f-f-f-f-. [Do it three or four times.] JUDGE (angrily): "Officer, what is this man charged with? OFFICER: Begorra, your Honor, an' I do be thinkin' he is charged with sody water." Oh: "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen, I am obliged to plead dark ignorance of the subject that has been so ably analyzed and illumined, and if I should attempt to add to what has been said I should as certainly fail to set up an intelligent contact with this audience as did the young lady who for the first time in her life was seated at dinner, next to so high a dignitary as a bishop"—and go on with the bishop-pyjama story:—A young lady was for the first time seated next to an elderly bishop at a banquet table. And her brain wouldn't work and her tongue was paralyzed. Each minute the silence became more embarrassing to her. At length the fruit was reached, and as she passed him the bananas she asked: "Are you very fond of bananas?" The dear old man was a trifle deaf and he thought she said "pyjamas." After a moment or two he answered: "My dear young lady, since you ask me I must

frankly confess that I much prefer the old-fashioned night-shirt." These are suggestions for twisting a story to your need. The power to adapt will quickly respond to cultivation.

You have noticed that quite a number of the stories in **SPARKS OF LAUGHTER** are aimed at the finer sex. But they shouldn't be blown at a feminine audience like a ball from a cannon. Suggestion: "Mr. Toastmaster, and ladies and gentlemen: The presence of the ladies make it certain no member of this association will ever be guilty of engraving on the marble memento of his better half the sentiment which a Vermont farmer carved on the tombstone of his lamented one—'Here lies our wife, Samantha Proctor; she caught a cold and wouldn't doctor. She couldn't stay, she had to go—praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

Stories of what precious imps of children said to discomfit their parents when company was present always are acceptable at a "Ladies' Night"—of Rotary Club, Publicity Club, or other organization. The mothers are thinking, while the stories are being told, of their own little saints and their speeches and antics, and they like to hear of the pranks of other mothers' angels. Suggestion: "I am glad that this occasion has been made more bright by the light that lies in woman's eyes. Our youngsters are tucked in their beds, and mothers and fathers together are enjoying the pleasures of this occasion. But, ah, those youngsters of ours! What don't they do to us!" Then tell two or three of the child stories which you will find in **SPARKS OF LAUGHTER**—saving for the last the one you believe to be best.

Don't Overdo: Stuttering stories and hare-lip stories are always enjoyed if told well. The stuttering should be accompanied by facial contortions. Be careful in this, however: don't drag the stuttering out too long—your audience will grow impatient; yet be deliberate enough to give them the full flavor of the stutter. In telling a hare-lip story be sure that your enunciation is clear enough, though clouded by the simulated deformity, to give your hearers the sense of what you are saying, else you will fail—they *must* be made to hear the *point* of the story.

"That Reminds Me": One emphatic "Don't!" Don't ever begin a story whether in public or in private, by saying, "That reminds me of a story." More good stories have been done to a sorry, soggy death by men who use that phrase than by any other class of humor murderers. If the conver-

sation, or the address, or your own remarks, suggest a story, *glide* into it thus—"Something like Bill" or "Much like Bill" or "As in the case of the dear old lady"—and then without any other word tell your story.

Discriminate: In a public address it is well to use two kinds of jests. One is the line-or-two jest, that is run in at the end of a sentence, to illustrate a point or to lighten a too pronounced soberness. Don't make too much of this brief form—use it casually, and be satisfied with grins or chuckles, and don't act as if you expected your audience to "fall apart in chunks."

Save your best effort for a laughter-compelling story—a complete anecdote. Rehearse it carefully, and weigh and polish its parts. Then, when you tell it, note its effect upon the audience. You will tell some stories that, to your surprise, will yield more than the one expected laugh—the audience will break in at a point where no humor had been apparent to you. The next time you tell the story in public be prepared to let your hearers have their laugh at that spot. Then give them the climax, and you will get doubled laughter. Remember this, however:—a sizable audience is more likely to laugh easily than is a little group of three or four, and so the same story that publicly pulls two laughs may not in private gain more than one.

A Caution: All the time have this in mind, so that you will not be narrowed to your own likes and dislikes in your story-telling:—Tastes in humor differ. There are as many different tastes in humor as there are in food, clothes, jewelry, perfumery, music, painting, cards, books, sermons, politics, climate, and men and women and children. Your task is to please the average, and you must therefore forget *yourself*, and get over the fence and mingle with the crowd, as it were, that you may see with their eyes, think with their minds, and use their varied humor.

Study SPARKS OF LAUGHTER—don't merely read it just once—it is full of usable material for every occasion, which will lie "all unlocked to your command" after you have long enough practiced your imagination and ingenuity in *twisting* the stories to your use. *Summary:* Memorize your stories. Tell them to the man in the mirror. Suit the voice or voices to the story. Make the face accord with the voice. Obtain command of gesture and posture. Begin your story-telling with the kind of a story you are at present able to tell well. Tell the right

Sparks of Laughter

story at the right time. Gather a fund of stories. *Study SPARKS OF LAUGHTER*, and force your ingenuity to adapt the stories to your needs. In brief, put as much desire, work, persistence into your learning of this art as your abilities or deficiencies require.

Aeroplane

Fifty-Fifty

Mr. Murphy was taking his first flight in an aeroplane. The pilot was taking him over to San Francisco, and when they were about 3,000 feet up the plane suddenly went into a nose dive.

"Ha, ha," laughed the pilot as he righted the plane. "I'll bet 50 per cent of the people down there thought we were falling."

"Sure," said Mr. Murphy, "and I know darned well 50 per cent of the people up here thought so, too."

Cat Had Nine Lives

"Where can Harold be?"

"Why?"

"He's been trying for a week to lose our cat, and as a last resort he took her up in his plane this morning. He said he would take her up three thousand feet and drop her over the side."

"Well, what is there to worry about?"

"Lots. Harold isn't home yet, and the cat is."

Protects His Money

Sandy was a highly skilled workman in a new aeroplane factory. It happened one day that he was asked if he would care to accompany the works aviator on one of his trial flights in a machine. Sandy, after some hesitation, agreed to do so.

During the flight, the aviator asked how he was enjoying the trip.

"To tell the truth," answered the Scot, "I wad rather be on the groun'."

"Tut, tut," replied the flying man. "I'm just thinking of looping the loop."

"For heaven's sake don't dae that!" yelled the now very serious Sandy. "I've some siller in my vest pocket, an' a nicht lose it."

Or Fuming Static

MRS. 'ARRIS (*seeing sky-writing for first time*): "Mrs. 'iggins, wot be that?"

MRS 'IGGINS: "That'll be some o' that there wireless caught fire, I'll be bound.

—*The Tattler.*

Army and Navy

The Official Reply

An old soldier, on leaving the army, wrote to his colonel as follows:

"Sir—After what I've suffered, tell the army to go to blazes."

He received a reply in the usual official manner:

"Sir—Any suggestion or inquiries as to movements of troops must be entered on army form 123XYZ, a copy of which I am enclosing."

—*Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman.*

His Best Miss

In a regiment team shoot, one squad was badly let down by the last marksman, who was performing wretchedly.

"Great heavens!" wailed the sergeant. "Two outers and a magpie after nine shots. How many cartridges have you got left?"

"One, sergeant," replied the luckless shot.

"Well, go be'ind the bush and shoot yourself," snarled the N. C. O.

The man retired, and a moment later a shot rang out from behind the bush. The horrified sergeant rushed to the spot.

"Good lord!" he said agitatedly. "Wot 'ave you done?"

"It's all right," grinned the soldier as he rose from the shrub. "I made another miss."

His Method

A famous soldier had acquired a reputation for very slow golf. His fellow members on the course urged a retired banker to take action.

He did.

"Hi, General!" he shouted, after being kept waiting ten minutes on the first green. "Hurry up; you aren't on a battlefield now, you know."

Prisoner on Guard

The officer for the day entered the guard room with the catlike tread of a policeman. But his caution was unrewarded, for, but for one man, the place was deserted.

Airily garbed in shirtsleeves, the latter was lying upon a camp bed, reading the morning paper and smoking a short clay pipe. He eyed the lieutenant with an unwelcome frown.

"Where is the sergeant of the guard?" demanded the officer, icily.

"Gone across to the mess to have a drink, sir," answered the private, springing to his feet.

"And the guard?"

"They're in the canteen, sir."

"Then, confound it, what the deuce are you doing here?"

"Me, sir?" came the calm reply, "I am the prisoner!"

She Knew

An army officer was showing his fair guest about the camp when a bugle sounded. "What's that for?" the fair one inquired.

"That's tattoo," the officer explained.

"Oh, I understand," she remarked. "I've often seen it on soldiers' arms, but I didn't know they had a special time for doing it."

Collecting Too Much

Two soldiers, members of the Presbyterian church, wandered into an Episcopal church. They were handed prayer books and took their seats. One of them commenced turning over the pages of his book to see what it contained.

Soon a strange look came over his face, and then a kind of horror came, and he turned and said in a very anxious voice, "I say, Mac, let's get out o' this. I've been looking at this 'ere book, and it's nobbut 'Collect,' 'Collect,' 'Collect.' "

All's Well!

VOICE FROM NEARBY HOUSE: "Who's in that chicken coop?"

SNOWBALL JOHNSON (*a veteran*): "A friend."

—*Windmill.*

A Precautionary Measure

"What's this horse play?" thundered the colonel as he came upon Corporal O'Brien seated reading a letter with Private Murphy standing behind him, his hands over O'Brien's ears.

"It's this way, sor," explained the corporal, "Murphy, here, gats a letter from his gurrel. Bein' he can't read, he lets me read it, but stops my ears so I can't hear what she writes him. That's how it was, sor."

—*Capper's Magazine.*

Pianissimo

The sergeant sang out at company parade: "All those fond of music step two paces forward!"

With visions of soft jobs in the regimental band in their minds, half a dozen men stepped forward, smiling broadly.

"Now, then," yelled the sergeant, "you six chaps get busy and carry that grand piano in the basement up to the officers' new quarters on the seventh floor!"

—*Washington Post.*

How Pat Escaped

An Irishman was telling his friend of a narrow escape in the war.

"The bullet went in me chist and came out me back," said Pat.

"But," answered his friend, "it would go through your heart and kill you."

"Me heart was in me mouth at the time," came the quick reply.

—*Southern Cultivator.*

He Got New Ones

COLORED ROOKIE: "Ah'd like to have a pair of shoes, sah."

SERGEANT: "Are your shoes worn out?"

COLORED ROOKIE: "Worn out! Man, the bottoms of mah shoes is so thin, ah can step on a dime and tell whethah it's heads or tails."

Doing the Lord's Work

An army officer tells of a friendly argument that arose between two young chaplains of different denominations, in which the senior chaplain rather cleverly got the better of his opponent.

"Let us bury the hatchet, my brother," he said. "After all, we are both doing the Lord's work, are we not?"

"We certainly are," replied the junior chaplain, quite disarmed.

"Let us then," said the senior, "do it to the best of our ability, you in your way, and I in His."

Arithmetic Bugs

A dusky son of Alabama was busily engaged in a cootie hunt. When asked by a sergeant what he was doing, he replied: "I'se a-huntin' fo' dem 'rithmetic bugs."

"Why do you call them arithmetic bugs?"

"'Cause dey add to ma misery, dey subtracts from ma pleasure, dey divides ma attention, and dey multiply like de dickens."

The Limit

They were quite the rawest lot of recruits the sergeant had ever had to tackle. He worked hard for three hours, and at last thought they were getting into some sort of shape, so he decided to test them.

"Right turn!" he roared. Then before they had ceased to move came another order: "Left turn."

One man slowly left the ranks and made off towards the barrack-room.

"Here, you!" yelled the sergeant, angrily. "Where are you off to?"

"Ah've had enough," replied the recruit, in disgusted tones. "Tha doesn't know tha own mind for two minutes runnin'!"

When Diogenes Met a Civil War Veteran

"What were you in the war?" he asked.

"A private," the old soldier answered.

And Diogenes blew out his lamp and went home.

And Echo Answers—

For a whole solid hour the captain had been lecturing his men on "The Duties of a Soldier," and he thought that now the time had come for him to test the results of his discourse.

Casting his eyes around the room, he fixed on Private Murphy as his first victim.

"Private Murphy," he asked, "why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?"

The Irishman scratched his head for a while; then an ingratiating and enlightened smile flitted across his face.

"Sure, captain," he said, pleasantly, "you're quite right. Why should he?"

The Heavenly Choir

A cavalry officer offered this one in illustration of the airs and conceit for which his branch of the service is noted. A trooper arrived before the heavenly gates and found that things aloft were as fine as he had been led to believe. One of the receiving angels took him in charge and asked if there was anything in particular he wanted.

"Yep, I always did like choir music," said the trooper. "Get me ten thousand soprano singers!"

"An unusual request," commented the angel, "but you shall have them—anything else?"

"Ten thousand alto singers." These were promised.

"And ten thousand tenors," ordered the trooper, "—an' that'll be all for the present."

"Well—er—how about the bassos?" inquired the angel.

"I'll sing bass."

Tactics

The captain was making a final check-up of instructions before sending Private Jones to his solitary listening post in a shell-hole.

"Now, what will you do if they start shooting and the shells begin to break in this sector?" he asked.

"Form a line, sir," replied the buck promptly.

"Dumb! How will you form a line with only one man?"

"A beeline for home, sir."

—American Legion Weekly.

He Got Them

The young recruit was the victim of so many practical jokes that he doubted all men and their motives. One night while on guard, a figure loomed up in the darkness before him.

"Who goes there?" he challenged.

"Major Moses," replied the officer.

"Glad to meet you, Moses," he said cheerfully. "Advance and give the ten commandments."

Charlie Chaplin Please Notice

A drill instructor was berating a raw recruit for his awkwardness. "Now, Murphy, you'll spoil the line with those feet of yours! Draw them back instantly man, and get them in line!"

Murphy's dignity was hurt.

"Please, sergint, they're not mine," he replied. "They're Dennis Hogan's in the rear rank!"

—*Los Angeles Times*.

Who Shaved Him?

The sergeant rebuked the private angrily, "Jenkins, why haven't you shaved this morning?"

"Why, ain't I shaved?" the private exclaimed, apparently greatly surprised.

"No, you ain't," the sergeant snapped. "And I want to know the reason why."

"Well, now, I guess it must be this way," Jenkins suggested. "There was a dozen of us usin' the same bit of lookin' glass, an' I swan I must have shaved somebody else."

Colonel Ananias vs. Private Ananias

A soldier went to his colonel and asked for leave to go home to help his wife with her spring cleaning.

"I don't like to refuse you," said the colonel, "but I've just received a letter from your wife, saying that you are no use around the house."

The soldier saluted and turned to go. At the door he stopped, turned and remarked:

"Colonel, there are two persons in this regiment who handle the truth loosely, and I'm one of them. I'm not married."

Clair de Lune

A new gob was sent aloft one night with strict orders to report all lights—*all* lights, it was emphasized. As soon as he hit the crow's nest he sang out:

"Light ho, sir. Two points off the starboard bow."

The officer screwed the glass in his eye and scanned the horizon. Not being able to raise anything, he asked:

"Can you make her out?"

"Yes, sir."

"Report her."

"She's the moon, sir."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Had He But Known

A pretty American girl met a doughboy at a party.

Said she: "And did you kill a Hun?"

"Yes."

"With what hand did you do it?"

"With this right hand."

And the pretty girl seized his right hand and kissed it.

A lieutenant standing by said to the doughboy: "Heavens, man, why didn't you tell her that you bit him to death?"

Had No Ouija Board

In Russia, after the World War, an American officer had a bunch of Cockneys cutting down trees. They had never had to cut a tree in England.

They were beavering away, gnawing the tree with their inexpert axes, when the officer asked, "Corporal, in which direction are you going to fell that tree?"

"'Ow the 'ell do I know?" asked the corporal. "Do I look like a bloody prophet?"

On the Witness Stand

CORPORAL STOGGS (*giving evidence*): "I was on canteen duty at the time, sir, and I was in the row when the room began—I mean, sir, I was in the room when the row began—and I saw the accused, Private Noggs, whom I now identify, deliberately strike Sergeant Snooks. But the Sergeant was too smart for him, sir; he hit him first."

—*Answers.*

Next Day, the Awkward Squad

It was a dark night at Camp Grant. Footsteps of a horse were heard approaching through the gloom.

"Halt! Who goes there?" barked the rookie.

"Regimental commander."

"Dismount, Colonel, and advance to be recognized."

The colonel dismounted and came over to the rookie who presented arms with a snap.

"Proceed, Colonel," he said.

As he laboriously got back on his horse the colonel asked "By the way, who posted you there?"

"Oh, nobody," replied the sentry. "I'm just practicing."

Arts

Used to It

A music enthusiast took a friend to one performance of a recent two-night grand opera "season."

The music sounded a little noisy, especially when the bang of the drums and the crash of cymbals occurred at intervals. But the friend's face remained unmoved.

"Doesn't this glorious volume of sound affect you?" the host asked.

"Oh, not in the least," was the calm reply. "You forget I am a boilermaker."

Publicity

SOLICITOR (*to actress who has been sued for breach of contract*): "I think I can keep this out of the papers."

ACTRESS (*indignantly*): "Don't you dare!"

—*Passing Show (London)*.

Very Simple

"Sculpture is very easy, isn't it?" said a young lady at an exhibition of statuary.

"Very, very easy," said the sculptor, "and very, very simple. You just take a block of marble and a chisel and knock off all the marble you don't want."

Not These Days

The great sculptor had just finished his model of an angel, and one of his numerous friends had called in to see it, and at the same time give a little friendly criticism.

"Friends," said he sagely, "angels don't wear silk stockings. Did you ever see an angel in high-heeled shoes and silk stockings?"

For a moment there was silence in the studio. And then: "Did you," asked the sculptor, "ever see one without them?"

He'd Have to Wait

A certain wealthy merchant decided that he would commission an artist to paint his new country mansion, with himself, as the owner, standing in the doorway.

Accordingly, he approached an artist, who agreed to the proposal. In due course the picture was completed, but the artist, for some reason of his own, had neglected to paint in the figure of his client.

"It's all right," said the merchant, "but where do I come in?"

The artist tried to pass off the error as a joke.

"Oh," he said, "you've just gone inside to write my check!"

"Oh, have I?" retorted the other. "Then perhaps I'll be coming out soon, and if I do I'll pay you; in the meantime we'll hang it up and wait."

Wanted to Bury Him

"Hallo, Tysen, old fellow! How are you getting on?" asked a man, meeting in the street an acquaintance, who, mainly for the want of something better to do, had recently gone on the stage.

"Oh, I have played with a measure of success," replied the other loftily, throwing himself into a dramatic posture. "I played Hamlet for the first time last week."

"Really? And how did you get on in that rôle?"

"Oh, everything went along splendidly, except that I stumbled and fell into Ophelia's grave."

"That must have been rather embarrassing, surely?"

"It was, I can assure you. But I wouldn't have minded so much if the audience hadn't seemed so disappointed when I got out."

Place for Jazz

HIGHBROW MUSICIAN: "Of course, there's a place for jazz—"

JAZZ ENTHUSIAST: "So delighted to hear you say so, professor!"

H. M.: "But I refrain from naming it in your presence, madam."

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Then the Fly Flew

An art critic, speaking of the virtues of this painting, and the faults of that one, finally came to a picture in the gallery and said: "Now you see in this picture the artist has not learned his trade—it lacks technique and understanding. His trees seem to have no form; they do not stand up; the grass has no roots. His clouds look like bits of paper stuck on the canvas. And here you see he has resorted to a trick to catch the public eye and has attempted to paint a fly. Now, I would not object to the fly, had he been able to draw better and make it look like a fly. This fly looks like a lump of mud and has not the character of a fly."

At this point, the fly, having tired of the critic's rambling, took wing and flew away.

Got Out First

"The way to treat cubism and dadaism and super-realism and all the other catchpenny fads is to laugh at them," said Rene du Bois, the art critic, at a dinner in New York.

"A super-realistic painter was giving an exhibition. He button-holed a well-dressed chap—a good prospect, as they say in the business world—and led him up to a picture and began:

"This will show you, old man, the thing I'm after. We super-realists, you see, strive for the purgation of the superfluous, we paint esoterically and not exotically, portraying nothing but the aura or inner urge. Do you follow me?"

"Follow you?" said the prospect. "Gosh, I'm ahead of you. I came out of the bughouse last Monday."

The Village Band

The village band had just finished a vigorous and not too harmonious selection, but the villagers fairly boiled over with enthusiasm.

As the musicians sank perspiring to their seats, after bowing for the applause, the trombonist asked hoarsely, "what's the next one?"

"Washington Post [Mark," answered the leader, consulting his program.

"Good Lord," ejaculated the trombonist. "I just got through playing that!"

—*Illinois Central*

Liked the Palette Better

Ralph Adams Cram, the architect, was deriding post-cubism at a banquet in New York.

"Cubism," he said, "was bad enough, but post-cubism!

"A notorious post-cubist was painting a farm scene in the Adirondacks one day when a farmer came up and watched him a while.

" 'Gosh all hemlock!' said the farmer. 'Paintin' two pictures at once, ain't ye? Wall, these here scientific management idears take the cake for fair.'

"The post-cubist gave the farmer a puzzled and disdainful look. What did the old fool mean?

" 'Two pictures at once!' the farmer repeated. 'I like the one ye got yer thumb through best.' "

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Jazz, Maybe

An accompanist who suffered keenly because the soprano for whom he played wandered from the pitch, one day glared at her savagely and said, "Lady, lady, what in —— is the matter with you? I try you with the black keys. I try you with the white keys. You sing always in the cracks."

Automobilists

Well Lubricated

Commissioner Harkness of New York, was talking about the traffic problem.

"Most of the solutions of the problems that are offered us," he said, "show more ignorance than anything else."

"It's like the young bride who said to her parlor maid: 'Jane, the casters of the parlor chairs squeak horribly. I wish you'd oil them. Here's a quarter. Go and get a quart of castor oil.'"

—*New York World.*

Never, Never, Never!

Once upon a time a man and his wife went for a ride in their car. Suddenly there came a loud noise, as of an explosion.

"It's a blowout!" exclaimed the husband, as he stopped the machine.

"Now, John," said the wife, "you just sit still. As I do the driving from the back seat, it's no more than right for me also to get out and fix things!"

—*Ziff's Magazine.*

Learning to Drive

JIM: "It took me about five weeks to learn to drive my car."

JANE: "And what did you get for your pains?"

JIM: "Liniment."

A Lacteal Line

MOTORIST (*after the smash*): "This is what comes of keeping to the left of the white line."

YOKEL: "That haint no white line, mister. One of Farmer Burge's milk cans been leakin' zummat terrible."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Desperate

"Squire," complained the village speed cop, "if you don't reduce th' fine fer speedin', I'm gonna have to git me another job."

"Reduce th' fines?" demanded the dispenser of rural justice. "Why, is ten dollars an' costs too much?"

"It must be," was the disgusted reply. "These durn cusses air all slowin' up."

—C. G.

Eve's Descendant

"Can you drive with one hand?" asked the girl in a gentle voice.

"You bet I can," replied the young man, eagerly.

"Then have an apple," answered the sophisticated young creature.

What About Teething Rings

"What have you in the shape of automobile tires?"

"Funeral wreaths, life preservers, invalid cushions and doughnuts."

—Anon.

Memorize This

When one is invited by one's friend to cast an admiring glance at his new car, the following well-chosen words one may always use with the knowledge that one will not offend:

"Yes, nice little car, Bill, not a bad bus at all for the money. Lots of 'em sold nowadays. Of course, this finish won't hold up long and the engine overheats on the hills, but there'll always be a garage nearby so you can get towed in.

"A chap I know got good service for the first 10,000 miles out of one of these cars, and then the thing went to pieces. But, of course, he didn't take care of his bus like you will. He never could get more than thirty-seven out of his, but a man's crazy to try to speed these days.

"A fellow told me they were going to tear out this cheap engine and put a real power plant under the hood next year, and if that doesn't keep 'em from rattling to pieces they're going to discontinue this model. But you've got a nice little car, Bill, nice little car."

Even in London

"Where's your rear-light?" asked the man in blue of the lorry-driver.

The latter disengaged himself from his precarious perch and walked to the back of the van. He peered in all directions for a second or two, and then stood scratching his head.

"Well, what about it?" asked the policeman, extracting his notebook.

"I dunno. I had a—"

"Now, you can't tell me that tale," remarked the officer grimly. "Anybody can see you haven't had a lamp on there, 'cos there's no bracket."

"Yes," said the driver, "but look here—"

"No good making excuses," said the constable. "You've no light and that's flat."

"That's not what I'm worrying about," answered the driver sadly. "What I'd like to know is—where is my blinkin' trailer?"

Not a Speed Artist

"How long did it take your wife to learn how to drive an automobile?"

"It will be ten years in September."

Ambulance Chaser

A negro woman was injured in an automobile accident. Her doctor told her she should get damages. She replied, "I don't want damages. I want repairs."

A Near Accident

"We weren't doing anything like 30, your honor; we may have been hitting it up a little when we struck the hill, but we were down to twenty miles within two car lengths."

NEXT WITNESS: "We never went faster than fifteen miles an hour, your honor, and when we came to the cross road we slowed down to ten."

DEFENDANT: "We were practically at a standstill when the officer came up."

THE COURT: "I'll have to stop this thing now or you'll be backing into someone—\$25.00."

Special for Ford Owners

Two Rolls-Royces rested side by side. Suddenly one of them twitched violently and shook a fender.

"What's the trouble?" said the other.

"I think I must have got one of those Fords on me somewhere."

He Followed Instructions

"What are you stopping the car for?"

"The road book says to turn north and follow the trolley, and now we'll have to wait until one comes along."

Busy

"Does your father keep the Ten Commandments?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"I'm not sure," replied little Mary, "but I'm afraid it's all he can do to keep up with the traffic regulations."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Ruthlessly

Ruth and Johnny, side by side,
Went out for an auto ride;
They hit a bump, Ruth hit a tree,
And John kept going, Ruthlessly.

—*American Legion Weekly.*

A Clew

POLICEMAN (*to bespectacled old professor who has witnessed the smash*): "You say you saw the accident, sir. What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?"

PROFESSOR: "I'm afraid I've forgotten it. But I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by itself, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed."

Behind the Windshield

There is something about a windshield glass that magnifies a tack and makes a pedestrian seem a small matter.

—*Wooster Record.*

Fireplug Skidded

HENRY: "Gracious, your mudguard is all smashed! Did you bump into something?"

DODGE: "No, of course not. We were standing perfectly still, and a fireplug skidded right into us.

—*Punch Bowl.*

A Dead Loss

FRIEND: "You look worried, old man. What's the trouble?"

MOTORIST: "Such infernal luck! I ran over a chap to-day who owed me ten dollars."

—*Boston Transcript.*

No Wonder

DOCTOR (*examining unconscious motorman*): "Did that automobile hit this interurban car?"

CONDUCTOR: "No, sir! You see, the driver stopped his auto to let the car go by and the motorman fainted."

Surface Service Magazine.

This Ad Got Results

If your car has been stolen, this suggestion for its recovery may appeal to some. A Texas farmer ran the following advertisement in his local newspaper. "Strayed—One Jersey heifer. To the one who returns her I will give a drink of Four Rose whisky, 10 years old."

The next morning there were nine men with Jersey heifers standing in the yard.

—*Texas General Contractors' Association Bulletin.*

Foolish Question

OFFICER FREE STATE PATROL: "Have ye yer permit on ye for dhriven' the cyar?"

MOTORIST: "I have that. Are you wantin' to see it?"

OFFICER: "What for would I be wantin' to see it, if ye have it? If ye had it not, then I'd be wantin' a look at it."

—*Selected.*

The Magic Word

"This is my car," exploded the irate tourist to the garage man, "and what I say about it goes—see?"

Just then a dirty-faced machinist crawled out from under the dead engine and said: "Say 'Engine,' mister."

So Inconsiderate

A young lady, according to "Standard Co." said that she didn't know profanity was so prevalent until she started to drive an automobile. A friend asked her, "Do you hear much of it on the road?"

She very modestly replied, "Yes, nearly everyone I bump into swears dreadfully."

He Did

"You tell me," said the judge, "that this is the person who knocked you down with his motor-car. Could you swear to the man?"

"I did," returned the complainant, eagerly, "but he only swore back at me and drove on."

—*Parkertown Enterprise.*

Accept No Substitutes

A sign over a garage in a small western town reads: "Use genuine parts. No substitutes are as good. Ask the man with a wooden leg. He knows."

—*B-C-A News.*

Ain't It the Truth?

"What can be done with the by-products of gasoline?" asks a contemporary.

"Usually, they are taken to the nearest hospital."

—*Exchange.*

Just One Nut

It takes about 1500 nuts to hold an automobile together, but it only takes one nut to scatter it all over the landscape.

—*Mead Co-operation.*

Contingent Liability

Lawyer (*to Casey, who is filing suit*): "Have you tried to settle the case out of court?"

CASEY: "Sure not! 'Tis damages I want for bein' run over—not revenge."

—*American Legion.*

False Alarm

STRANGER: "I represent a society for the suppression of profanity. I want to take profanity entirely out of your life and—"

JONES: "Hey, mother! Here's a man who wants to buy our car!"

—*Exchange.*

Gulf No-Nox

It was dusk when she stopped at the roadside filling station.

"I want a quart of red oil," she said.

The service man gasped and hesitated.

"Give me a quart of red oil," she repeated.

"A quart of r-r-red oil?" he stuttered.

"Certainly," came her reply, "my tail light has gone out."

It Makes a Difference

An automobile was having the usual trouble making headway in the deep snow ruts and at the same time maintaining due regard for the car ahead. The wood block paving was particularly slippery, and one effort to slow down suddenly wasn't altogether successful. The car jammed into the one ahead quite emphatically.

"Awful sorry, mister," said the driver, good-naturedly, "but it couldn't be helped."

At that moment the car behind jammed against the flivver with equal force.

"You blankety-blank fool!" screamed the driver of the flivver in the general direction of the rear. "Why the blank-blank don't you put on some chains, get some brakes and learn to drive that tin can?"

—*Kansas City Star.*

Good Fortune

FORTUNE TELLER: You are going on a journey and you will meet with good fortune."

MOTORIST (*eagerly*): "You mean, when I drive downtown tomorrow, I will find a place to park?"

—*Judge.*

"They Said It With Flowers"

His brakes were bad and failed to hold,

And he was in a quandry—

The choo-choo buzzed around the bend,

Now his wife works in a laundry.

The Collegiate Method

SLICK: "How do you get so many girls?"

SLICKER: "Oh, I just sprinkle a little gasoline on my handkerchief.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Did One Ever Sting You?

Some of these small cars are getting so very small that the only way they can deal with a refractory pedestrian is to sting him.

—*Punch.*

Eppy Taff

Bill thought his gas was low;

He struck a match; the tank let go—

Bill sailed three miles right in the air,

Three miles on a pint is pretty fair.

Isn't It True?

MOTOR COP (*after hard chase*): Why didn't you stop when I shouted back there?"

DRIVER (*with only \$5, but presence of mind*): "I thought you just said 'Good morning, Senator.'"

COP: "Well, you see, Senator, I wanted to warn you about driving fast through the next township."

No Prosecution

A married couple were knocked down by a motor-car. The car dashed away. The police arrived and found the couple bursting with indignation.

"Do you know the number of the car?" asked the policeman.

"Yes," replied the husband; "by a strange coincidence the first two numbers formed my age and the second two the age of my wife."

"John," said the wife, "we will let the matter drop at once!"

We Have Been There

"You seem to have had a serious accident."

"Yes," said the bandaged person. "I tried to climb a tree in my motor car."

"What did you do that for?"

"Just to oblige a lady who was driving another car. She wanted to use the road."

—*Eastern Dealer.*

Automatic

"Did you get the number of the car that hit you?" asked the traffic cop.

"Look on my back, officer," replied the victim weakly. "I think you'll find it stamped there."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Safety First

JUDGE: "Why did you run down this man in broad daylight on a perfectly straight stretch of road?"

PRISONER: "Your honor, my windshield was almost totally obscured with Safety First Stickers."

—*Flyer Pilot.*

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

A junk shop near a railroad crossing in New Jersey bears this admonition to motorists: "Go ahead, take a chance. We'll buy your car."

Too Much for the Judge

JUDGE (*sternly*): "Were you speeding?"

MOTORIST (*brazenly*): "I sure was, your honor. My speedometer showed I was hitting 65."

JUDGE (*weakly*): "Twenty-five dollars fine for shocking the court with the naked truth."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

John Knew It

Although John and his wife had been married 30 years, it was said they had never been known to agree upon anything—except once.

John bought a car, and in due course learned to drive it—in a way. When he took his wife for her first ride all went merrily until John attempted to turn a corner.

"John!" screamed his wife, grasping his arm. "You're going to hit that pole!"

"I know it," said John.

And he did.

The Losing Game

The big car was speeding toward a railroad crossing when a fast moving freight train came into sight. Immediately, the two men in the front seat began an argument as to whether or not they could beat the train.

"Don't get excited," cried the driver. "I tell you I can easily make it."

"And I tell you y'can't!" shouted the other man. "The train will beat us by two minutes."

The driver kept increasing the speed of the car while the argument continued. Finally the man in the rear seat, who up to this time had remained quiet, could stand it no longer.

"Well," he shouted, "I don't give a darn who wins this race, but I hope it ain't no tie!"

No Accelerator, Either

"Well, Algy, I hear you have taken up walking as the doctor ordered. How does it go?"

"Seems a bit awkward at first, without a windshield."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Pretty Nearly True

MOTORIST (*arriving at outskirts of big city*): "How far to the City Hall?"

PASSING CITIZEN: "Fifteen miles, sir, and you'd better park your car here."

—*Life*.

Kept Right On Going

"Papa," cried little Ethel, running into the living room in tears, "a man knocked my candy out of my hand."

"Where is he?" demanded her father, angrily. "I'll fix the brute!"

"I don't know, but his automobile is up on Maybell Johnson's porch and half-way through the front of the house."

—*American Legion Weekly*.

In the Soup

"Say," yelled the traffic officer, "what do you mean by speeding along like a mad man? You'll kill somebody! Why don't you use your noodle?"

"Noodle?" gasped the new car owner, "where in heck is the noodle? I pushed and pulled and jiggered every darn thing on the dashboard, and I couldn't stop her."

Not Right for Back Seat Driving

MRS. THOMPSON (*learning to drive*): "Henry, that little mirror up there isn't set right."

THOMPSON: "Isn't it?"

MRS. THOMPSON: "No—I can't see anything but the car behind."

—*Life*.

Copyright

Bibulous

Slap Stick Humor

Thirty years ago Steve Rowan was a first-class cop in Chicago. He hated to make arrests and went to great lengths to avoid the necessity. On one occasion, while Rowan was on night duty, he found a decently dressed but very intoxicated man staggering along a snow-covered sidewalk at 4 a.m. He picked the fellow up and took him to the second floor of a nearby rooming house, opened a door in the rear of the hall and shoved the man through it.

Then he went down to the street to resume his patrol. Almost at once he saw another drunk, somewhat dishevelled, stumbling frantically down the street. He hauled him, protesting loudly, to the same door in the upper hall of the rooming house. In a half hour he carried up two more men each a little more dilapidated than the others.

The last man broke into bitter tears and pleaded to be left alone, but Steve was adamant.

As he started off again, it occurred to him that the room must be pretty full of drunks by now. So he went back, flung the door open and flashed a light in. Before him was a 10-foot drop to a snow-drift in the street where the drunk was sprawled. He had thrown the same man out of the door four times!

The man looked up at Steve and yelled feebly, "Thank God, he'sh gotta fresh one!"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Just By the Way

One day about noon Mr. Jones called up a friend and said, "I understand that Brown was at your house last night and not in A-1 condition."

"You heard right," admitted the friend. "He was here, and very much intoxicated."

"Terrible, terrible," ejaculated Jones. "By the way, was I there, too?"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Wanted 'Em Snappy

The inebriated passenger in the elevator lost all his self-control when the operator stopped the car with a jolt at the third floor.

"Lemme out!" he demanded, "I'm through with this machine!"

"Oh! Come now," replied the boy, "we're almost down. Surely you can stand just three more stories?"

The polluted one paused. Then he subsided, suddenly giggling: "All right, as long as they're good snappy ones!"

—*Cornell Widow.*

Between Home Brew Artists

"How's the last batch of stuff you made?"

"The strongest I ever made; a silver dollar will float on top of it."

"That's a good test. I put a silver dollar in mine the other day to see if it would float, but before I could grab it, it had melted."

Boarding House

Japanese Wit

A young Japanese was living in a boarding-house. This boarding-house was anything but clean. The Japanese are a clean people, and consequently the guest was greatly surprised, one day, to find a card on the front door. "Clean your feet," it said, in big letters.

The Japanese took a pencil and on the same card, immediately underneath, he wrote: "On going out."

Hard Chewing

"It's sad," said the sentimental landlady at the table, "to think this poor lamb should be slaughtered in the flower of his youth just to satisfy our appetites."

"Yes," agreed the cynical boarder, "it is tough."

—*Selected*

Too Hard Work

He, poor chap, was stopping at a cheap hotel, and one Sunday afternoon, after he had eaten a turkey neck, a potato and a splinter of mince pie, the landlady said to him, as he rose while the weak coffee was being brought on, "Oh, don't leave the table, Mr. Smith."

"I must, madam," said Smith. "It's hard work and my teeth aren't what they used to be."

The Retort Discourteous

LANDLADY: "I think you had better board elsewhere."

BOARDER: "Yes, I'll admit I frequently have."

LANDLADY: "Have what?"

BOARDER: "Had better board elsewhere."

—*Selected.*

Pointed Wit

FIRST LANDLADY: "My lodgers are all so witty!"

SECOND DITTO: "Ah, there's nothing like hunger to sharpen the wits."

Bride and Groom

Not Exclusive

The bride was very much disconcerted when she saw twin beds in the hotel room.

"Why, what is the matter, dear?" asked the attentive husband.

"I thought when we came here we were going to have a room all to ourselves."

Not All the Banks Closed

BRIDE: "But dear, I can't afford a chinchilla for you. The bank's overdrawn."

GROOM: "Well, try some other bank—they can't all be overdrawn, darling."

Just What He Meant

"It's a shame you don't know anything about cooking," the young husband informed his bride after the honeymoon. "Everybody ought to know how to cook. Why, I learned how myself in the army."

"Oh, well," she sniffed. "I can warm a few beans, if that's what you mean."

—*American Legion Weekly*.

To Fit the Rhubarb

MR. NEWLYWED: "Good gracious, dear, what a long pie! It is surely too big for just two."

MRS. NEWLYWED: "I'm sorry, Cecil, but I couldn't get any shorter rhubarb, anywhere."

Charity, Tramps, Etc.

Didn't Want Much

A tramp called at a farmhouse and asked for a job. But the farmer said there were no jobs going.

"Can't you find nothing, sir?" persisted the man.

"No," said the farmer, firmly, "I've plenty of hands just now."

"Well," grumbled the man in tatters, "I think you might have found a job for me—a little bit of work will quite satisfy me."

Where Atkinson Was

"Here's a fellow who is going to beg from us," said Atkinson as he was walking homewards with Jones. "Just watch me take a rise out of him."

Jones watched and listened. He listened first to the horrible tale of woe the mendicant poured glibly forth, and then he listened to Atkinson's rejoinder.

"What do you mean by spinning me that old yarn again?" he asked; "it's the same old tale that you told me the last time you saw me."

"Is it?" asked the tramp, "and when was that?"

"Why, only last week or thereabouts," said the smart Mr. Atkinson.

"May be I did," said the beggar man, "may be I did, but I'd quite forgotten meeting you in jail. I only finished my last 'three months' hard' this morning."

A Financial Wizard

GENTLEMAN: "What would you do with a nickel if I gave you one?"

HOB0 (*sarcastically*): "Get a new suit, mister, an' some supper, an' a night's lodgin', an' breakfast an' dinner tomorrow."

GENTLEMAN: "My good fellow, here's a quarter. Go and support yourself for the rest of your life."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Was Carrying Samples

Weary Willie turned away from the hospitable lady's door and started back in affright, for outside the gate a policeman stood—a tall, burly looking individual, obviously waiting for Weary William.

Still, he could linger no longer and he forged ahead.

"One moment!" said the limb of the law. "What were you doing at that house?"

"Nothing, sir," replied the tramp innocently.

"Nothing, eh? Well, we'll see about that! Turn out your pockets!"

The tramp did so and disclosed a meddley of buns, cakes, tarts and chunks of bread.

"Nothing eh?" repeated the policeman sarcastically. "Well you had better come and tell the sergeant that. It seems you've been begging."

"Begging—me begging!" exclaimed the tramp indignantly. "Why I'm traveling for a baker, and these are my samples!"

—*London Answers.*

Educated

The tramp paused outside the house. "Clear out!" shouted the lady of the house. "I ain't got no wood to chop. There ain't nothing you could do around here."

"But, madam, there is," retorted the wayfarer with dignity. "I could give you a few lessons in grammar."

Not That Far, Yet

TRAMP: "I've asked for money, begged for money, and cried for money, lady."

LADY: "Have you ever tried working for money?"

TRAMP: "No, lady, I'm doing the alphabet and I haven't got to 'w' yet."

Too Much for Him

A tramp slouched up to the miller's door,
And asked for the pants that the miller wore;
A lady opened the door and said,
"I am the miller," and the tramp dropped dead.

An Economical Dog

"Dont' send me dog meat today," said a feminine voice over our party line to the butcher. "'Tige's got a fat tramp treed on the roof of the wood shed and I won't need it."

—*Country Gentleman.*

Dimly Lighted

A gentleman was one day walking down a street in Belfast, when he saw an old Irish woman begging. As he was passing her, she stopped him and said: "Could ye spare a copper for an auld woman, sorr?"

The gentleman, taking pity upon her, gave her sixpence.

"God bless you sorr!" said the old woman, "and may every hair of yer head be a candle to light you to glory."

Taking off his hat and showing a bald head, the gentleman said dryly:

"It won't be much of a torchlight procession, madam!"

Turned the Tables

A salesman called upon a grocer and at the same time a poor woman entered soliciting alms. The grocer, wishing to play a joke on the salesman, told the woman to "ask the boss," at the same time pointing to the other man.

The salesman, turning to the grocer, who was smaller than he, said, "Boy give this poor woman a dollar out of the till."

The grocer paid.

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Well Meant, But—

OLD LADY: "Well, here's a dollar for you, my poor man."

TRAMP: "A dollar! Lord bless yer lady; if ever there was a fallen angel, it's you."

Clergy

A Quickly Fulfilled Prophecy

The evening lesson was from the book of Job and the minister had just read, "Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out," when immediately the church was in total darkness.

"Brethren," said the minister with scarcely a moment's pause, "in view of the sudden and startling fulfilment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the electric lighting company." —*Boston Transcript.*

The Bishop Laughed

This Phillips Brooks story is told by Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe:

"It is strange, Brooks, to think of you as a bishop," said Bishop McVickar.

"It is so strange, Willie," Bishop Brooks replied, "that sometimes when I am putting on my clothes I have to stop and laugh."

Why They Take

Rev. Calvin C. Menry of New York is opposed to sensationalism in religion.

"Deliver me," he said at a Bronx luncheon, "from the new creeds that spring up nowadays like mushrooms. I was bidding a friend bon voyage on the Cunard pier the other afternoon, and I said to him by way of a joke:

"'Maybe you'll bring a new creed back with you, but be careful if you do—you know how hard it is to get things through the custom house nowadays.'

"'Oh,' said my friend, 'there'd be no difficulty about that. These new creeds never have any duties attached to them.'"

A Hint to Young Clergymen

"Bishop," said a young Methodist preacher to his spiritual superior, "won't you give me some advice how to gain and keep the love of my congregation?"

"Yes, brother," replied the divine. "When you marry, select a woman from some other congregation than your own, and be sure that she is not handsome or stylish in her dress!"

Out of Order

A dear old Methodist, obliged to remain in a certain town over Sunday, started out to attend service in one of the churches of his own faith; but losing his way, and seeing an open church door just across the street, he entered, not knowing to what creed the congregation held. As the service progressed his religious emotions waxed warmer and warmer, until finally he gave vent to them by shouting out "Praise God!"

Immediately one of the ushers tapped him on the shoulder and said, "You can't do that in this church, sir."

Hopeless Case

A good deacon was absorbingly interested in church work and Sunday school. There was one man whom he had tried over and over again to get to come to church. Times without number he had invited and urged this man to go to church and hear good singing and a first-rate sermon, but without success.

One day, however, after the deacon had extended his customary invitation, the man said,

"Well, Deacon, I guess I'll give your church a try for once. By the way, what day do you meet?"

Rebuked

A new story is told about Bishop Henry C. Potter. It seems that a lay reader had been complaining to the bishop that he and his fellows were nowhere recognized in the Prayerbook. There were references to bishops, priests and deacons, but never an allusion to lay readers.

"Why, of course there is," said the bishop. "Don't you remember that verse in the Benedicte, 'O, all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord?'"

A Panting Appeal

A speaker at a ministers' meeting in Boston told the story of a negro clergyman who so pestered his bishop with appeals for help that it became necessary to tell him that he must not send any more appeals.

His next communication was as follows: "This is not an appeal—it is a report. I have no pants."

Why He didn't Make Notes

A colored preacher called on a white minister. He found the white man busy writing.

"What you-all doin'?" he asked.

"I'm preparing notes for my sermon for next Sunday."

The colored gentleman shook his head. "I certainly would nebber do dat, sir," he said. "De debbil am alookin' right over your shoulder and know everything you gwine to say, an' he am prepared for you. Now, I don't make no notes and when I gets up to talk, neder me nor de debbil hisself don't know what I'm goin' to say."

A Boomerang

A clergyman, called away suddenly and unable to officiate at the services of his own church, entrusted his new curate with the duty. On his return he asked his wife what she thought of the curate's sermon.

"The poorest I ever heard," she declared, "nothing in it at all."

Later, the rector, meeting his curate, asked him how he got on.

"Fine, sir," said the curate. "I did not have time to prepare anything myself, so I preached one of your sermons."

—*The Continent.*

Disconcerting

An English clergyman tells this one on himself. A dignified old lady, ascending the steps of his church, had difficulty with her breathing and asked his assistance. He offered her his arm and, on reaching the church door, she thanked him and inquired, "Do you happen to know who is preaching this morning?"

"The rector, madam," he replied.

"Oh," she said, "then might I beg you to do me yet another favor?"

"Certainly," replied the rector once more, "what else can I do for you?"

"Would you," said the old lady, "be good enough to assist me down the steps again?"

—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

Courting Days

Badly Bitten

A farmer's boy was walking down a lane one evening when he came upon a friend sitting on a log by the roadside.

"What are you sitting there for?" he asked. "Is anything the matter?"

"No," replied the other. "I'm just waiting for Dolly Smith to come along. I'm going to take her to evening class.

"But the evening class isn't until tomorrow night."

"I know, but when a fellow's in love he doesn't mind waiting."

In Accord

There was a certain actress whose charms and vivacity had long been proverbial.

"Father," said a young man with enthusiasm, "she is an angel, and I love her! Stop! Not a word! I believe her to be an angel—I adore her—and I won't allow you to breathe a syllable against her."

"Certainly not," said the father, "certainly not. Why, I adored her myself—when I was your age."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

She Had Had Experience

PROFESSOR: "Young man, I understand you are courting a widow. Has she given you any encouragement?"

YOUNG MAN: "I'll say she has. Last night she asked me if I snored."

—*Columbia.*

Appreciative

ENGINE DRIVER'S SWEETHEART: "And do you always think of me during your long night trips?"

ENGINE DRIVER: "Do I? Why, I've wrecked a train that way already."

ENGINE DRIVER'S SWEETHEART: "Oh, you darling!"

The Message

HER FATHER (*at telephone*): "Mabel is not at home. Can I take any message?"

YOUNG MALE VOICE (*nervously*): "Er—yes. Just say—er—'Toodle-oo—sweety-eetums'—from Cyril!"

Dead Give Away

"Are mine the only lips you ever kissed?"

"Yes dear, and the nicest."

A Helping Hand

IRATE PARENT: "I'll teach you to make love to my daughter, sir."

YOUNG MAN: "I wish you would, old boy, I'm not making much headway."

Wise Aunty

"He is all the world to me. What would you advise me to do?" a St. Petersburg girl asked her aunt.

"See a little more of the world," replied aunt.

Two of a Kind

MIAMI SUITOR (*passionately*): "I tell you my love for you is making me mad—mad—mad!"

SHE (*calmly*): "Well, keep quiet about it. It's had the same effect on my father."

A Different Viewpoint

"Charlie," said the girl nervously, "I really think you should be going."

"Oh, it's only one o'clock," her reluctant swain protested. "I can see the clock from where I sit."

"Perhaps you can," returned the girl, "But I can see the head of the stairs from where I sit."

He Fell, Too

They sat on the sofa—he and she whiling the hours away in a happy manner peculiar to lovers. Finally he whispered in her ear: “You are like a peach.”

The maiden hung her head demurely for a few minutes, while a warm blush spread over her fair young face.

“I—I’d rather be a pair,” she answered tremulously.

A long silence ensued, then, like a beautiful dream, the situation unfolded itself to the young man.

The invitation cards are now out.

Efficient Lady

“I know I’ll make Harry a good wife.”

“How about Harry?”

“I’ll make Harry a good husband!”

Love Symptoms

“I want a prescription, doctor. I can’t eat, I can’t sleep, can’t stand the theatre and golf, simply——”

“Propose to her my boy.”

No Place to Start

The clock struck one.

“And we’ll grow old together, dearest,” he said.

Her father’s voice came from upstairs: “Well, you needn’t start doing it down there, need you?”

When Harold Went Home

It was almost time for the head of the Slocum family to leave for his office, and the morning paper was not in its usual place on the front porch.

Stamping back into the dining room, a stern look on his face, Mr. Slocum demanded, “Did any of you see the morning paper?”

All denied having seen it, and a search was on for the missing paper when the daughter, struck with an inspiration, exclaimed “O, I’ll bet that’s what I used to wrap up the fudge Harold took home last night!”

Marriage Risks

An elderly and a young member of a certain club met in the smoking-room.

"I hear, Mr. Jones," said the former, "that you are going to be married shortly. I hope you will be very happy."

"Oh, I don't see why not," replied the prospective bridegroom, cheerily; "I came through the war without a scratch, you know."

A Man Hasn't a Chance

Together they had broken the wishbone and she held the longest piece.

"Now, what shall I wish for?" she mused, "Really, I can't think."

"O, wish for anything," he suggested brilliantly. But still her brow wore a puckered frown.

"O, well, if it's as hard as all that, I'll wish for you," he said obligingly.

"O, John," she cried happily, "you really wish for me, dear? Then you can have me! This is sudden!"

It Wouldn't Grow

HE (*very much in love and equipped with one of those little baby tooth brush moustaches*): "Jenny, something has been trembling on my lips for months."

SHE: "Why not see a barber."

The Secret

HE (*elated*): "Edith, I've a great piece of news for you. Betty Bright has promised to be my wife."

SHE: "You call that news? Hm! Four weeks ago she asked me to be her bridesmaid."

Using Caution

OLD RICH FELLOW: "So you're going to take my daughter from me without any warning?"

NERVOUS YOUNG MAN: "Not at all, sir. If there is anything about her you want to warn me of I'm willing to listen."

Sympathetic Father

STUDENT (*who has nerved himself to ask a father's consent*): "Professor de Jones, I have just returned from a dance with Margaret, and finding you here alone——"

PROFESSOR: "That's all right, my boy. Broke, eh? Well, here's five; her mother used to clean me out the same way."
—*Illinois Siren.*

No Double Plays

PROSPECTIVE GROOM (*bashfully*): "We want to look at a bedroom suite for our new home."

THE CLERK: "Yes sir. Do you want twin beds?"

BRIDE-TO-BE (*blushing*): "Oh heavens, no! Just a small cradle."

Cullud

The Ill Wind

A couple of darkies were discussing an accident to a mutual friend.

"Suttinly am too bad Jefferson lost his laigs when de engine come along," sighed Sam.

"Mought be wuss," consoled the other. "Jeff had pow'ful bad rheumatism in dem laigs."

Getting Even

"Is your poor husband gone?" ventured the minister, seeing an aged woman of the parish had put on heavy mourning.

"Oh, no, suh, he ain't dead."

"Why are you wearing black then?"

"Well, suh, the old man nagged an' bothered me so much that I've went into mournin' again fo' mah fust husband."

A Grave Condition

"Were you very ill with the 'flu,' Rastus?"

"Ill! Man, Ah was so sick—ebery night Ah look in dat er casualty list for mah name."

—*Mainiac.*

Nothing to Break His Fall

"Say, jedge," an indignant colored gentleman announced, "Ah wants fo' to git a conjunction out again mah wife. She done th'owed me clean out o' mah secon'-story winder, right spang on a pile ob bricks."

"But you don't seem to be any worse for the fall, Sam," replied the judge. "Not hurt any, are you?"

"No suh, Ah ain't hurt," was the doleful reply, "but 'sposin' she does it agin, an' dem bricks ain't dere?"

—*Farm Life.*

Sparks of Laughter

Tough, Very Tough

SAMBO: "Boy, Ah comes fum a tough family. My ole man done cut his nails wif an ax, and brush his teef wife a file."

RASTUS: "Huh, that ain't so tough. My ole man am a plumbah, and he done shaves hissself wif a blow-to'ch."

—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

Heard Nero's Fiddle, Too

"So you remember way back to the Revolution, do you?"

"Yassa. De Revolution and Gin'l Washington an' all them."

"Maybe you were a witness of the fall of Rome?"

"Nossa, Ah didn't exackly see it, but Ah does recollect hearin' somethin' drop!"

—*West Point Pointer.*

Keeping Time

A negro called upon an old friend, who received him in a rocking-chair. The visitor observed not only that his host did not rise, but that he continued to rock himself to and fro in a most curious way.

"Yo' ain't sick, is yo', Harrison?" asked the caller anxiously.

"No, I ain't sick, Mose," said Harrison.

There was a moment's silence, during which the caller gazed wide-eyed at the rocking figure. "Den," continued Mose, "why does yo' rock yo'-self dat way all de time?"

Harrison explained, "Yo' know Bill Blott? Well, he sold me a silver watch cheap, an' if I stops moving like dis, dat watch don't go!"

A Matter of Finance

"Now, remember, Mose," an irate employer warned his much-bandaged colored porter, "the very next time you come to work all banged up like this I'm going to fire you. Why don't you stay out of fights?"

"Ah's sho' like to, boss," was the doleful reply, "but Ah ain't got 'nuff money to git me a divo'ce."

A Bad Reputation

The Governor of Arkansas tells of an experience he had while he was visiting the State Penitentiary.

A colored woman inmate who was cooking in the prison kitchen desired an interview with him, which he granted. She asked for a pardon. The Governor asked her "What's the matter, Auntie, haven't you a nice home here?"

"Yessir," she replied, "but I wants out."

"Don't they feed you well here?"

"Yessir, I gets good victuals; dat's not hit."

"Well, what makes you dissatisfied?"

"It's dis way, guvner: I's got jus' dis one 'jection to dis place, and dat's de reputation it's got out oveh de State."

Once Was Enough

"Look-aheh, black boy, if you takes my girl out again I'll shoot you full of holes."

"Brothah, ah hopes you does."

Indigestible Daniel

A colored parson's discourse was on Daniel in the lion's den. At the conclusion of the sermon he roared: "Now, kin enny ob yo sinners tell me why the lion didn't eat Dan'l?"

Nobody answered.

"Wal, Ah'll tell yer, yer onery bunch ob unbelievers," he yelled; "'twas cos the most o' him was backbone, an' the the rest was grit."

—*John Hancock Field.*

Unskilled

Down in Texas the short cotton crop forced a large number of country negroes to the cities. One of these applied for a job at one of the large employment agencies.

"There's a job open at the Eagle Laundry," said the man behind the desk. "Want it?"

The applicant shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "Tell you how it is, Boss," he said finally. "I sure does want a job mighty bad, but de fack is, I ain't never washed a eagle "

Judge Was Flabbergasted

"Jedge, yo' honah," complained an irate colored lady to the court, "dis yeah no 'count husban' o' mine drinks."

"Yassuh, jedge, yo' honah, Ah does drink some," admitted the husband. "But, jedge, dat woman don' treat me right. Why, Ah pawns de kitchen stove t' git a li'l money an' she don' miss it fo' two weeks."

—*Success.*

Foolish Questions

Two Negroes were discussing evolution.

"Yer says dat Adam wuz de fust man?"

"Yes, Clarence, dat's what I says."

"Yer says de Lord made Adam outen mud an' set 'im up ag'in' de fence fer dry?"

"Yes, Clarence, dat's what I says."

"Well, William, ef Adam wuz de fust man, who made dat ar fence?"

"Awgwan, Clarence yo' fool questchuns will sp'ile all theology in de worl'."

—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Drawing the Color Line

AUNT JEMIMA: "Ah wants some cabbage fo' my chilluns."

GROCER: "Why don't you feed 'em some carrots for a change, Auntie? They're cheaper and have more food value for growing pickaninnies."

AUNT JEMIMA: "Now, now, doan' you go tellin' me! Doctor says feed 'em green vegetables and you know right well carrots is pink!"

Preparedness

"Say, boss," cried a dark-skinned customer, rushing much perturbed into a store, "a no 'count boy has threatened my life, ah craves protection."

"How about a bullet-proof vest?" queried the man behind the counter.

"Wuthless, plumb wuthless. Ain't yo' got no razor-proof collahs?"

A Reasonable Doubt

The only decent thing that miserly old Ephraim Green ever did was to die. But the kind-hearted Rev. Davisson finished his sermon over him with "Us knowed him as one puffeck husband and father, as a brudder to de stahving poor. St. Peter surely am gonter throw wide open dem Pearly Gates—"

It was then that Mrs. Ephraim Green kicked her offspring, and whispered: "Boy, just you look an' see if dat am yo' father he been talkin' about."

—*Los Angeles Times.*

Carniverous Now

A negro employed at one of the movie studios in Los Angeles was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy scene with a lion.

"You get into this bed," ordered the director, "and we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream."

"Put a lion in bed with me!" yelled the negro. "No, sah! Not a-tall! I quits right here and now."

"But," protested the professor, "this lion won't hurt you. He was brought up on milk."

"So was I brought up on milk," wailed the negro, "but I eats meat now."

Getting It Right

Two American negro soldiers were discussing musical instruments.

"Yas," said one, "I'se gwine to get me a eucaliptis."

"A what?" queried the other.

"A eucaliptis—dat's a a musical instrument, fool."

"Go on, nigger! You can't kid me—dat's one of the books of the Bible."

De Debbil's Coat Tails

The following is to the credit of an old colored church member in Alabama: "Folks make me tired representin' Satan as runnin' after dem to tempt dem. De truth is, my friend, dere is so many people pullin' at the debbil's coat tails dat he ain't got much time to chase anybody."

Do She? Do She?

Two Negro friends were discussing the virtues of the one new husband's bride.

"Boy, dat 'oman am sho' de best looker in dis heah taown."

"Ah agrees, she sho' am, Sambo, she sho' am."

"An' oh, boy, 'ow dat 'oman can cook."

"She sho' can, boss, she sho' can."

"An' ummmmm boy, she sho' do know how to kiss!"

"She sho' do, she sho' do!"

"How's dat?" querulously from the now aroused husband.

"Ah, wait a minute, wait a minute. Ah says, do she, do she?"

—*Washington Post.*

Conventions Waived

Maggie, an old-time Virginia darky, was always doing favors for people. She never considered herself first. During her teens and 20's she had worked steadily as a maid for several large Virginia families and she began to consider marriage as a change from the "humdrumness" of life, as she called it. A young negro swain who had paid her much attention finally asked her to be his blushing bride, and she answered "shuah."

At last the wedding was over and the bride and groom were supposed to be off on their honeymoon. So, naturally, Maggie's employer was surprised when she returned the same day to resume her work. "Why, Maggie," she asked, "how is it you are not on your honeymoon? Weren't you married?"

"Yes, Ah was married all right," Maggie replied. "But Ephraim wanted to go to Memphis, and Ah had been theah befoh, so Ah let's mah sistaw go in mah place."

Letting It Soak

When the colored couple were being married and the clergyman read the words, "love, honor and obey," the bridegroom interrupted, "Read dat ag'in, pahson; read dat oncet mo', so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity of de meanin'. I'se been married befo'."

—*Texas Shop Talk.*

Tactfully Put

An old colored lady applied to Dr. Aristides Agramonte for vaccination, but when he directed her to bare her arm she objected on the grounds that as she was a washerwoman she could not afford to have an arm disabled. The suggestion of vaccination on the leg elicited a similar objection, she having to be on her feet all day.

"But," queried the puzzled physician, "where do you want to be vaccinated?"

"Well, Doctah," she reflected, "Ah don' set down much."

What Would Happen

"Do you understand what you are to swear to?" asked the court as a not over-intelligent looking negro took the witness stand.

"Yessah, Ah does. Ah'm to sweah to tell de truf."

"Yes," said the Judge; "and what will happen if you do not tell the truth?"

"Well, sah," was the hesitating answer, "Ah expects ouah side'll win de case, sah."

With These Few Remarks

PARSON JOHNSON: "De choir will now sing, 'I'm Glad Salvation's Free,' while Deacon Ketcham passes de hat. De congregation will please 'member, while salvation am free, we hab to pay de choir foh singin' about it. All please contribute accordin' to yo' means an' not yo' meanness."

Temptation

The pastor of a colored church noticed a new face in his congregation, and after the service he hurried down to greet the newcomer.

"Mr. Johnson, this is the first time you've been to our church. I'm mightly glad to see you here."

Mr. Johnson replied, "Ah had to come, pahson. Ah needs strengthenin'. Ah's got a job whitewashing a chicken-coop and building a fence around a watermelon patch."

—*Wall Street Journal*.

Calling Him Down

MANDY: "Yo' all reminds me of one of them flying machines."

RASTUS: "How cum, woman, how cum? 'Cause I is such a high flyer?"

MANDY: "No, cullud man; it's jest 'cause yo' aint no use on earth."

—*Exchange.*

Jes' As He Is

MINISTER: "Do you take this man for better or for worse?"

DUSKY BRIDE: "No, suh; I takes him jes' as he is. If he gets any bettah he'll die; an' if he gets any wus, ah'll kill him mahse'f."

Not Even a Puff

"Man, ef Ah didn' have no mo' brains dan what yo' got, Ah'd—"

"Hesh up, boy! Ef yo' brains was dynamite, and dey doubled ever' second fo' a hunnerd yeahs an den sploded, dey wouldn' blow yo' hat off on a windy day."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Resting, Not Restful

"Does 'at smile mean you forgive me?"

"Stay away, niggah, I'se just smilin' to rest mah face."

—*Orange Owl.*

Jes' Like White Folks

Aunt Liza's former mistress was talking to her one morning, when suddenly she discovered a little piccaninny standing shyly behind his mother's skirts. "Is this your little boy, Aunt 'Liza?" she asked.

"Yes, miss, dat's Prescription."

"Goodness, what a funy name, Auntie, for a child! How in the world did you happen to call him that?"

"Ah simply calls him dat becuz Ah has sech hard wuk gettin' him filled."

—*Darktown Mercury.*

Sparks of Laughter

A Wise Salesman

Mr. Babcock was driving through the country, trying to buy a mule. He was directed to a colored man who had one for sale.

"Do you want to sell a mule?" asked Babcock.

"Yaas, sah," replied the owner. "May I ask whar yo' live, sah?"

"What has that got to do with it?" queried Babcock.

"Well," explained the negro, "I ain't gwine ter transfer dat mule to nobody dat lives less dan two hundred miles away from here. When I sells dat mule I want to get rid not only of de mule, but of all conversation appertainin' to him."

Now, Here Is a Real Idea

"Golly, Moses! Dey got strawberries and cherries and all kinds o' fruit covered wit' candy. What kind shall Ah git?"

"Git a choc'lat' covered watermelon."

In Demand

It was a typical negro revival service, and the minister had just appealed to the pent up audience to "hit the sawdust trail."

One buxom young debutante rose and cried, "Last night I was in the a'ms of the debil, but tonight I is in the a'ms of the Lawd."

VOICE FROM THE REAR: "Is you gwine t'be occupied tomorrow night, sistah?"

—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

Quarter to Twelve

Nine-year-old Rastus was so black he was nicknamed "Midnight," and was somewhat touchy on the subject. One day a coffee-complexioned youngster of his own race called him "Midnight."

"You sho' ain't got nothing t'say," Rastus exploded in righteous anger. "Wh-wh-why, youse jes'bout a quatah t'twelve yo'se'f."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Cupid

Not the Fiery Kind

They had not been engaged long, but his love was already beginning to cool.

"Harold," she murmured, "how much do you love me?"

He considered a moment.

"Well, you see," he said, for he was a practical youth—"love is not the sort of thing you can weigh up in shop scales, is it? But, still—I love you."

"But—but would you—would you go through fire and water for me?"

Harold rose and reached for his hat.

"Now, look here," he said, "if that's the sort of fellow you're looking for, you'd better marry a fireman!"

The Practical Sex

"At last, my angel," said the happy man after he had settled with the minister, "we are really and truly one."

"Theoretically, yes," rejoined the modern bride. "But from a practical standpoint, it will be advisable to order dinner for two."

Johnnie's Essay

Ten-year-old Johnnie had to write a composition on Love. He wrote: "Love is something that makes two people think they are pretty when nobody else does. It also makes them sit close together on a bench when there is plenty of room on both ends. Love is something that young people have but that old people don't have because it is all about dimples and star-like eyes and curls that old folks don't have. It is something that makes two people very quiet when you are around, also very quiet when you ain't, only in a different way. When they do talk, it's all about dreams and roses and moonshine. When I grow up I'm not going to fall in love, but if I do, she's got to let me say what to do and let me run the whole show, and that's all I know about Love till I do grow up."

Pa's Cow

The city boy was spending Saturday on the farm with his best girl and the scenery filled him with romance. They were walking through the pasture when he saw a cow and calf rubbing noses together.

"Such a loving sight," he remarked, "makes me want to do the same thing."

"Go ahead, it's pa's cow and he won't care."

Their Very First Spat

The room was dim, and in a corner sat a man and a maid. It was his chance. He proposed and was accepted.

Suddenly the girl drew herself away from him and stared at his face.

"John," she said, sternly, "you are playing with me! You—"

"Darling," he exclaimed, in alarm, "what is the matter?"

The girl's frown gave way to tears, but she choked back her sobs.

"O, John," she said brokenly, "you're making faces at me!"

The young man looked relieved.

"I can't help it," he whispered, tenderly, "my eyeglasses are slipping off, and I don't want to let go your dear little hands."

A Wooden Dumbbell He

He was very bashful and skidded dreadfully. She was friendly and tried to sand the tracks. For a long time they rode by the lakeside in silence, and then he asked, "What's the matter?"

"Oh, I feel blue," she replied. "Nobody loves me, and my hands are cold,"

"You should not say that," he said tenderly and consolingly. "God loves you and your mother loves you, and you can sit on your hands."

Diplomacy

Budding Diplomat

That a certain young man is wise beyond his years was proved when he paused before answering a widow who had asked him to guess her age.

"You must have some ideas about it," she said.

"I have several ideas," said the young man, with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on account of your looks, or ten years older on account of your brains."

Doctors

Not He

During a smallpox scare, a doctor was so busy vaccinating people that he had to make an auxiliary room for such operations in the basement of his home.

One day a burly man called and said he wished to be vaccinated, and the maid told him he would have to be done in the basement.

"I'll be done in the arm," said the man, "or not at all."

Literary Diagnosis

While the diagnosis of the patient, who had eaten rather generously, was proceeding, the sick man said, "Doctor, do you think the trouble is in the appendix?"

"Oh, no," said the doctor, "not at all. The trouble is with your table of contents."

Cute Little Thing

DOCTOR (*to fair patient*): "You certainly have acute appendicitis."

FAIR PATIENT: "Oh, Doctor, you flatter me."

Ad Infinitum

PATIENT (*calling on family doctor*): "Doctor, my son has scarlet fever, and the worst part about it is that he admits he got it from kissing the house maid."

DOCTOR (*soothingly*): "Young people will do thoughtless things."

PATIENT: "But don't you see, doctor, to be plain with you, I've kissed that girl myself."

DOCTOR: "By jove, that's too bad."

PATIENT: "And to make matters worse, as I kissed my wife every morning and night, I'm afraid that she, too—"

DOCTOR (*wildly*): "Good heavens, I will have it, too!"

Deadly All Around

"Is it true, doctor," asked the gushing young lady, "that you are a lady-killer?"

"Madam," replied the doctor, "I make no distinction between the sexes."

—*The Continent (Chicago).*

Dental Klondike

"Here's something queer," said the dentist, who had been drilling and drilling into a tooth. "You said this tooth had never been filled, but I find flakes of gold on the point of my drill."

"I knew it," moaned the patient, "you've struck my back collar button."

Speaking of Signatures

The small son of an Indianapolis photographer recently was reprimanded by his teacher about his writing.

"You are a very poor scribe, Joe," she said, severely. "I just don't know what to do about it."

"You don't need to worry about me," he answered quickly. "It don't matter. I'm gonna be a doctor, anyway."

Needed a Chaser

A farmer standing beside an obstinate mule in the road stopped a passing country doctor and asked him whether he could do anything to make the mule go.

The doctor thought a moment, and then, reaching into his medicine chest, he produced a powder and with the farmer's assistance, gave it to the mule. No sooner had this been accomplished than the mule bolted off up the road at a mad gallop.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the farmer, "that's the stuff, doctor. How much does it cost?"

"That dose is worth ten cents," replied the medico.

"Then you'd better give me a dollar's worth," said the farmer. "I've got to catch that mule."

Treatment Rejected

"What you need is an electric bath," said the doctor.

"Not for me," said the patient. "My uncle got drowned in one of those things in Sing Sing."

—*The Family Wash.*

An Old Play and a New Trick

"Nervous breakdown, debility; nothing much to worry about. Get in the country; long walks in the open air. No alcohol in any form, and—" The patient sighed. "And one cigar a day."

"But—doctor—"

"One cigar a day!" reiterated the doctor, firmly.

Six weeks later the patient returned to town.

"How do you feel?" asked the doctor.

"Splendid! Fit as a fiddle!"

"And you liked it all?"

"Yes, everything except the one cigar."

The doctor smiled.

"The tobacco habit, my dear sir—"

"Isn't any joke," put in the patient, ruefully. "It's hard for a man at my time of life to take up smoking!"

Bevo

"Your case," said the doctor, "is chronic;

"I think what you need is a tonic."

"All right, doctor, dear,

What's the matter with beer?"

"Nay, nay," said the Doc, "that's Teutonic."

Insult after Injury

The dentist had been trying to collect a bill for a set of false teeth.

"Did he pay you?" asked his wife.

"Pay me! Not only did he refuse to pay me, but he actually had the effrontery to gnash at me—with my teeth!"

—*Good Hardware.*

Domestic Animals and Pets

Fourfold Emphasis

Some parrot stories may not be true, but this one is. The parrot lives, or did live, in Mystic, Conn. Its mistress used to open the door of its cage and let it have the freedom of the room. One day, after the parrot had been exercising for some time, its mistress said:

"Now, Polly, go back to your cage!"

The bird paid no attention, and the mistress said again:

"Polly, it's time for you to go back now. Go right back to your cage!"

This was repeated several times, but although the bird flew on the table where the cage was, it would not go in the door, until finally the mistress said:

"Now, Polly, you've been out long enough. You've got to go in!"

Then the parrot turned, and marched with a determined air toward the cage, saying with expression, as each foot came down, "Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn!"

The Price of Existence

OLD HEN: "I'll give you a piece of good advice."

YOUNG HEN: "What is it?"

OOD HEN: "An egg a day keeps the ax away."

The Cat's Meow

A Mexican and an American who work on the night shift of a Kansas salt plant ate their midnight lunch together. On several occasions the Mexican had rabbit meat in his pail, and he shared his supply generously with his comrade.

One night, the American asked, "Where do you get rabbits, Jose? I can't find any."

"My wife, she get 'um," Jose replied. "She say ever' night they come 'round the house and make noise. She shoot 'm."

"Noise? Rabbits don't make noise."

"Sure," Jose asserted, positively. "Go meow, meow."

The Dog Came Back

William Koutz, merchant tailor of Boonville, Indiana, declares that "dogs come back, as well as cats." Koutz owns a shepherd dog that became addicted to eating eggs. Koutz also has a large flock of hens, and he couldn't break the dog of this habit, so he decided that the best thing that he could do was to give the dog away.

This he tried—giving the animal to three successive friends. Every time the dog came back. Then Koutz thought that the best thing to do was to take the dog away from town and lose him. He went to French Lick Springs, a distance of sixty-five miles, in his automobile and took the dog along on the trip. On the return trip and at the outskirts of the town, Koutz put "Spot" out of the car, and then threw stones at him to drive him away. He then speeded up the car and soon Spot was a mere speck in the distance.

When Koutz got back to Boonville, he looked for his pocketbook and found that it was gone. In his wallet was fifty dollars and some valuable papers. Koutz came to the conclusion that he had lost it when he got out of the car to throw rocks at the dog. It was now dark, so Koutz decided that after a night's rest he would get an early start and go back to where he had lost his pocketbook, hoping to find it in the road. About daybreak the next morning, he heard the dog barking in the yard. Going to the door he found that the dog had come back, and in his mouth was the missing pocketbook with bills and papers unharmed. Koutz will keep the dog.

—*Indiana Farmer's Guide.*

Sausages

A man had been boring his friend with a long-winded account of the virtues of his dog when suddenly he espied a large ginger cat stalking majestically across the street.

"Chase him!" he cried to the dog.

The dog yawned, looked up at him with a bored expression, and then sat down and scratched one ear reflectively.

Red of face, the owner urged the dog to chase the cat, but without success; the dog refused to move. Finally, in desperation, he turned to his friend and said:

"There, what do you make of a dog like that?"

"Sausages," murmured his friend, gravely.

Pussy Boils

Four-year-old Bobby was stroking the cat before the fireplace in perfect content. The cat, also happy, began to purr loudly. Bobby gazed at her askance for a while, then suddenly seized her by the tail and dragged her roughly away from the hearth. His mother interposed.

"You must not hurt your kitty, Bobby."

"I'm not," said Bobby, protestingly, "but I've got to get her away from the fire. She's beginning to boil."

—*Pennsylvania Farmer.*

One Parrot Less

An old lady kept a parrot which was always swearing. She could keep up with this till Saturday, but on Sunday she kept a cover over the cage—removing it on Monday morning. This prevented the parrot from swearing on Sunday.

One Monday afternoon she saw her minister coming toward the house; so she again placed the cover over the cage. As the reverend gentleman was about to step into the parlor, the parrot remarked: "This has been a damn short week."

"I Drown 'Em"

"I'm looking for my ideal dog," said the lady in the canine fancier's shop. "I'd like one with a head rather like a collie and a body after the style of an Irish terrier, only with longer hair and nice, distinct markings. Do you keep dogs like that?"

The dog fancier shook his head sadly. "No, ma'am," he said, "I drowns 'em."

Hot Dog

"What do you call your new dog?"

"I call him Sandwich."

"That's a funny name. Why do you call him that?"

"Why, because he's only half-bred."

Embarrassing

Nothing Missing This Time

"Well, folks," said Mrs. Mullen, who was acting hostess at this meeting of the D. O. M.—that is to say, Daughters of Minerva—"how about a few refreshments now? I see little Genevieve's all ready to pass the plates!"

"Why, how do you do, Genevieve?" said Mrs. Billings. "Helping Mother today, are you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Genevieve. "Mamma always gives me some task every day."

"And what is it today, dear?" said Mrs. Billings, while we all looked on, beaming.

"Oh," said Genevieve, "I've got to count the spoons after you've gone!"

—*Farm and Fireside.*

As Brother to Brother

A certain curate was of a painfully nervous temperament, and in consequence was constantly making awkward remarks—intended as compliments—to the bishop and others.

Having distinguished himself in an unusual degree during a gathering of clergy to an afternoon tea at the bishop's palace, he was taken to task for his failings by a senior curate, who was one of his companions on the way home.

"Look here, Jones," said the senior, decidedly, "you are an ass! Why cannot you keep quiet, instead of making your asinine remarks? I am speaking to you as a brother—"

Loud laughter interrupted him at this point, and for the moment he wondered why.

Expert Little Tommy

A lady was entertaining the small son of a friend.

"Are you sure you can cut your own meat, Tommy?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes, thanks," answered the child, politely, "I've often had it as tough as this at home."

Did She Wait?

The employes of a well-known local office were leaving for home, last night, one of the young men and a woman walking toward the street, when the man asked if his associate was going to walk home, or take a trolley. Then as an after-thought, he added, "You'd better not wait for me, as I am going to leave my trousers in the tailors."

He Heard Correctly

"Judge, let me present Miss Dinklefogle."

JUDGE (*quite deaf*): "What was the name?"

"Dinklefogle."

"Eh?"

"Dinklefogle!—Dinklefogle!"

"I'm sorry, please write it. All I hear is 'Dinklefogle'."

Said a Friend—

Though married five years, wife and I still delight in teasing and playing pranks on each other. Once she planned a pleasant surprise for me by inviting an old friend of mine and his wife for a week-end visit.

I had never met his wife. They came before I returned from work. Noticing my wife, as I thought, lying face downward on the davenport, I slipped up and gave her an unmerciful whack. She came to with a shriek, and I came to with the horrifying knowledge I had spanked our visitor, whom I had never met. Most embarrassing of all, she refused to see any joke about it.

—*Capper's Magazine.*

Doubly Unfortunate

A distinguished old clergymen had received tickets for an opera from a kindly parishioner.

Finding that he was unable to go, he called up some friends and said, "An unfortunate dinner engagement keeps me from attending the opera tonight; could you use the tickets?"

"We should be glad to," was the reply, "but we are your unfortunate hosts."

His Last Dance with Her

He was a stranger in the neighborhood, and had been brought to a dance at the local Deaf and Dumb Hospital by an old friend, the doctor.

"How on earth can I ask a deaf and dumb girl to dance?" he asked a trifle anxiously.

"Just smile and bow to her," replied the doctor, who had done it many a time.

So the young man picked out a pretty girl and bowed and smiled, and she bowed and smiled, and away they danced.

They danced not only one dance that evening, but even three, and he was on the point of asking her for another when a strange man approached his fair partner and said soulfully:

"I say, darling, when are we going to have another dance? It's almost an hour since I had one with you."

"I know, dear," answered the girl, tenderly, "but I don't know how to get away from this deaf and dumb idiot!"

Embarrassing, Very

Mrs. King was entertaining her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Dring, at tea. The women chatted on many subjects, while Mrs. King's daughter, five-year-old Florence, listened attentively to all that was said.

"O, Mrs. Dring," said the hostess, after a while, "when you called on us last week it was the first time that little Florence had seen you, and after you had gone she said, 'Isn't she a pretty woman?'"

Mrs. Ding laughed and said nothing.

Then up piped Florence, eager to make her presence known and vindicated herself at the same time.

"But, mother," she exclaimed, "I hadn't seen her close to."

—*London Tid-Bits.*

An Old Joke

"Are you still engaged to Miss Redwitz?"

"No."

"You lucky man! I pitied you when you were. How did you get out of it?"

"I married her."

How Nice

"Have you any nice young grocers?" inquired a flustered young bride, who had intended to ask for chickens.

"Why—why yes," was the astonished reply at the other end of the wire.

"Well, send me two, dressed."

"Dressed?" said the grocer, more astonished than ever.

"Well, no," was the reply, after a moment's reflection. "I believe you may send them undressed. My husband's coming home early, and he can wring their necks and the cook and I will dress them."

—*The Progressive Grocer.*

Shocking

"Well, darter," said Farmer Corntossle to his daughter on her return home from college, "How much do you weigh now?"

"Why," she replied, "I weigh 140 pounds undressed for Gym."

"Who the tarnation is Jim?" came from the old man.

And How Many?

"Do you know," said the professor's wife, "you haven't kissed me for a whole week!"

"Haven't I? Then whom have I been kissing?"

No Babies Expected

BEST MAN: "Wasn't it annoying the way that baby cried all during the ceremony?"

MAID OF HONOR: "It was dreadful. When I am married I shall have engraved on the invitations 'no babies expected.'"

—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Meant Well, But—

At the close of a wedding breakfast a guest noted for his blunders rose to his feet causing anxiety to all who knew him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I drink to the health of the bridegroom. May he see many days like this."

What Could He Have Said

They had just renewed their acquaintance after five years. "Upon my word, Miss Brown," he said, frankly, "you have changed so much I would hardly have known you." "For the better or the worse?" she asked, with an arch look. "Ah, my dear girl, you could only change for the better!" Then he wondered why she walked away.

No Resemblance

The new baby was being exhibited for the first time to the embarrassed young uncle. "Now, George," said the proud mother "you've seen the son and heir, and I want you to tell me quite candidly which side of the house you think he resembles."

"Oh, I say," muttered the perspiring young man in confusion, "he's not as bad as that. I don't think the poor little begger looks like the side of a house at all."

More Ways Than One

Bobby was helping mother serve at her afternoon bridge club. He brought in two glasses for the lemonade that were not as clean as they might have been.

"Why, dear, those aren't the glasses mother wanted. Those aren't clean. Don't you see?"

"Mother, I should have filled them with lemonade before I brought them in, shouldn't I?" replied Bobby, in an innocent tone, and then wondered why everyone smiled.

A Total Loss

HE: "Pardon me, did you drop your handkerchief during the last dance?"

"Oh, I was never so embarrassed in my life. That's my dress."

Hold 'Em

"Take your hands out of your pockets, Willie."

"Can't, my suspender's broke."

—*Detroit News.*

Worse and Worse

Shortly after an indignant neighbor woman had gone into the Brown home, Mrs. Brown came to the door and called her son.

"William," she said, "Mrs. Crabbe here tells me that you called her an old fool. Did you?"

"Yes'm."

"Well," sighed his distracted mother, "I am glad you are truthful."

And now she wonders why Mrs. Crabbe doesn't speak to her.

Not His Responsibility

"Hello, Abe, I understand you married one of the twins. Why, man, those girls are so much alike. I don't see how you tell them apart."

"I don't try to tell them apart. It's the business of that other twin to look out."

Wanted To Be Sure

A Bishop in India prided himself on saying the right and tactful word to every one he met, and by reason of his office he was not accustomed to find his remarks questioned.

"So strange I should run up against you, dear madam," he said, "because I was chatting only a few minutes since with your two dear children."

"Bishop," said the lady, "I have no children."

"Are you sure!" he asked earnestly.

Mamma's Little Helper

When unexpected company came to dinner, little Betty was told privately that she and mother would have to have oyster soup without the oysters. The young lady was much flattered at her share in this sacrifice for hospitality and apparently disappointed when she found one small oyster in her plate.

Holding it up on the spoon, she inquired in a stage whisper: "Mother, shouldn't Mrs. Smith have this oyster, too?"

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

English

Vernacular

A British matron was receiving a young man, a friend of her son. Being in jocular mood, the caller said to the kindly maternal body, "And how do you think I look in my new suit?"

"Oh," said she, "you're 'nuts'!"

The young man was taken aback. He was an American, and in our slang "nuts," or "nutty," means crack-brained, but to her it meant natty, stylish.

The son, who spoke "American" very well, laughed and said, "Tom doesn't understand, Mother."

"Oh," said she, "I mean that he's a toff."

"Tough!" thought the poor chap. "That's even worse," but he said nothing and merely flushed and squirmed a bit.

Seeing that she was still misunderstood, the good lady became anxious, and immediately set her son's friend quite at ease by explaining, a bit patiently, that she only meant to say, "I think you are quite swanky, quite the swell, in your new togs."

Appily Hexplained

ENGLISHMAN (*over the phone*): "Yes, this is Mr. 'Arrison. What, you carn't 'ear? This is Mr. 'Arrison—haitch, hay, two hars, a hi, a hes, a ho, an' an hen—'Arrison."

Natural Growth

Tom, Jock and Pat had stolen a horse, a cow and a cart. They had been conducted to the police station. The officer in charge first turned to Tom, inquiring how long he had had the horse. "Ever since it was a colt," said Tom.

Next the officer turned to Jock, asking how long he had had the cow. "Ever since it was a calf," replied Jock.

Finally Pat was asked how long he had had the cart. Pat looked puzzled and began scratching his head. At last he cried, "Faith and begorry! ever since it was a wheelbarrow."

He Would Faint

Imagine the shock to American traffic dodgers if our autoists, instead of honking and whizzing past, followed the example of the London hansom driver. When he saw a pedestrian in the way of his cab horse, he drew up, leaned over and gently inquired, "Hi say, sir, may I awsk what are your plans?"

No Competition

The immigration official was examining an Englishman on his arrival in New York.

"And what do you propose to do now that you're in the United States?" he inquired.

"Oh, I don't care," replied the Englishman, hopefully; "anything to earn an honest living."

"Well, come along in, then," said the official. "I guess there ain't much competition in your line of business."

Cranberries

An Irishman who had just arrived in New York was taking his first walk under escort of his brother, who had been living there several years. In the window of a shop he saw a great mound of fresh cranberries.

"What are thim?" he asked.

"Thim is cranberries," said his brother.

"Are they fit to eat?"

"Are they fit to eat?" repeated his brother. "Why, whin thim cranberries is stewed they make better apple sauce than prunes does."

—*Epworth Herald*.

Saved!

A man who saw an Irishman stagger out of the sea and collapse on the shore hastened to the swimmer to see if he could be of any assistance, but was surprised to see the bather rise to his feet and make for the water again.

The charitable person rushed forward to stop the obviously foolhardy swimmer, who, turning, said, "Shure, oi've saved meself, and now oi'm goin' back for Moike!"

Willing to Oblige

There is one American of distinction, at all events, who no longer believes the old story that Britishers have no sense of humor.

This is Mr. A. B. Houghton, the American Ambassador.

A London newsboy had sold him an evening paper, charging him the usual price—one penny.

"I guess I should have to pay double the price of this paper if I were at home in America," said Mr. Houghton.

"Well," replied the urchin, "you can pay me double, guv'nor, if it'll make yer feel more at 'ome."

Thrifty Britisher

A Yorkshireman was foreman in a quarry, and during some blasting operations one of his men had the misfortune to be blown into the air, happily without serious results.

The foreman having impressed upon the man the importance of keeping at a respectable distance during the operations, the matter was dropped apparently forever.

It was, however, revived unexpectedly on pay day, when the foreman handed the man 44s 44½d instead of the usual 45s.

The latter inquiring the reason, he was startled when the foreman replied, "That's a ha'penny off for t' time tha' wor up in t' air last Wednesday."

Not What He Thought

For the first time in his life, Percy, the English lord, visiting America, took out a girl from the States.

"Nighty, nighty," she said, as she bid him good evening.

"Pajamas, pajamas," he said, and wondered why she laughed.

—*Humbug.*

Fight! Fight!

"Has your brother been bothered long with acute indigestion?"

"Oh, no—not until th' other day when he forgot an' ate English mutton and Irish potatoes!"

—*Medical Pickwick.*

Education Comes High

"How is it," asked an Englishman of an American friend, "that the Yankees get on well in business, while many Englishmen fail?"

"Brains, my boy!" was the reply. "You should eat more fish. Give me five dollars and I'll get you some of the fish that my wife gets for me. Eat it, and see how you get on."

The Englishman parted with his five dollars and the fish was sent to him. Next day he met the Yank again. "How did you get on?" the Yankee asked.

"Well, it was splendid fish!"

"Do you feel any different?"

"No, I can't say I feel any different," said the Englishman, "but five dollars was a lot for a piece of fish, wasn't it?"

"There you are!" said the Yank. "Your brain is beginning to work already."

Some Mistake Here

FIRST ENGLISHMAN: "Charlie, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as a woman?"

SECOND ENGLISHMAN: "No; let's hear it."

These Americans!

A humorist, who had been staying at Stratford-on-Avon, asked his landlady one day, "Who is this Shakspeare I hear so much about? Was he a very great man?"

To this jocular question the landlady made serious reply, "Lor', sir, 'e worn't thought nothing on a few years ago. It's the Americans as 'as made 'im what 'e is."

Etiquette

He Knew the Book of Etiquette

There is a certain suburban home whose owner's principal delight is keeping it spick and span. After dinner, he and a guest were smoking on the lawn. The guest, after lighting his cigar, threw the burned match on the ground.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that, George," said the host.

"Why not?"

"It spoils the appearance of everything," was the answer. "It's just those little things that make a place look bad."

The guest smoked his cigar in silence for a few minutes, then, without a word, got up, walked down the road and disappeared. He returned in a short time.

His host asked, "Where have you been, George?"

"Oh, I just went down to spit in the river," said George.

Then She Sat Down Again

A young woman in a crowded street car arose to give her seat to a gray-haired, sharp-featured woman. As the latter seemed reluctant to take it, the young woman said, with a pleasant smile, "Age before beauty, you know."

"One would need glasses to see the beauty," was the sour reply.

"Perhaps," was the rejoinder, "but none would be required to see the age." Whereupon she resumed her seat.

On His Dignity

FUSSY LADY: "Does your mother know you smoke?"

SMALL BOY: "Does your husband know you speak to strange men in the street?"

Duty Is Duty

MRS. JUGGS: "Henry, I feel it is our duty to invite Dr. and Mrs. Borr for dinner soon."

MR. JUGGS: "Yes, indeed. When do you suppose it would be impossible for them to come?"

Dignified Life

"And then, my dear, she wrote me the most insulting letter, and I admit I was going to say something pretty nasty, but then I remembered that I was a lady, so I just wrote, 'You go to blazes', dignified-like, at the bottom of her letter, and sent it back to her."

Social Error

Mrs. Miller had her bridge club to luncheon and the afternoon session at cards. As the last guest departed, Theodora, the little blond daughter, remarked, "Mother, some one has used one of the guest towels."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed her mother. "Some people don't seem to know what guest towels are for, you know."

Family

A Finishing School Finish

Daughter had just returned from finishing school. "That air—" her father began, as they sat down in the dining-room.

"Father, dear," the girl interrupted, "you should say 'that something', or, preferably, just 'that'. It's vulgar to say 'that air'."

"Well, this ear—" the father began again.

"No," said the daughter; "you must avoid such expressions as 'this 'ere.'"

"Look here, my girl," said the father, "I'm going to say exactly what I mean. That air is bad for this ear of mine, and I'm going to shut the window."

—*Christian Evangelist.*

Darwin Justified

Brown is very proud of his young son. He was talking to a visitor about the wonderful intellectual development and future possibilities of the little fellow.

"Not two years old yet, and he knows all the animals by proper scientific classification. He's going to be a great naturalist. Here, let me show you."

He took a book of natural history from the bookshelf, placed Bobby on his knee, opened the book, and showed him a picture of a giraffe.

"What's that, Bobby?"

"Horsey," said Bobby.

Next a tiger was exhibited, and Bobby said, "Pussy." Then a picture of a lion was shown, and Bobby said "Doggy."

And when a full-page picture of a chimpanzee was displayed, Bobby exclaimed, enthusiastically, "Daddy!"

The Authority

TOMMY: "Dad, will you do this limerick competition for me? It says they'll give a hundred dollars for the last word."

DAD: "I should give it to your mother to do—she's better at it than I am."

And Go Quickly

"Mamma, why has papa so little hair?"

"Because he does so much thinking."

"But why have you so much?"

"Now, my dear—it is time to go to bed."

—*Amer. Fruit Grower.*

Diplomatic Kid

"Listen here, young man," snorted the ten-year-old's father. "One more question out of you and you go to bed!"

Followed five minutes of silence. Then:

"Dad?"

"Young man!"

"Dad, what was it you made the Briarmoor course in last time?"

"Oh—eighty-two, and that was a remarkable score for that course, too, if I do say so, because—etc.—etc.—"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

It Did Make a Difference

ELDER SISTER: "Come, Stanley, take your powder like a little man. You never hear me making any complaint about such a little thing as that."

STANLEY (*peevishly*): "Neither would I if I could daub it on my face. It's swallowing it that I object to."

—*Weekly Scotsman.*

Hurry, Too

DAUGHTER: "The preacher just phoned and said he was coming to call this afternoon."

MOTHER: "Gracious, we must make a good impression; give baby the hymn book to play with."

Mother Was It

A college professor had two razors, a big one and a little one. One day when he was shaving he called to his small son, "Johnny, this big razor is dull. Go get the baby razor."

Johnny went to the foot of the stairs. "Ma," he called, "pa wants you."

No More Baths

Mother was giving little Johnnie a lecture: "You should always be exceedingly careful about your conduct. I want you never to do anything which you would be ashamed to have the whole world see you doing."

The youngster let out a whoop of delight and turned a handspring in his exuberance.

"What in the world is the matter with you? Are you crazy?" demanded his mother.

"No'm," was the answer. "I'm just glad 'cause you don't expect me to take baths any more."

Just Like a Man

The wife of a prominent Bostonian paid \$375 for a perfect dream of a gown—a rhinestone-embroidered black chiffon. Arraying herself in it, she swept down the stairs to the hallway, where her husband was waiting, with the automobile outside ready to take them to an evening function.

"How do you like it, dear?" she asked expectantly.

"Like what?"

"My new dress."

"O," he apologized. "That isn't the one you wore to Minna's wedding, then?"

At Minna's wedding, more than a year before, she had worn a creation of silver-gray.

He Wasn't Invited Again Soon

The prodigy's mother was beaming with joy as the little girl was playing the piano. "Of course, I know she makes mistakes sometimes; but, you see, she plays entirely by ear."

And the prodigy's uncle was prompt, if not so expansive. He said, "Unfortunately, that's the way I listen."

Never

WIFEY: "The trouble with you is that you won't admit it when you're wrong!"

HUBBY: "That's not true! I'd admit in a minute if I were wrong, but I never am wrong, and you know it."

Guiding the Young Mind Aright

"Now, Horace," said the fond mother to her 7-year-old son, "if you ever have any questions to ask, come to me instead of asking your little friends.

A few days later Horace dashed up to his mother.

"Mama, will you tell me the answer if I ask you a question?"

"Yes, Horace, if I know it."

"Promise me, mama, that you'll tell the truth."

"I promise."

"But will you tell me everything?" he insisted.

"Yes, everything," replied the anxious mother, a bit worried as to the outcome. Then there was a long pause at the end of which Horace inquired eagerly, "Mama, how do they make bricks?"

—*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.*

Every Kid's Been There

TEACHER: "Willie, what is your greatest ambition?"

WILLIE: "To wash mother's ears."

A Rash Promise

"Henry," said his father-in-law, as he called his daughter's spouse into the library and locked the door, "you have lived with me now for more than two years."

"Yes, father."

"In all that time I haven't asked you a penny for board."

"No, sir." (*Wonderingly.*)

"In all your little family quarrels I have always taken your part."

"Always, sir."

"I have even paid some of your bills."

"A good many, father."

"Then the small favor I am about to ask of you will no doubt be granted?"

"Most certainly, sir."

"Thanks. Then I want you to tell your mother-in-law that those tickets for the supper club dance, which she picked up in my room this morning, must have accidentally fallen out of your pocket, and we'll call it square."

—*Tid-Bits.*

Impossible

A little Southern boy returned from Sunday School one day and began to catechise his mother.

"Mama," he solemnly inquired, "was Jesus a Jew?"

"Yes, certainly," in mild surprise.

"Are you sure?" he persisted, wrinkling his brow.

"Of course," emphatically.

The child was unconvinced, and ready for an argument.

"But, Mama," he reminded her, "God is a Presbyterian. How could his son be a Jew?"

Cheating

Susie raised her voice and called to her mother in the next room, "Mother! Mother! You'd better come in here right away!"

Mother arrived, panting and out of breath.

"What is it?" she cried. "What is it?"

Susie pointed at her small brother and continued in an awe-stricken tone, "He was teasing God! Saying his prayers with one eye open, he was!"

Left His Vanity Case

FATHER: "Where were you with the car last night?"

SON: "Oh, just riding around with some of the boys."

FATHER: "Well, you'd better return this vanity case one of the boys left in the car."

—Capper's Magazine.

There Are Others

UNCLE: "How old are you, Willie?"

WILLIE: "I'm thirteen at home, fourteen at school, and eleven in the train."

—Epworth Herald.

Proof Positive

MRS. SMITH: "It isn't right to charge Freddy with taking money out of your pocket. Why don't you accuse me?"

SMITH: "Because it wasn't all taken."

On The Curb

"Alfred," said his mother in a low, tense voice, "if you disobey me, I will spank you right here on the street."

The little fellow looked up. "Mother," he inquired with interest, "where would you sit?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Willie's Choice

Mother: "Now, Willie, you may choose from these pants on the counter a pair you like."

WILLIE: "Here's my choice, ma; see the card attached to them? It reads, 'These pants can't be beaten.'"

—*American Mutual Magazine.*

Bless Her Heart

"What are you doing, Helen?" inquired a fond mother.

"I am knitting, mother," replied the sweet young thing "I heard Teddy say, the other day, that he was afraid he'd have to get a new muffler for his car, and I thought I'd surprise him."

—*Farm Life.*

Boundary of His Stomach

Grandma was giving her little grandson a lesson in anatomy. "Well, Jackie," she asked, as the interlocutor in a minstrel show would say, "where are your tonsils?"

"In my throat," replied the child.

"Now that is very good. And where is your stomach?"

"In my pants," he said.

—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Not Exactly Probable

A little boy was told he must go to the hospital to have his tonsils and adenoids removed.

"Well, mamma," said Johnny, "I ain't 'fraid of going to the hospital. I'll be brave and do just as they tell me. But I'm not going to let them palm off a baby on me, like they did to you when you was there."

—*Matteoscean Breeze.*

Did She Mean It?

"Now, Tommy," said Mrs. Bull, "I want you to be good while I am out."

"I'll be good for a penny," replied Tommy.

"Tommy," said she, "I want you to remember that you can not be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

A Discreet Silence

"Father," said a little boy thoughtfully, as he watched his father collect his notes and arrange the slides for a parish entertainment, "why is it that when you spend your holiday in the Holy Land you always give a lantern lecture on it? You never do when you have been to Paris!"

Not Modern Enough

She was a sentimental young girl, and had devoted much time and tender thought to the home decorations. Her surprise may be imagined when she came downstairs one morning and found the decorations moved around, and all the mistletoe hanging in the windows.

"Say, sister," explained her little brother, "you've had that mistletoe hanging up for nearly a week, and you haven't had a single customer. You're not up-to-date. What you want to do is to advertise."

Page Einstein

An interesting relationship tangle has arisen at Harrow, Middlesex.

Four years ago Mrs. Nicholls, a widow, married, as her second husband, Mr. Eustace Shaw, and there is a son by their marriage.

This week, a daughter of Mrs. Nicholls's first marriage, Miss Marjorie Nicholls, was married to Mr. Shaw's elder brother Alfred.

Mr. Alfred Shaw is now the (step) son-in-law of his younger brother, and his mother-in-law is his sister-in-law. The younger Mrs. Shaw has become sister-in-law to her own step-father. In addition, Mr. Eustace Shaw's son is nephew of his half-sister.

Prompt Assistance

A mother whose home was close to a most inviting creek was constantly worried because her small son was in the habit of taking off his clothes and playing in the water. She tried to impress upon him that it was Satan who tempted little boys to do wrong, and told him that the next time he wanted to go in the water, he was to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

A few days later he came into the house with his hair all wet, and knowing he had been in the water again, she said, "Oh, Freddie, why didn't you do as I told you?"

"I did, mother," replied Freddie, "and Satan got behind me and pushed me right in the creek."

Impostor

A proud young father telegraphed the news of his happiness to his brother in these words, "A handsome boy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew. We are doing our best to give him a proper welcome."

The brother, however, failed to see the point, and wired back, "I have no nephew. The young man is an impostor!"

Suspicious

Alice had learned the story of Columbus at school and was telling it to her mother.

"An' his ships were named the Nina, the Pinta and—and—"

"Santa Maria," prompted her mother.

"Yes, and the queen's name was—was—"

"Isabella," suggested the mother.

"Mother," demanded Alice, with sudden suspicion, "have you ever heard this story before?"

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Couldn't Be Softer

"Jimmy," said a mother to her quick-tempered small boy, "you must not grow angry and say naughty things. You should always give a soft answer."

When his little brother provoked him an hour afterward, Jimmy clenched his little fist and said, "Mush."

—*The New Guide.*

Fetches Daddy

Little Miss Hastings, aged 10, was caught stealing sugar, and sent to bed without any supper.

Her father, a clergyman, was away on a parochial trip, and returned late in the evening.

"Mamma, I want to see daddy."

There was no response from below.

"Mamma, please let daddy bring me a drink of water."

When that failed, a small girl in a white nightie stood at the head of the stairs and said with dignity, "Mrs. Hastings, I am a very sick woman, and must see the rector at once."

That fetched the daddy.

Reasonable Inquiry

"Say, pa."

"Well, my son."

"I took a walk through the cemetery today and read the inscriptions on the tombstones."

"Well, what about it?"

"Where are all the wicked people buried?"

—*Syracuse Orange Peel.*

A Dunce

Little Jimmy's father found him in the barn. He was shaking his pet rabbit and saying: "Five and five. How much is five and five?"

The surprised father finally interrupted the proceedings. "What's the meaning of all this, Jimmy?"

"Oh," said Jimmy, "teacher told us that rabbits multiply rapidly, but this fellow can't even add."

You Cannot Answer This

"Dad!"

"Well, what is it?"

"It says here, 'A man is known by the company he keeps.' Is that so, father?"

"Yes."

"Well, father, if a good man keeps company with a bad man, is the good man bad because he keeps company with the bad man, or is the bad man good because he keeps company with the good man?"

The Age of Miracles

Nancy was saying her prayer. "And please, God, make Boston the capital of Vermont."

"Why, Nancy!" exclaimed her shocked mother. "What made you say that?"

"'Cause I made it that way in my examination papers, today, and I want it to be right."

Father's Viewpoint

"Papa," said the small son, "what do they mean by college bred? Is it different from any other kind of bread?"

"My son," said the father, "it is a four years' loaf."

—*Evansville Crescent.*

Sanitary Way

A 3½-year-old boy was intently watching his mother swatting the flies in the kitchen.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Why, I'm killing flies."

"And why do you kill them?" he questioned again.

"Because they are dirty," she replied.

"Why don't you wash them instead?" he suggested.

Satisfactory

"Well, my boy," said father, "is the teacher quite satisfied with you?"

"Oh, yes, pa, quite."

"Why? Did he tell you so?"

"Yes, the other day he said to me: 'If all my pupils were like you, I'd shut up my school today.' That shows I know enough."

—*Exchange.*

At the Zoo

"And this, darling, is a stork."

"Dont be silly, mother. Don't you suppose I know there isn't any such thing?"

—*Exchange.*

Sounds Facetious

PRECOCIOUS CHILD: "Why are you putting that greasy stuff on your lips, Mamma?"

MOTHER: "Because they are a little cracked, dear."

CHILD: "Is that the same stuff Daddy put on his head every morning, Mamma?"

The Male of the Species

BUDDY: "Is *that* a lion or a lioness, papa?"

FATHER SUMNER: "Which one, dear?"

BUDDY: "The one with its face scratched, and the hair off its head."

FATHER SUMNER (*with a sigh*): "That must be the lion."

Farm

No Faucet

Henry, who married in New York, brought his wife home to his father's farm. It was her first experience of country life.

The first evening of her visit she looked on with interest while the cows were being milked.

"Would you like to try it?" she was asked.

The bride was doubtful. "I think I could start the milk, but I—I'm afraid I couldn't stop it."

—*Successful Farming.*

Logical, At Least

A city-bred girl married a young farmer. As her husband came into the house one day, she exclaimed, "O, John, I found four ducks' eggs among the two dozen you brought in this morning."

"Ducks' eggs," said John. "How do you know they were ducks' eggs?"

"Why," she murmured, "I put them in water and four of them floated."

Mechanically Speaking

Little Johnny, a city boy in the country for the first time, saw the milking of a cow.

"Now you know where the milk comes from, don't you?" he was asked.

"Sure!" replied Johnny. "You give the cow some breakfast food and water and then drain the crankcase."

Where?

"That bull of yours charged at me and tossed me over the fence."

"Sorry, lady. Anything red on you?"

"Well, I can't say exactly, but it feels as if there might be."

No Admittance Through The Door

A farmer had just built a big barn. One day as he was setting off for town he told his two boys to cut a small hole in one of the sides so that the cat could get in or out at will.

The boys cut a hole just beside the big barn door, but when the farmer returned and saw it, he was much displeased.

"Why can't I depend on you boys to do a single thing right?" he exclaimed angrily. "Don't you know that hole is in the wrong place?"

"Why?" asked the boys.

The farmer fairly snorted. Leaping from the buggy, he seized the barn door and swung it open, and, of course, it covered the hole.

"Now, where is your cat hole?" he shouted. "How in the name of sense can the cat get into the barn when the door is open?"

Thankless

PARSON: "I hear Dave has cleared out and gone to the city."

DAD: "Yeh! I've taught 'im 'ow ter milk forty cows a day, and this is all the thanks I get."

We Can't Believe This

Mother had come in from the farm to visit her daughter in the city. After the kiss of greeting, she noticed her daughter's bobbed hair. Her eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"Well, fer pity's sake, Lizzy," she exclaimed, "you never even writ me you had the typhoid."

Law of Gravity

Young Edgar was summering at the Stackpole farm and eagerly sought every opportunity to assist Mr. Greenbury.

One afternoon they had been making hay while the sun shone, and after finishing a high haystack Edgar shouted from the top, "Say, Mr. Greenbury, how am I going to get down?"

The old farmer studied the problem a minute and finally solved it.

"Oh, jest shet yer eyes an' walk round a bit!"

—*Penn Farmer.*

Stalking Them, So To Speak

An emigrant newly arrived in the country hired out to a farmer during harvesting season. The first morning the household was up and about in the darkness before the dawn. After breakfast the farmer stated they would cut oats that day, so taking the lad with him, they made their way in the darkness to the oatfield.

The lad, turning to the farmer, asked what kind of oats they were going to cut, wild oats, or tame oats? The ignorance of the lad riled the farmer and he replied: "Why, you simp, they're tame oats. What makes you ask?"

"Oh," replied the lad. "I wasn't sure. I was only wondering why we were sneaking up on them in the dark like this."

A New Skin Game

JOE: "I sent a dollar to a firm for a cure for my horse that slobbers."

BILL: "What did you get?"

JOE: "A slip of paper on which was written: 'Teach Him to Spit.'"

—*Iowa Frivol.*

Past Reputation

"Hiram," said the farmer's wife, "what makes you say 'By gosh!' so much and go round with a straw in your mouth?"

"I'm getting ready for them summer boarders that's comin' next week. If some of us don't talk an' act that way, they'll think we ain't country folks at all."

Quack Grass

"Hi, there!" cried the farmer to his new man fresh from the town, "Have ye fed the horses and ducks?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"And what have ye fed them on?" pursued the farmer.

"Hay, sir."

"Have the ducks eaten it?"

"Well, they hadn't when I left, but they were talking about it."

Tough Luck

Abner Prune had been selling milk in his neighborhood for ten years and then, one winter, he got religion. Having turned over a new leaf, he decided it would not be right any longer to water the milk.

Consequently he delivered it just as it came from the cow. The next morning after he started delivering real milk he was met by one of his customers.

"I don't want any more of your milk," she declared wrathfully. "I don't know what in the world is the matter with it, but something is. When I went to open the bottle yesterday morning it had a thick yellow scum on it."

A Willing Worker

The bargaining for a cow had been going on leisurely for an hour.

Finally the prospective purchaser came flatly to the point.

"How much milk does she give!" he asked.

"I don't rightly know," answered the farmer who owned her, "but she's a darn good-natured critter and she'll give all she can."

—*New York Sun.*

His Slender Appetite

Abner, the farm hand, was complaining to a neighbor that the wife of the farmer that employed him was "too close for anything."

"This morning," he said, "she asked me, 'Abner, do you know how many pancakes you have et this morning?'"

"I told her I didn't have no occasion to count 'em. 'Well,' says she, 'that last one was the twenty-sixth.' And it made me so mad I jest got up from the table and went to work without my breakfast."

—*Wall Street Journal.*

Information Wanted

SWEET YOUNG THING: "That horse looks very strong and powerful."

FARMER: "Yes, ma'am. He is."

SWEET YOUNG THING: "How many horsepower is he?"

Ready For Work

In the malarial swamps, chills and fever are a common and almost universal ailment. One morning at breakfast the old farmer's son pushed back his corn cakes and syrup and said wearily, "Pap, my chill is comin' on."

"Be she?" said the farmer as he briskly arose, "Wall, hold her just a moment, till I git the churn fixed for you."

Fortunately He Could Swim

Old Farmer Tightmoney wasn't stingy. He was merely economical in the management of his big farm and all his hired hands. One morning while repairing the curb to his underground cistern he very unexpectedly fell in, pulling the rope in with him as he went down. Having always been a good swimmer, he had no trouble in keeping afloat; but the water was cold and he couldn't climb out. His wife was helpless, alone and without a rope.

"John!" she yelled excitedly down to him. "I'll ring the dinner bell so's the boys can come in and pull you out."

"What time is it?" he yelled.

"'Bout eleven o'clock."

"No, dang it, let 'em work on till dinner time. I'll just swim around till they come."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Getting a Kick

A farmer, who was always complaining about everything, was showing the result of fine growing weather and superior skill in cultivating, when his visitor said to him, "Well, you ought to be satisfied with such crops as these. There is certainly nothing lacking. You have nothing to kick about this year?"

The old farmer stood in a meditative mood for a moment, then replied, "Well, you know, son, such crops as these is pesky hard on the soil."

Particular

FARMER (*to druggist*): "Now, be sure an' write plain on them bottles which is fer the Jersey cow and which is fer my wife. I don't want nothin' to 'appen to that Jersey cow."

A Cow's Nest

When a city child was roaming about in the country he came upon a dozen or so empty, condensed milk cans.

Greatly excited, he yelled to his companions: "Hey, fellers, come here quick! I've found a cow's nest!"

Not Officious

A city man on a visit to a remote village which did not boast a movie or even a reading room said to one of the inhabitants, "Whatever do you do here when it rains?"

"Oh," replied the man, "we let it rain."

Girls

In Her Usual Fashion

A certain society young lady from the city went to visit her married sister who lived on a farm. The sister was suddenly taken ill. "Dear me," she bewailed, "what shall I do—with dinner to prepare for threshers?"

"Never mind," consoled the sister, "You lie down and I will take care of it."

At dinner each hungry man was served with: Two heart-shaped bread-and-butter sandwiches tied with pink ribbons, one chicken patty, two sweet pickles, one mold of ice-cream and two lady fingers, one small cup of coffee, mints.

Bootleggers

It was at a charity ball and a couple of young women were holding an indignation meeting over a third one.

"Here we are," remarked one of the girls, "selling kisses to raise money and she's bootlegging them free back of the booth."

Confirmed

FIRST GIRL IN ELEVATOR: "Miss Jones is a nice girl, but rather loquacious."

SECOND GIRL IN ELEVATOR: "Yes; and besides that, she talks too much."

Thrifty Groom

BRIDE: "My husband had a hope-chest, too, before we were married."

FRIEND: "What did he have in it?"

BRIDE: "Why, about a bushel of socks, waiting to be darned."

Refute This, If You Can

Man is but a worm. He comes along, wiggles a little in the dust, then some chicken gets him.

All Made Up

"When I proposed to Flossie she asked me for time to make up her mind."

HATED RIVAL: "Oh, so she makes that up, too."

Subject For Debate

Please give me points for and against the question "Resolved that women should not be abolished," writes one of our country school department readers. Who will volunteer for the negative?

—*Prairie Farmer.*

Chivalry Unwanted

The train robber was holding up a Pullman car. "Out with your dough or I'll kill all men without money, and kiss all women."

An elderly man said, "You shall not touch these ladies."

An old maid in an upper berth shouted, "You leave him alone; he's robbing this train."

Hebrew

Maybe Not Specified

Two gentlemen stopped on the street to talk to each other one wearing a large diamond tie pin. "Isaacs," said the other, "dot is a fine diamond you have. Vare you get it?"

"Vell," explained Isaacs, "my brother he died and left \$450 for a stone. And dis is de stone."

Mistaken Identity

A Jew was walking along, his face wreathed in smiles. He met a friend.

"You look contented enough with the world," said the friend.

"I am," answered the Jew; "my son is engaged to be married."

"Is he?"

"No, no—Ikey."

In Name At Least

IKE: "Vereffer you go over da world you will find Jews."

PAT: "Faith, and Oi wouldn't say that. I never heard of a Jew at the North Pole."

IKE: "Oh, is dot so! How about dot guy Iceberg? He's no Presbyterian."

—*Ed. Lee Hargrave*

So Would We All

"Abe," said Mrs. Cohen, "I was looking on the nicest bedroom suite today and, would you believe it, it only costs one hundred and ninety-five dollars!"

"Vot!" exclaimed Mr. Cohen, "a hundred and ninety-five dollars for a bedroom soot. Don't buy it, I can vear my old pajamas."

Investment Wasted

COHEN: "Poor Ikey—he has gone crazy."

COHAN: "Vell, how come?"

COHEN: "Vy, at the football game, he bought a scorecard, and then neither side scored."

—*Centre Colonel.*

Come Back!

Little Ikey was taken to a theater and went up in the balcony. The play was so exciting that Ikey leaned over the railing and fell down into the orchestra. His father got excited and shouted, "Ikey, for goodness sake come back. It costs more down there."

Somebody Paid

A Scotsman sold a racehorse to a Jew. It died over night, but the Scot put it into a horsebox and sent it off, and to his surprise got his money.

When next they met the Scot expressed his surprise.

"Ah, weel, you see, it was thith way," said the Jew. "I raffled it—ten tickets."

"But what did the man say who won it?"

"Oh, I just gave him his money back. You see, I'd got the money of the other nine."

Justified Complacency

Button Gwinnett Rush, an Augusta capitalist, is justly proud of the fact that one of his ancestors signed the Declaration of Independence.

A few days ago Egbert Cohen, a wealthy young realtor, walked into Mr. Rush's office and found him signing checks.

"Aha," said Mr. Cohen, after a minute or two, "you're a great little signer, aren't you?"

"I ought to be," said Mr. Rush. "One of my ancestors, you know, signed the Declaration."

"Well," said Cohen complacently, "I guess you haven't got anything on me. One of my ancestors signed the Ten Commandments."

—*Portland Express.*

Ain't I Generous?

MR. GOLDSTEIN: "I sells you dod coat at a grand sacrifice."

CUSTOMER: "You say that of all your goods. How do you make a living?"

MR. GOLDSTEIN: "Mine frient, I make a schmall profit on the paper and twine."

Laff These Off

TEACHER: "Give me a sentence using the word avaunt."

LITTLE ABIE: "Avaunt vat avaunt ven avaunt it."

Two of Them

While Cohen was in Scotland he went out for a game of golf. A club member came out, and as both were lone starters, a match was suggested.

"My name's McGregor," said the Scot.

"What do you go round in, McGregor?" Cohen asked.

"Oh, around 112 or 114," the Scot answered. "What's your game?"

"Just about the same," Cohen replied. "How about \$1 a hole?"

"And do you know," said Cohen, "that dirty crook went around in 78 and took \$2 from me."

Business College

Two Hebrews met on a train and the topic of their conversation was their sons.

"Meester Isaacs," inquired the first, "how did your son Ikey get through his graduation examination?"

"Splendid, splendid," exclaimed the second, clapping his hands with delight.

"He failed in everyding."

—*Judge.*

Anxious

LEVI: "Cohen is gedding absent-minded."

ISAACS: "Yes?"

"He tried to collect der insurance der day before der fire."

Home, Sweet Home

Father Collapsed

TOMMY: "Tell me a fairy tale, daddy."

DADDY: "All right, my son: wait till I see how I will begin it."

MAMMA (*sweetly*): "Begin it, 'I was detained at the office.'"

We Think So

A CRYING NEED: "And wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if, while mamma was getting a permanent wave, papa could buy himself a permanent shave?"

—*Dallas Morning News.*

No Use For Economy

A man noted for his extreme thrift was walking down the road one week day, all dressed up in his Sunday clothes. A neighbor hailed him.

"What's up, Jim?" he asked, "Why the glad rags?"

"Haven't you heard the news?"

"News? What news?"

"Triplets," said the thrifty one.

"Oh, that accounts for it, eh?"

"Yes, that accounts for it," said the new father. "That accounts for my wearing these good clothes. What the thunder's the use of trying to be economical?"

—*Mobile Register.*

Wanted a Change

"Will you go with me to the zoo?"

"No, thank you, I'll stay at home. My eldest daughter does the kangaroo walk, my second daughter talks like a parrot, my son laughs like a hyena, my wife watches me like a hawk, my cook is as cross as a bear, and my mother-in-law says I'm an old gorilla. When I go anywhere I want a change."

—*Baltimore Trolley Topics.*

The Old Roosters!

JOHNNY (*at poultry show*): "Ma, let's stay until they let the animals out."

MOTHER: "They don't let them out, dear."

JOHNNY: "Yes, they do, ma, 'cause last night I heard pa tell Uncle Bill that they would stick around after the show and pick up some chickens."

—*Art and Life.*

Made Up

"Darling, I've made up my mind to stay at home."

"Too late, George—I've made up my face to go out."

She Won

An Alhambra man was fishing near Bishop recently. He caught a big fish, the biggest he had ever landed in his long and busy life. He was elated. He was crazed with the joy and he telegraphed his wife, "I've got one, weighs seven pounds and it is a beauty."

The following was the answer he got, "So have I, weighs ten pounds. Not a beauty—looks like you. Come home."

—*Federation News.*

Obeying the Judge

Ordered by the divorce judge to divide his property half-and-half with his wife, Otto Shaler, San Francisco, went home and sawed the family piano in two. Then he started in on the davenport, table, and chairs and was cutting the rugs in half when the wife rushed back to the judge and an officer was sent to stop further "division" of the Shaler property. Literal interpretation may be carried too far.

—*Cappers Magazine.*

Charge Dismissed

JUDGE: "You are charged with being a deserter, having left your wife. Are all of the facts in the case true?"

PRISONER: "No, Your Honor, I am not a deserter. Just a refugee."

—*Ex.*

Just Like 'Em, Bigosh

Senator Borah said at a dinner in Washington:

"There are some foreign Nations that give us a raw deal and then reproach us for not loving them. It's like the woman whose husband said:

" 'Talk about inconsistency! My wife chased me out of the house with a rolling pin this mornin' and then hauled me over the coals at supper time because I went off to work without kissin' her goodby.' "

Just Practising

One afternoon a young man was wheeling a baby carriage back and forth in front of his house.

"My dear!" came a voice from an upper window of the house.

"Now let me alone!" he called back. "We're all right."

An hour later the same voice, again, in earnest, pleading tones: "Arthur, dear!"

"Well, what do you want?" he responded.

"Anything wrong in the house?"

"No, Arthur dear, but you have been wheeling Clara's doll all the afternoon. Isn't it time for the baby to have a turn?"

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Eve's Appetite

"One day," said a story-teller, "at the close of a hot day, Adam was returning with his hoe on his shoulder from a hard day's labor to his humble cottage. Maybe it was a cave. That don't matter, for it was an humble abode. Young Cain was running ahead, boylike, throwing rocks at the birds. Suddenly they came upon a beautiful garden.

" 'O father,' said Cain, 'look at that beautiful garden. I wish we could live there.' "

" 'We did live in that garden,' said Adam regretfully, 'until your mother ate us out of house and home.' "

Home, Sweet Home

JONES (*to angry wife*): "Must you quarrel with me in the street? What have we got a home for?"

Have You Heard This?

YOUNG HUSBAND: "Dear, I paid the doctor another ten dollars today."

Young Wife: "Hurry! Just think, three more payments and the baby is ours."

Young America

The teacher asked little Ruth what her father's name was.

"Daddy," she answered.

"Yes, dear," said the teacher, "but what does your mother call him?"

"She don't call him nuthin'," Ruth answered, earnestly. "She likes him."

Profanity Excusable

No sooner had I stepped across the threshold into the room than I felt myself hurled into the air like a projectile. Everything began to swim before my eyes. The walls seemed to converge on me like a veritable Poe's Pit. The floor receded from me with a sweeping speed that made all the objects on it dance like living imps, diminishing all the while! The ceiling seemed to be dropping upon me with increasing rapidity, and a horrible, sickening nausea overcame me as I saw it crush me like a Juggernaut! One brief instant—and I was plunged into the water with a resounding splash!

Who the hell left the soap on the bathroom floor?

—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

Naturally

Says Will Rogers, expert gum chewerist and rope thrower, "I've spoken at so many banquets during the past year that when I get home I feel disappointed if my wife or the children don't get up at dinner and say, 'We have with us this evening a man who, I am sure, needs no introduction.'"

—*The Needle.*

Hotels and Restaurants

And There It Was

WAITRESS: "And how did you find the apple pie?"

DINER: "I moved the bit of cheese aside and there it was."
—*Willamette Collegian.*

Probably Not Much

WIFE, as they depart from the summer hotel—Have we left anything, dear?

HUSBAND—You mean, "Have we anything left?"
—*London Opinion.*

Rather Particular

THE MAN: "Two eggs poached medium soft, buttered toast, not too hard, coffee, not too much cream in it."

THE WAITER: "Yes, sir. Would you like any special design on the dishes?"

Out of Luck

"Yes, I had a job near a mountain hotel as an echo."

"How'd yer come to give it up?"

"Why, a Chinaman came up there an' yelled, an' I couldn't answer back."

Glasgow Evening Citizen.

"Where Am I?"

The telephone girl in a New York hotel answered a queer call over the house exchange the other morning about 11 o'clock. When she "plugged in" a man's voice said, "Hello! Is this So-and-So hotel?"

"Why, no," answered the girl, "this is the Such-and-Such hotel."

"Oh, it's all right," said the man. "Just woke up and didn't know where I was."

Number, Please

LADY (*former telephone operator*): "Porter, why didn't you call me?"

SAM: "Ah did. Ah said 'seven-thirty' and you-all said de line was busy, and whin Ah persisted, you said 'so's your old man; git off de line or I'll knock you for a goal,' so Ah did."

Another Typographical Error

"Look here, waitress, I just found a needle in my soup."

WAITRESS (*formerly a stenographer*): "Merely a typographical error, it should have been a noodle."

It Might Be So

WAITER: "Would you mind settling your bill, sir? We're closing now."

IRATE DINER (*furious from long waiting*): "But, dammit-all, I haven't even been served yet!"

"Ah, well, in that case, sir, there'll be only the cover charge."

—Judge.

Healthy Appetite

As the dancer took his fair partner down to supper, she seemed to hypnotize the waiter told to serve them, for he seemed incapable of taking his eyes off her.

At last the dancer could stand it no longer.

"I say, my man," he observed, "what makes you stare so rudely at this lady?"

"It ain't rudeness, sir, believe me, it ain't," returned the waiter. "It's genuine admiration. This is the fifth time she's been down to supper tonight."

—Farmer's Guide.

His Nose Knows

WAITER (*solicitously*): "Something wrong with your egg, sir?"

BREAKFASTER: "Wrong? I ordered a three-minute egg and you've brought me a three-year one."

With The Gloves Off

A city guest was so disgusted with his room in a country hotel that he turned to go downstairs and tell the slovenly landlord what he thought of the outfit, when he was dissuaded by this notice posted on his door:

This ain't the Waldorf-Astoria; if it was it wouldn't be here.

You ain't J. P. Morgan; if you was you wouldn't be here.

We know this hotel is on the bum—well, how about yourself?

May Day Pleasantry

A certain sour spinster always became annoyed when asked a question the answer to which she considered obvious. Thus on the last night of April last, she asked the girl at the hotel desk to call her early the next morning by ringing the telephone bell in her room.

"To catch a train?" asked the girl, pleasantly.

"For what other reason does one wish to be called early?"

"Sometimes one is to be Queen of the May," suggested the girl, still pleasantly.

Then He Cussed

Mr. Whately, a traveling man, is a very light sleeper. One night he was obliged to stop at a small hotel and after much tossing about, he finally succeeded in getting into a sound sleep. In answer to loud, repeated knocks on his door, he nervously sat upright in bed.

"What's wanted?" he grumbled.

"Package downstairs for you, sir."

"Well, let it stay there; it can wait till morning, I suppose."

The boy shuffled down the corridor, and after a long time the guest fell into a sound sleep again. Then another knock came at the door.

"Well, what's up now?" queried Mr. Whately.

"'Tain't for you, that package!" said the boy, peeping around the door.

Rabbit Stew Next Time

"Waiter, it's been half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup."

"Sorry, sir, but you know how turtles are."

Retribution

A smile of joy flitted across the waiter's face as he glanced toward a certain table, where a patron had just seated himself.

"Yes, sir?" he inquired politely, on going up to the table.

"I'll have a steak and chips," remarked the customer, "and you might bring me some rolls."

"Yes, sir. Steak and potatoes, sir?" echoed the waiter. "And would you like chops and peas along with it?"

"No, thank you."

"Roast beef, then, sir? Or, perhaps, a little cold ham?"

"No, no! Just steak and potatoes."

"Well, how about a nice lobster with that steak, sir?"

"No."

"I can recommend—" began the waiter, but got no further. The proprietor had heard the whole conversation, and, with an angry exclamation, he beckoned the waiter to his side.

"What do you mean," he said, "tormenting that customer in such an outrageous manner?"

"Tormenting him, sir?" queried the waiter. "I was only trying to make him feel at home. He's a barber, sir."

Wrong End of The Menu

"Some people would kick anywhere but in a football game," snorted the restaurant proprietor in a Woolly West town. "I can't see what them epicures has got to complain about with this soup."

"They wouldn't have no grouch coming, sir," explained the waiter, tactfully, "if only the cook would admit it's soup. He says it's coffee."

Restaurant or Barber Shop?

By some means or other, a very impossible person had obtained election to an exclusive club. On the first night that he dropped in for dinner, the members were horrified to see him take his napkin and tie it around his neck.

The head waiter, determined to deal with the matter in the most suitable manner, approached.

"Hair cut or shave, sir?" he asked.

Explained

"Why is it," asked the man in the restaurant, "that poor men usually give larger tips than rich men?"

"Well, sir," said the waiter, "it looks to me as if the poor man don't want anyone to find out he's poor, and the rich man don't want anyone to find out he's rich."

Change of Ownership

"I think we met in this cafe last winter, your overcoat is familiar to me."

"But I didn't own it then."

"No, but I did."

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

Fresh Clerk!

"Have you a nice room?" asked the young woman from the small town.

HOTEL CLERK: "Yes, ma'am; but how about a bath?"

YOUNG WOMAN: "That's none of your business."

Only Circumstantial

Following a dinner of savants, a certain professor of psychology thought he would test a colored cloak-attendant as to his memory. Although the professor pretended to have mislaid his check, the boy without hesitation handed him the right hat.

"How did you know this one is mine?" asked the learned man.

"Ah, don' know dat, suh,"

"Then why do you give it to me?"

"Cause you give it to me when you come in, suh."

—*The Forecast.*

Fun for the Family

WAITER: "Yes, sir; we're very up-to-date. Everything here is cooked by electricity."

DINER: "I wonder if you would mind giving this steak another shock?"

Opportunity Knocks

CUSTOMER: "Look here, I got twice as much pudding yesterday."

WAITER: "You were sitting by the window weren't you?"

CUSTOMER: "Then you remember me?"

WAITER: "No. I guessed it! All 'window tables' get an extra helping—it's an advertisement."

Scorched 'im!

There was a terrible ado in the Busy Bee restaurant.

"What's all the fuss here?" asked an incoming patron.

"Oh," replied the proprietor, "the fire-eater from the circus was in here and he burned his mouth on the soup."

—*American Legion*

Got Off Cheap

A young man took his uncle, a parsimonious old Connecticut Yankee, out to dinner. After dinner, as they were waiting for a car, the young man said, "You gave that cloak-room attendant a ridiculously liberal tip, uncle. A quarter would have been plenty, and you gave him a five-dollar bill."

"Ah," chuckled the uncle, "but look at the swell coat he gave me."

Did He Order Snails

"Waiter," said the customer, after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup, "have you been to the Zoo?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you ought to go. You'd enjoy watching the turtles whiz past you."

Not at the Farm She Couldn't

FARMER (*in ultra-swell city hotel*): "Sister, how much are your new potatoes in cream?"

WAITRESS: "Sixty cents, sir."

FARMER: "Wha-a-a-at! Why say, sister, you couldn't even lift sixty cents worth of new potatoes!"

Irish

He Felt It First

Word had been received by the inspector of the electric light system that an overhead wire had fallen in a crowded street. The inspector betook himself to the spot.

When he arrived, he found a crowd of people handling the wire in a most careless manner. Luckily, no accidents had occurred.

Going up to the nearest man, who happened to be an Irishman, he admonished him severely.

"You took a grave risk," said the inspector. "You had no right to touch that wire. Did you know you might have been killed outright by the shock?"

The Irishman looked at the inspector with a knowing air.

"Ah," said he, "I was mighty careful, sorr! Sure, I felt it carefully before I took hold of it!"

Couldn't Believe Him

Casey and Riley agreed to settle their disputes by a fight, and it was understood that whoever wanted to stop should say "Enough."

Casey got Riley down and was hammering him unmercifully, when Riley called out several times, "Enough!"

As Casey paid no attention, but kept on administering punishment, a bystander said, "Why don't you let him get up? Don't you hear him say he's had enough?"

"I do," said Casey, "but he's such a liar, you can't believe him."

No Ingrowing Hairs

It was a sunshiny Sunday morning and Pat had brought his shaving tools out on the back porch.

Mrs. McGinnis looked over the back fence. "Shure, Mrs. Murphy, does your old man shave on the outside?"

"And phwat's bothering you," said Mrs. Murphy, "did you think he was fur lined?"

Pat Was "There"

An Irishman was newly employed at a lumber office. The proprietors of the company were young men and decided to have some fun with the new Irish hand. Pat was duly left in charge of the office, with instructions to take all orders which might come in during their absence. Going to a nearby drug store, they proceeded to call up the lumber company's office, and the following conversation ensued:

"Hello! Is this the East Side Lumber Company?"

"Yes, sir. And what would you be havin'?"

"Take an order, will you?"

"Sure. That's what I'm here for."

"Please send up a thousand knot holes."

"What's that?"

"One thousand knot holes."

"Well, now, an' ain't that a bloomin' shame? I'm sorry but we are just out of them."

"How's that?"

"Just sold them to a brewery."

"To the brewery? What do they want with them?"

"By golly, an' they use them for bung-holes in barrels."

—*The Mill-whistle.*

Where Pat Was

In a small village in Ireland, the mother of a soldier met the village priest, who asked her if she had bad news. "Sure, I have," she said. "Pat has been killed."

"Oh, I am very sorry," said the priest. "Did you receive word from the War Office?"

"No," she said. "I received word from himself."

The priest looked perplexed, and said: "But how is that?"

"Sure," she said, "here is the letter; read it for yourself."

The letter said: "Dear mother—I am now in the Holy Land."

Neither Was Flannigan

"Ow did yer git that black eye, Pat?"

"Oi slipped an' fell on me back."

"But yer face ain't on yer back."

"No—naythur was Flannigan."

A Study in Relativity

Pat was in the middle of the stream, his canoe turned over. He was desperately working his arms and legs, splashing around, trying to find a hold of safety. Mike, running along the shore, frantically yelled, "Hang on to the boat, Pat—hang on to the boat!"

"The h— with the boat," said Pat; "it's myself I am after saving."

Worth Trying

"I hear that the United States are trying to annex Ireland."

"How come? What's the big idea?"

"So we can raise our own policemen."

Coals to Newcastle

Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean. On the way, Pat died, and preparations were made for burial at sea. Instead of leaden weights, which are commonly used, chunks of coal were substituted.

When the last rites were performed, Mike looked long and earnestly at his friend and then exclaimed, "Well, Pat, I always thought you were going there, but I'm hanged if I thought they'd make you carry your own coal."

—*Exchange.*

The Difference

"Which would yez rather be in, Casey, an explosion or a collision?" asked his friend, McCarthy.

"In a collision," replied Casey.

"Why?"

"Well, because in a collision, there yez are; but in an explosion where are yez?"

Clear Enough

Two Irishmen were excavating for a proposed building when an interested spectator inquired, "How is it, Pat? Although you and Mike started work together, he has a bigger pile of dirt than you?"

"Shure," was the quick retort. "he's diggin' a bigger hole."

There Were Two Irishmen

Pat, who was always very punctual, arranged to meet Mike at the post office at ten o'clock. Arriving a few minutes before time, Pat decided to walk down the street in the direction from which he knew Mike would come.

Before he had gone far, he observed Mike, across the street hurrying toward the meeting place.

"Hi, there, Mike!" he called, "here Oi am—come over."

"Begorra," answered the tardy Irishman, "don't be after detainin' me. Oi've only foive minutes to meet yez at the post office."

Jokers

Checkmate

A man was boasting to some others he had met that he could take any article from a store without being detected.

One of his hearers bet him \$20 that he could not take a box of chocolates in this way.

The man agreed and they went into a grocery store.

"You wait here," said the daring one, "and you'll see!"

With these words he went into the store, took a box of chocolates from the counter and walked out.

"There you are!" he said proudly, "I've won the wager!"

The stranger smiled.

"You're very smart," he answered. "But I happen to be a detective and I am going to arrest you for stealing."

"Wait a bit, sir," said the other coolly. "I happen to be the owner of the store."

—*Brooklyn Standard Union.*

Kids

Discouraging

It suddenly occurred to the small Boy Scout that he had neglected to perform his daily good deed. He approached the infirm old lady on the corner.

"May I accompany you across this busy street, ma'am?" he asked.

"Why, of course you may, you poor little fellow," she beamed. "How long have you been waiting for somebody to take you across?"

No Artist!

Six-year-old Marjorie showed her mother the likeness of a baby which she had just fashioned from paper with her scissors.

Pleased with the newly-discovered skill of her daughter, the mother praised her with enthusiasm. "Why, that is a perfect baby! I believe you are an artist!" she said.

"Huh," replied Marjorie, hands on her hips and head thrown back, "I think I am a stork."

She Was a Gentleman

Some boys were playing football as a young woman drove by in a high-powered car. The ball bounced into the road and she drove carefully to avoid running over it, slowing down as she did so. This gave one of the players time to doff his cap, and say with admiration in his voice, "Lady, you're a gentleman."

Modern Times

"Johnny, didn't I tell you to come right home from the barber shop?"

"Yes, Ma."

"Then, why didn't you obey?"

"I had to wait while grandma got her neck shaved."

Baby Wearing Well

The young mother was bathing her baby, when a neighbor's girl came into the room, carrying a doll, and stood watching the operation for some time. Dolly was the worse for wear, being minus an arm and a leg. "How long have you had your baby?" she said to the mother.

"Three months," said the proud young mother.

"My, but you have kept her nice," replied the child with an envious sigh.

—*Woman's World.*

They Couldn't Beat That

A minister, walking along a road, saw a crowd of boys sitting in a ring with a small dog in the center.

"What are you doing with that dog?" he asked.

"Whoever tells the biggest lie, he wins the dog," said one of the boys.

"Oh," said the minister. "I am surprised at you boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie."

There was a moment's silence. Then one of the boys said, "Give the gent the dog, Jim."

—*N. E. Homestead.*

Wanted Commission

A small boy called on the doctor one evening. "Say, doc, I guess I got measles," he said, "but I can keep it quiet."

The doctor looked puzzled.

"Aw, get wise, doc," suggested the small boy. "What'll you give me to go to school and scatter it among the kids?"

—*Bottles.*

Dad Was an Artist!

Johnny was in the habit of swearing mildly when anything did not please him. One day the minister heard him and said, "Johnny, don't you know you must not swear? It is naughty of you to do so. Why, every time I hear you swear a cold chill runs down my back."

"That's nothing," said Johnny. "If you'd been at my house the other day when my dad caught his nose in the clothes wringer, you'd have froze to death."

Reggie's Ration

Reginald was dining out, and under the watchful eyes of his father and mother he was behaving really well.

"Will you have a little of this ice-pudding, Reggie?" asked the hostess.

"No, thank you," replied Reggie.

Mother nearly gasped. Never before had her little darling refused pudding.

"Oh, come, dear!" she said, afraid he must be sickening for something. "Do have a little."

"No, thank you," said Reggie.

"Then what will you have?" asked the hostess.

"A lot, please!" replied Reggie, firmly.

Gozinters

"What sums are you learning at school now?" asked the elderly spectacled gentleman to little Tommy.

"Gozinters," answered Tommy very brightly.

"Gozinters? Why, I've never heard of them."

"Well, that's what we're doing, anyhow! Two gozinter four twice times, four gozinter twelve three times and all the rest of it."

Jimmy's Reason

"Jimmy," said a lady visitor to the boy one day when she called to see his mother on parish work, "why don't you come to our Sunday school classes? I am sure you would find a lot of your little friends there."

Jimmy hesitated for a moment before he replied. Then he said, "Does a red-headed, freckle-faced chap, name of Sam Brown go to your school?"

"Yes, he does," replied the lady visitor.

"Well, then," replied Jimmy, "I'll be there next Sunday quite punctual. You see if I don't! I've been lying in wait for that kid for three weeks, and never knew where to find him."

A 1926 Model

"So you're lost, little man? Why didn't you hang onto your mother's skirt?"

YOUNGSTER: "Couldn't reach it."

Not on Your Life!

As a special treat, a five-year-old boy was sent to spend the week-end at the country place of a friend of his parents.

On the first evening of his visit everything passed off pleasantly until the hour came for the small guest to retire. Then a disturbing situation arose. His mother, in packing her son's bag, had failed to include a sleeping suit for him.

"Don't worry, Egbert," said the hostess, comfortingly, "you're just about the size of my little Helen. We'll tuck you away in one of her nighties and you'll be quite comfy, I'm sure."

Egbert burst into tears.

"I won't put on a little girl's nightie!" he proclaimed. "I'd rather go to bed raw!"

The Gum Menace

A three-year-old, sitting in the crowded waiting room of a dental office with his mother, had investigated all the nooks and corners, windows and doors, upset the magazines and made himself the center of attraction. One of the ladies, noticing that he was chewing gum, it occurred to her as he walked toward her to ask him for a piece of gum.

He answered, "Nit, I will! You find yourself a piece under the window sill, like I did."

It Was the Cat's Meow!

The small boy's head bobbed up over the garden wall, and a meek little voice asked, "Please, Miss Brown, may I have my arrow?"

"Yes, dear, certainly," the next door neighbor answered, beaming. "Where did it fall?"

"I think," was the reply, "it's stuck in your cat."

Identification

"And whose little girl are you?"

"Mary Ann's."

"What a nice name for a mother!"

"Mary Ann's not my muvver, she's the cook. My muvver is the lady that boards wiv her and writes how to take care of little girls."

—*Biron Lamour.*

Us Poor Men

Alice for the first time saw a cat carrying her kitten by the nape of its neck.

"You naughty cat!" she cried, "you ain't fit to be a mother! You ain't hardly fit to be a father!"

A Dubious Compliment

"Does your mother ever pay you any compliments?" said Sam to his pal, Alexander.

"Only in the winter time," replied the other. "When the fire gets low, she says, 'Alexander, the grate!'"

The Judicial Mind

A certain judge of whom the Boston Transcript says it knows has a six-year-old niece of whom he is very proud. The other day she came to him with a serious air and said, "Uncle Robert, if a man had a peacock and it went into another man's yard and laid an egg, who would the egg belong to?"

The judge smiled indulgently and replied, "Why, the egg would belong to the man who owned the peacock, but he could be prosecuted for trespassing if he went on the other's property to get it."

The child seemed very much interested in the explanation, but when it was over she observed agreeably, "Uncle, did it ever occur to you that a peacock couldn't lay an egg?"

His Motive

THE BAD BOY: "You love to go to Sunday school, don't you?"

THE GOOD BOY: "Yes."

BAD BOY: "What do you expect to learn?"

GOOD BOY: "The date of the picnic." —*Selected.*

Dad's Remarks Garbled

PASTOR: "So God has sent you two more little brothers, Dolly. Isn't that fine?"

DOLLY: "Yes, and He knows where the money's coming from to keep them. I heard Daddy say so."

Ladies

Clean-up Campaign at Home

The woman took off her hat, threw it on the table, and dropping into an easy chair, lighted a cigarette. She had been to a political meeting, and proceeded to regale her husband with her views.

"We are going to sweep the country, James," she said airily.

"Excellent," said her long-suffering husband "Nothing could be better. I hope you'll start with the sitting-room."

Revives Interest

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith were talking over their plans for the summer. "So you think you will go back to the same Summer resort you have been going to all these years?" asked Mrs. Brown.

Her friend hitched her chair closer. "Oh yes," said she. "As I often tell my husband, it's like this: When all is said and done, I really think that old friends and new scandals give one the most satisfaction."

The Peacemaker

After an immense amount of trouble the vicar of a country parish succeeded in reconciling two old women who had been quarreling for years. He even induced them to meet under the vicarage roof.

In his drawing room they shook hands. After an embarrassed silence, one of them said, "Well, Mrs. Tyler, I wish you all you wishes me."

"An' who's saying nasty things now?" snapped Mrs. Tyler.

Too Busy Talking

ELSIE: "Did you hear what Mrs. Simmers said about you?"

ALICE: "No, I was in the other group, talking about her."

Page Santa Claus

Two—er—bachelor girls of somewhat advanced years were discussing the approaching holidays.

"Sister Molly," said the younger, "would a long stocking hold all you wish for Christmas?"

"No, Elvira," said the older girl, "but a pair of socks would."

Her Full Diary

Mrs. Langtry—Lady de Bathe—was congratulated at an Anglo-American dinner party in London on her book of memoirs.

"Luckily," she said, "I have always kept a very full diary."

And then she turned to a pretty Chicago girl and added, "Keep a diary, my dear, and some day, perhaps, your diary will keep you."

Probably the Reason

Two ladies, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception. After a few conventional remarks the younger exclaimed, "I cannot think what has upset that tall blond man over there. He was so attentive a little while ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband."

True to Life

"I'm writing to Nellie Lee, Margaret," said Ethel, "shall I send her a message from you?"

"Writing to that poor dumbbell again? Yes, give her my love. How I do detest that girl, to be sure."

Laid on the Table

The afternoon bridge club was holding its weekly session. "Ladies, ladies," announced the president, "it has been moved and seconded that there shall be no conversation at the card tables. What shall we do with the motion?"

"I suggest," said a sprightly young woman, "that we discuss it while we play."

Now

"Hazel went to an astrologer to find out when was the best time to get married."

"What did he tell her?"

"He took one look at her and told her to grab the first chance."

The Dear Departed

The district visitor was sympathizing with a shopkeeper who had just lost her husband.

"I'm sure, Mrs. Griggs," she said, "you miss him very much."

"Well, m'm," said the bereaved, "it certainly do seem strange to go into the shop and find something in the till."

—*Liverpool Evening Express*.

Not Recorded, Anyway

"Who was the first man?" asked the visiting minister.

"Adam," the children answered in chorus.

"Who was the first woman?"

"Eve," they all shouted.

"Who was the meekest man?"

"Moses."

"Who was the meekest woman?"

Every one was silent. The children looked blankly at one another, but none could answer. Finally, a little hand went up, and the preacher said, "Well, my boy, who was she?"

"There wasn't any."

Defined

"What's a dead letter?" asked the simple maid.

"That, dearie," answered the wise one, "is a letter that has nothing in it that would justify a breach of promise suit."

Going the Pace

FIRST AIMLESS SHOPPER (*to second*): "Well, dear, if you're not going to buy anything, we might just as well look at something more expensive."

Not a Good Place

HE: "Would you be very sorry if I hugged you?"

SHE: "Sorry! I should be simply furious! How dare you suggest such a thing! If you try anything like that I'll never speak to you again, and besides, this isn't a good place anyhow."

This Ought To Be Suppressed

"I hope," said one wife to another, "that you never nag your husband?"

"Only when he is beating the carpets," said the second one. "When he is thoroughly irritated he makes a much better job of it."

Hot Cakes

"Is Mary Jones old?"

"Old? When they brought in her birthday cake last time, six guests fainted with the heat."

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

Very Acid Retort

"It must be three years since I saw you last. I hardly knew you—you've aged so."

"Really! Well, I wouldn't have known you except for that dress."

One-Way Pockets

MAY: "Is your husband tight?"

RAE: "Is he? Say, every time he takes a penny out of his pocket the Indian blinks at the light."

Meow, Meow, Meow

A timid young woman awoke one night and heard a mouse in her room. First one slipper was hurled mouseward, and then the other. She succeeded in stopping the noise for a short time, but then it started again. Terrified, she wondered what to do next.

She sat up in bed and meowed.

—*Madrid Toro.*

Served Its Purpose

An old farmer attended a big picnic and stayed over to watch the dancing at night. He hadn't been out in the world much, and he was deeply impressed with the girls' clothes at that dance.

"Some of the ladies' clothes I see here," he said, "plumb puts me in mind of a barb wire fence."

Somebody asked him why.

"Well," said he, "it's this way—they appear to protect the property without obstructin' the view."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Hard to Believe

NUMB: "Roman women must have worn queer clothes."

SKULL: "What makes you think so?"

"My history professor says they heated their houses by carrying around charcoal in brassieres."

—*Washington Columns.*

Landlord

An Unexpected Answer

A fashionable woman, who was accustomed to collect her own rents, found one of her tenants one day in a more or less discontented frame of mind, and decided to make a few complaints of her own. She wound up by saying, "And just look at this kitchen, Mr. Jones, it's in a terrible condition!"

"Yes, ma'am, it is," he agreed, "and you'd probably look the same way if you hadn't had any fresh paint on you for six years."

Solved!

One day Abie burst into the office of his friend the lawyer, evidently greatly excited.

"What's the trouble, Abie?" queried the LL.D.

"Ach, I just saw my wife necking mit my secretary on de sofa in de waiting room. Vot can I do?"

"That's easy, Abe. Discharge the secretary."

"Oy yoy, bud de secretary knows all about mine bisness."

"Well, sell the business."

"Bud de bisness belongs to mine vife."

"Then all you can do is divorce the wife."

"Yes, bud den I musd lose de bisness also" And Abie left the office in deep thought.

An hour later he returned, wreathed in a happy smile. "Ach," he exclaimed. "I haff adjusted everyding."

"So you followed part of my advice?" inquired the lawyer.

"Kipper, no!" ejaculated Abie. "I haff solt de sofa!"

—*Cannon Bawl.*

Of Necessity

KIND OLD PARTY: "I hear you buried your wife yesterday, Mr. Kaupp."

"Vell, mein Gott, I had to. She vass dead."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

No Money Involved

Little Jimmie and little Ikey had been having lots of fun together for several days, but one day when Ikey started into Jimmie's yard, Jimmie waved him regretfully away.

"My papa says I can't play with you any more," said the little fellow.

"Vy not?" asked Ikey.

"Because you are a Jew," replied Jimmie.

"Oh, dot's all right," said Ikey, smilingly, "tell your papa ve ain't playing for money."

Law

Contempt of Court

"You'll be discharged on this occasion, madam," said the fierce-looking magistrate to an elderly woman charged with committing a breach of the peace.

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied the grateful woman.

"I've always said that many a soft heart beats behind a hard face!"

The Final Question

A young lawyer was trying his first case in a small town in Arkansas. In an effort to impress the judge and jury with his vast learning, he made many references to characters and events in ancient history and mythology, and delivered, as he thought, a very masterly address indeed.

The defendant's lawyer, an old gentleman, ripped the youngster's case to pieces and ended as follows: "You have heard the able argument of the plaintiff's lawyer, and, no doubt, were impressed with his scholarly attainments. I grant that he has delved into the depths of erudition. He may have roamed with Romulus; sat with Socrates; and ripped with Euripides, but what in hell does he know about Arkansas law?"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Scant Consolation

A certain well-known and respected judge was always noted for his gentle manner with prisoners.

On one occasion he was dealing with a poor fellow who looked miserably broken and contrite.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked in a sympathetic way.

"Never, never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry—don't cry," said the judge, consolingly. "You're going to be now."

—*Montreal Star.*

We Didn't

The teacher was giving the class a lecture on "gravity." "Now, children," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."

"But, please, teacher," inquired one small child, "how did we stick on before the law was passed?"

She Knew Lawyers

An old lady, very ill, sent for a lawyer to make her will, being very much concerned over getting it properly made out.

"Do not worry about it," said the lawyer, sympathetically. "Just leave it all to me."

"Well, I suppose I might just as well let you have it now," said the old lady, resignedly. "You'll get most of it, anyway."

—*Capper's Magazine.*

Witness Excused

The story is still told in Reading, Vt., long the home of George M. Clark, of his experience on the witness stand in a New Hampshire court. On cross-examination, the rather pompous lawyer asked the famous minstrel and clown if he didn't think he was engaged in rather a low calling—blackening his face, impersonating other men and doing the clown act in the circus. Mr. Clark admitted that it was rather a low calling, but so much better than his father's he was proud of it.

"And what is your father's business?" asked the attorney.

"He was a lawyer, sir," which ended the testimony

Attaboy!

"When did the robbery occur?" the cross-examining lawyer asked the witness.

"I think—" he began.

"We don't care what you think—we want to know what you know," remarked the lawyer.

"Well I may as well get off the stand, then," said the witness. "I can't talk without thinking. I'm no lawyer."

—*Powerfax.*

His Honor Retained

The once famous son of President Van Buren, known as "Prince John," and a brilliant lawyer, entered a court room where a trial was in progress, and, becoming irritated at the Judge's evident bias, leaned toward the counsel and with his characteristic impudence, inquired in a voice that was heard all over the court room, "Tell me, Vanderplatt, who, besides His Honor, is retained for the prosecution?"

Without Rebuttal

A young criminal lawyer was always full of quips.

A few years ago I attended the funeral of a millionaire financier—one of those "high financiers" whose low methods he loved to turn the light on.

I arrived at the funeral a little late and took a seat beside the lawyer and whispered, "How far has the service gone?"

He nodded toward the clergyman in the pulpit, whispered back tersely, "Just opened for the defense."

—*Ex.*

Charging the Jury

In a recent election a colored man happened to be elected justice of the peace in the backwoods of Georgia.

His first case was one in which the defendant asked for trial by jury. When the testimony was all in and the argument had been concluded the justice seemed somewhat embarrassed. Finally one of the lawyers whispered to him that it was time to charge the jury.

Looking at the jury with a grim, judicial air, the judge said, "Gentlemen ob de jury, sense dis is a very small case, I'll jes charge y'll a dollar an' a ha'f a-piece."

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

Outlook Poor

"How long is it going to take to get through with this case?" asked the client who was under suspicion of house-breaking.

"Well," replied the young barrister, thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about four years."

No Sale

"You are an habitual criminal!" roared the judge. "I'll wager you can not tell of one honest thing you have ever done."

"Sure I can!" retorted the prisoner indignantly. "Didn't I ring up 'No sale' when I opened the cash register in the hold-up?"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

One on the Lawyer

At a lawsuit being tried in a little southern town, one of the witnesses was a negro who evidently had been coached by his lawyer, and told exactly what to say when called upon. Everything went well until the negro got on the stand, and saw the crowd of faces surrounding him. Then he seemed to be overcome with stage fright. His lawyer, Mr. Richards, shook his eye-glasses at the witness, and said in impressive tones:

"Now, Rastus, tell the court and jury everything you know about the case."

Rastus, looking terrified, started in but surprised everybody with his answer, "Ladies and gen-men, when I stahted fo' de coht house dis mawnin' dey wuz only two people in de world dat knew what I wuz to say—me and Mistah Richards. An' now Mistah Richards am de only one dat knows."

Nonchalant

A prisoner was in the dock on a serious charge of stealing, and the case having been presented to the court by the prosecuting solicitor, he was ordered to stand up.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the court.

"No, sir."

"Are you able to employ one?"

"No, sir."

"Do you want a lawyer to defend the case?"

"Not partickler, sir."

"Well, what do you propose to do about the case?"

"We—ll—ll," with a yawn, as if wearied of the thing, "I'm willin' to drop the case, far's I'm concerned."

Legal Repartee

A lawyer had won a case by eloquence and trickery and a rival said to him, bitterly, "Is there a case, so vilely crooked and shameful that you'd refuse it?"

"Well, I don't know," the other answered with a smile. "What have you been doing now?"

Better, Much Better

A prisoner on trial was not professionally represented.

Before proceeding with the case the judge spoke to him seriously: "You know this is a very serious offense you are charged with. If you are convicted, it will mean a long term of imprisonment as well as a heavy fine. Have you no lawyer to look after your defense?"

The accused did not appear to be put out in any way by this information. With a happy smile he leaned over, and in a confidential tone, replied, "No, Your Honor, I have no lawyer, but I am pleased to be able to inform you that I have some real pals on the jury."

With the Prisoner at the Bar

JUDGE: "What brought you in here, my man?"

PRISONER: "A policeman, your Honor."

JUDGE: "Drunk, I presume?"

PRISONER: "Hic-yesh, I think he was."

A Mystery Solved

INQUIRING FRIEND: "Why must a judge look so solemn?"

HIS HONOR: "If you show any interest in a lawyer's argument, he'll never stop."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Agreed with the Judge

JUDGE: "I told you the last time you were here that I never wanted to see you before me again."

RASTUS: "Dat's what I told the cop, sah, but he wouldn't believe muh."

An Oversight

He was a hard-looking ruffian, but his counsel, in a voice husky with emotion, addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my client was driven by want of food to take the small sum of money. All he wanted was sufficient money to buy food for his little ones. Evidence of this lies in the fact that he didn't take a pocketbook containing \$250 that was lying in the room."

The counsel paused for a moment, and then the silence was interrupted by a sob of the prisoner.

"Why do you weep?" asked the judge.

"Because," replied the prisoner, "I didn't see the pocketbook."

—*National Republican.*

The Old Boy Won

A young attorney had been talking for about four hours to a jury, who, when he had finished, felt like lynching him.

His opponent, a grizzled old professional, then arose and, looking sweetly at the judge, said, "Your Honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished and submit the case without argument."

And a Dry One, at That

JUDGE: "What had the defendant been drinking when you arrested him?"

COP: "Whisky, I think, your Honor."

JUDGE: "You think? Aren't you a judge?"

COP: "No, Your Honor, only a patrolman."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Well Paid Boy

A well-known lawyer was always lecturing his office boy, whether he needed it or not. One day he chanced to hear the following conversation between the boy and the one employed next door, "How much does he pay you?" asked the latter.

"I get \$2,000 a year," replied the lawyer's boy, "ten dollars a week in cash and the rest in legal advice."

Now Try It Yourself

The day was drawing to a close. Judge, jurors, witnesses, and lawyers—all were growing weary. Counsel for the prosecution was cross-examining the defendant.

"Exactly how far is it between the two towns?" he asked at length.

"About four miles as the cry flows," came the answer

"You mean as the flow cries!" retorted the man of law.

The judge leaned forward.

"No," he remarked suavely; "he means as the fly crows."

And they all looked at one another, feeling that something was wrong somewhere.

—*Credit.*

Why Should They?

MAGISTRATE: "How is it you haven't a lawyer to defend you?"

PRISONER: "As soon as they found out that I hadn't stolen the money, they wouldn't have anything to do with my case."

Perfectly Clear

COUNSEL: "Is the defendant a brother of yours?"

WITNESS: "Yes, sir, by marriage."

"By whose marriage?"

"My father and mother's, sir!"

Literature

Not In Memorium

A literary light in Chicago was talking with a friend.

"I was up in the town where you came from," said the friend, the other day. "Did you know there is a brass tablet now on the house where you were born?"

"No," said the literary genius, secretly pleased. "I didn't know that."

"Yes," said his friend, "there is. It says:

**DRESSMAKING AND
MILLINERY**

The Misses Ferguson

One Too Many

The aspiring young author was anxiously awaiting the postman's ring. Finally, his patience was rewarded and he hastened to know the worst.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed, as he sank dejectedly into a chair. "That's what I call rubbing it in."

"What's up?"

"I sent that magazine two poems and they sent me back three."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Dawn of Fame

Once, at a dinner, a lady said to Lord Northcliffe, "Thackeray awoke one morning and found himself famous."

"When that morning dawned," Lord Northcliffe answered, "Thackeray had been writing eight hours a day for 15 years. The man who wakes up and finds himself famous, madam, hasn't been asleep."

—*London Opinion.*

Anonymous

A well-known author on leaving his house one morning forgot a letter that he had intended to mail. During the afternoon something recalled it to his mind, and as it was of considerable importance he hurried home.

The letter was nowhere to be found.

He summoned the servant. "Have you seen anything of a letter of mine lying about?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it?"

"Posted, sir."

"Posted! Why I had not written the name or adress on the envelope!"

"I know that, sir," was the reply, "but I thought it must be in answer to one of them anonymous letters you've been getting lately."

Mowglis Creator

Walt McDougall, the caricaturist, tells in the American Mercury, of having seen on the shore of Lake Champlain, 25 and more years ago, a man on a bicycle equipped with a novel kind of tire.

"Isn't that one of those new tires?" Walt inquired of the man.

Glancing up with a scowl, the man grunted incoherently, took up his bicycle hastily and carried it across the road.

"Did you see that exhibition of politeness?" Walt asked of his companion.

"Sure. Do you know who that pickled cucumber is?"

"I don't, nor do I want to!"

"That is Rudyard Kipling. He lives across the lake yonder and has biked over to call on President McKinley."

—*Boston Globe.*

Where We Got Our Sparks

EDITOR: "The jokes we're getting nowadays are certainly awful!"

ASSISTANT ED.: "Oh, not all of 'em, I just chucked a bunch in the stove and the fire simply roared!"

—*L. S. Landmichl.*

Literary Minded

JOE: "Great Scott! I've forgotten who wrote 'Ivanhoe'."

JO: "I'll tell you if you tell me who the dickens wrote 'The Tale of Two Cities.'"

—*Cornell Widow.*

But There Aren't Many

St. Peter was examining a newly arrived immigrant seeking entrance. He had given his occupation as editor and publisher. Following is a transcript of the testimony.

Q. "Ah, yes—of the world's greatest newspaper?"

A. "No, sir. Just a common rag."

Q. "Circulation the largest in your city?"

A. "No, sir; oh, no indeed! One of the smallest in the country."

"You'll do," said St. Peter. "Pick your harp."

—*American Cookery.*

Fulfilled Requirements

"Write me a story," said the teacher, "that contains some reference to religion, to modesty and to the nobility. And it must be short."

Ten minutes later Johnny raised his hand. "Well, Johnny, let's hear what you have written."

And Johnny read: "My Gawd," said the countess, "take your hand off my knee."

Haste, Fellow, Haste

SQUIRE: "Did you send for me, my Lord?"

LAUNCELOT: "Yes, *make haste*. Bring the can opener. I've a flea in my knight clothes!"

His First Contribution

INQUISITIVE OLD LADY: "Now tell me about your first success."

WEARIED YOUNG AUTHOR: "Well, you see, madam, I was crossing the ocean last summer and I was a contributor to the Atlantic."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The late Ambassador Walter Hines Page was formerly editor of "The World's Work" and, like all editors, was obliged to refuse a great many stories. A lady once wrote him:

"Sir: You sent back last week a story of mine. I know that you did not read the story, for as a test I had pasted together pages 18, 19 and 20, and the story came back with these pages still pasted; and so I know you are a fraud and turn down stories without reading same."

Mr. Page wrote back:

"Madame: At breakfast when I open an egg I don't have to eat the whole egg to discover it is bad."

—*Office Cat.*

Seven In All

Mrs. Harry Kemp, wife of the "Tramp Poet," came into her husband's tiny playhouse wearing a very lovely frock beneath her furs.

"That frock is a poem," said one of the players when Mrs. Kemp removed her coat.

It's more than a poem," interrupted her husband. "That frock is four poems, three essays and two short stories."

—*New York Evening World.*

Ambition

The life of the fair defendant had apparently been a happy one. Yet unfortunately, she had committed murder.

"But why," asked the prosecutor, who was in the way of becoming a nuisance, "did you shoot your husband?"

"Can't you understand?" she demanded, annoyed. "I want to become a writer for the confessional magazines."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Maid Servant

Artist vs. Maid

"I knew an artist once who painted a cobweb on the ceiling so realistically that the maid spent hours trying to get it down."

"Sorry, dear, I just don't believe it."

"Why not? Artists have been known to do such things."

"Yes, but not maids!"

—*London Opinion.*

Heavy Sleeper Alibi

"This is the fourth morning that you've been late, Eliza," said the mistress.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Eliza. "I overslept myself."

"But don't you hear the alarm in the morning, Eliza?"

"No ma'am. You see, the thing goes off when I'm asleep."

—*London Daily Mail.*

A Living Hand-Me-Down

Mrs. Dorough had just engaged a new cook. The kitchen artist—her name was Hilda—was not uncomely to the eye, and consequently Mrs. Dorough feared for the hearts of the local guardians of the law.

"Now, remember," she said to Hilda, "my last cook had to leave because of her flirtations. I don't want you to have any men in the kitchen."

Hilda readily consented to this arrangement, and all went well until one day Mrs. Dorough passed through the culinary department on a tour of inspection.

She opened the door of a large cupboard, and found, to her surprise, a policeman concealed therein. She turned an accusing eye on the cook.

"Hilda," she said, "what's this?"

"I dunno," promptly replied Hilda. "Aye tank he bane left there by the last cook."

—*Country Gentleman.*

Athletic

Mrs. Smith had inserted an advertisement in the papers for a new nurse maid and was interviewing the first applicant. "And what," said she, "is your attitude on corporal punishment?"

The applicant thought for a while and then replied, "Generally, I takes 'em across my knee, but I can smack 'em standing up if necessary."

Those Beautiful Scallops

MISTRESS: "What beautiful scallops you have on your pies, Mandy! How do you do it?"

COOK: "'Deed, honey, dat ain't no trouble. Ah just uses mah false teeth."

Not Her Fault

MISTRESS: "Bridget, I'm tired of your carelessness. Only look at that dust on the furniture. It's six weeks old, at the very least.

BRIDGET: "Sure, it's no fault av moine. Oi've been here only t'ree weeks."

Nora Left

MISTRESS: "Nora, I saw a policeman in the park today kiss a baby. I hope that you will remember my objections to such things."

NORA: "Sure, ma'am, no policeman would ever think of kissin' your baby when I'm around."

A Safe Gamble

"So you wish to leave to get married, Mary. I hope you have considered the matter seriously."

"Oh, I have, mum. I've been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a sign-book, and dreamed on a lock of 'is 'air, and I've been to a medium and asterologist, and they all tell me to ahead, mum, I ain't one to marry reckless like, mum."

—*London Opinion.*

She Sought Realism

The new maid had been instructed to tell the Smiths that her mistress was out when they called, but instead she showed them in and then called the lady of the house.

"Why," asked the mistress, after the guests had departed, "didn't you tell those people I was out, as I told you to?"

"I did, mum," replied the maid, "an' then to make it sound more realistic like, I told 'em you'd be right back."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

The Maid Leaves

Chloride, the colored maid, had announced her impending departure. "What's the matter, Chloride?" asked her mistress. "Aren't your wages sufficient? Don't we treat you all right?"

"Wellum, de wages is all right, an' mostly yo' treats me right, but de trouble is dis: Dere am too much shiftin' of de dishes fo' de fewness of de victuals."

The Right Job

A wealthy gentleman insisted on his head gardener taking as an apprentice a young lad in whom he was interested.

The lad was very lazy, and the gardener was not at all pleased at having such a youth thrust upon him. Some time after the gentleman, walking in the garden, came upon his gardener, and said:

"Well, John, how is my young friend getting on with you?"

"Oh, he's doin' fine, sir," replied the gardener with a smile, "he's working away there at the very job that suits him."

"I am glad to hear that," said his employer. "What may that be?"

"Chasing snails off the paths," was the cutting reply.

All But the Trinkets

MISTRESS: "Have you finished cleaning the brass ornaments yet?"

MAID (*sore about something*): "Yes, ma'am—all except your rings and bracelets."

Put in Her Place

Mrs. Brown was in the kitchen helping Nora, the cook, prepare supper.

"It's an old saying," she remarked to Nora, "that 'too many cooks spoil the broth'. What do you think?"

"Sure, ma'am," she replied, "there's nothing to worry about—there's only wan cook here."

—*Good Housekeeping.*

Instructions Followed

They were going on their honeymoon and Pat, the loyal servant, was given instructions that on no account was he to disclose that they were newly wed. At their first hotel they noticed the other visitors staring at them curiously and avoiding their company.

After three days they could bear it no longer and questioned Pat, "Have you been telling these people here that we were newly married?"

"No, sir," replied Pat, "Oi told 'em as 'ow you were not wed."

FRENCH MAID (*to inquiring friend*): "Oui, madame is ill, but ze doctaire haf pronounce it something very trifling, very small."

FRIEND: "Oh, I am so relieved, for I was really anxious about her. What does the doctor say the trouble is?"

FRENCH MAID: "Let me think. It was something leetle. Ah, I haf it now. Ze doctaire say zat madame has ze small-pox."

—*Western Ins. Review, Sept., 1925.*

Fixed 'em

"Did you mail those two letters I gave you, Norah?"

"Yes'm, at the post office. But I noticed that you'd put the two-cent stamp on the foreign letter and the five-cent stamp on the city one."

"Oh, dear, what a blunder!"

"But I fixed it all right, ma'am. I just changed the address on the envelopes."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Well Recommended

The maid had been hinting that she did not think much of service, and this, in conjunction with the nightly appearance of a rather sheepish-looking young man, caused her mistress some apprehension.

"Martha, is it possible that you are thinking of getting married?" said her mistress.

"Yes, ma'am," admitted Martha, blushing.

"Not to that young fellow who has been calling on you lately?"

"Yes, ma'am, he's the one."

"But you've only known him a few days."

"Three weeks come Thursday," corrected Martha.

"Do you think that is long enough to know a man before taking such an important step?"

"Well," answered Martha, with spirit, "it isn't as if he was some new fellow. He's well recommended. A girl I know was engaged to him for quite a long time."

Ouch!

MRS. W.: "Nora, was the butcher impudent again when you telephoned your order this morning?"

NORA: "Sure, but I fixed him this time. Oi sez, 'who the hell do youse think you're talking to? This is Mrs. W. talking.'"

She'd Done It

"Bridget," called the mistress from upstairs, "have you turned the gas on under the oven as I told you?"

"Yis, Mum," answered the new domestic jewel, "can't yez smell it?"

Married

The Inevitable Comma

A woman sent the following note to her rector: "A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

The following Sunday the clergyman innocently gave out: "A man going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

A Sure Reminder

Higson was always complaining of his wife's memory. "She can never remember anything," he said. "It's just awful!"

"My wife was just as bad," said White, "till I found a capital recipe."

"What was it?" inquired Higson, eagerly.

"Why," said White, "whenever there's anything particular I want the missus to remember, I write it on a slip of paper and gum it on the looking glass."

Wife Was Returned

Jones was a druggist, and when his wife ran away with another man he inserted the following advertisement in the local paper:

"This is to notify the party who so kindly relieved me of my wife that I can supply him with liniments, bandages, arnica, healing salves, absorbent cotton, iodine, sleeping powders and crutches at rock bottom prices."

—*Montreal Star*.

Just One Coat

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting so long, Harry, dear," murmured the wife as she appeared ready for the theatre. "It took me so long to put on my coat."

"Did you put on only one coat?" he asked, blandly.

Turning quickly, she found his gaze resting on her cheeks.

A Hint

WIFE (*reproachfully*): "John, you're kinder to dumb animals than you are to me."

HUBBY (*getting ready to dodge*): "Well you try being dumb and see how kind I'll be."

Discretion

Some men would rather face anything than an angry wife. A man returned home about 2 in the morning recently. He stumbled as he came upstairs.

"Is that you, John?" called his wife, in an ominous voice.

"No, dear," he replied, "I'm a burglar. Call the police."

The Wretch

Their life had been very happy. Not a cloud had marred it. Then one morning the wife came down to breakfast, morose and very wretched.

She was snappish with her husband. She would hardly speak to him. And for a long time she refused to explain her unwonted conduct.

Finally the young man insisted that he be told why his wife was treating him so badly. She looked up with tears in her eyes and said, "John Smith, if I dream again that you kissed another woman, I won't speak to you again as long as I live."

Perhaps It's True

SHE: "I notice by this article that men become bald much more than women because of the intense activity of their brains."

HE: "Yes, and I notice that women don't raise beards because of the intense activity of their chins!"

Somebody's Waiting

The doctor told Jones not to stay out late at night.

"You think the night air is bad for me, Doc?"

"No," said the physician, "it isn't that. It's the excitement after getting home that hurts you."

Not His

POLICE SERGEANT: "I think we've found your missing wife."

JOSEPH PECK: "So? What does she say?"

SERGEANT: "Nothing."

PECK: "Says nothing? That's not my wife."

Grandma Set Her Cap

Senator Lenroot said at a Superior luncheon:

"They talk about the new woman, forgetting that there's nothing new under the sun."

"A flapper said to her octogenarian grandfather one day, 'Grandpa, what did you say to grandma when you proposed?'"

"'Go away,' growled the old gentleman, 'and let me work my radio in peace.'"

"'No, but tell me—what did you say?'"

"'Go away! Can't you see I'm trying to get Woonsocket?'"

"'I won't go away till you tell me what you said—so there!'"

"The old man hesitated. Then he coughed and answered, 'I said "Yes."'"

Had His Money's Worth

An elderly gentleman, who had never seen a football game, was persuaded by a young enthusiast to attend one of the minor gridiron contests.

"Now," said the young fellow, as the game was about to start, "you will see more excitement for a couple of dollars than you ever saw before."

"I have my doubts about that," replied the elderly gentleman. "That's all my marriage license cost me".

—*Texas Ranger.*

He Crowed About It

CITY COMMISSIONER NUZUM: "Did you hear those fool roosters crowing early this morning?"

MRS. NUZUM: "Yes, dear."

NUZUM: "I wonder what on earth they do that for!"

MRS. NUZUM: "Why, don't you remember, dear? You got up early one morning yourself, and you crowed about it for a week."

Describe Your Wife

The man who dashed into the police station at 2:30 in the morning looked as if he had been having a nightmare.

"My wife!" he gasped. "I want you to find my wife! Been missing since 8 this evening! Oh, find her for me!"

"What's her description?" asked a sergeant. "Height?"

"I—I don't know!"

"Weight?"

The husband shook his head vaguely.

"Color of eyes?"

"Er—average, I expect."

"Do you know how she was dressed?"

"I expect she wore her coat and hat. She took the dog with her."

"What kind of a dog?"

"Brindle bull-terrier, weight 14½ pounds, four dark blotches on his body, shading from grey into white. Round, blackish spot over the left eye, white stub of a tail, three white legs, and right front leg brindled, all but the toes. A small nick in his left ear, a silver link collar with—"

"That'll do!" gasped the sergeant. "We'll find the dog!"

Marred, Not Married

Rastus was looking for work and the employer was asking him the usual questions.

"What's your name?"

"Erastus Jackson, suh."

"How old are you?"

"Ah is twenty-nine yeahs, suh."

"Are you married?"

"No, suh. Dat scar on ma head is where a mule done kicked me."

Her Reasoning

A man wanted to learn boxing, but his wife wanted him to take up fencing instead.

"But, my dear," he argued, "if I were attacked I shouldn't have my foils with me."

"Well, she answered, triumphantly, "you might not have your boxing gloves with you either."

—*Tit-Bits.*

Solitaire

"What's a monologue?"

"A monologue is a conversation between husband and wife."

"I thought that was a dialogue."

"No, a dialogue is where two persons are speaking."

—*Los Angeles Times*.

Sound Advice

WIFEY: "How can I drive a nail without hitting my fingers?"

HUBBY: "Hold the hammer in both hands!"

Wise Crack

He staggered up the walk with a silly grin and faltering step.

She saw him a block away.

"Henry," she said, "You're drunk again."

"Well, if I ain't, I've spent ten bucks for nothing."

—*Japco News*.

The Last Word

WIFE: "Don't you dare speak to me again for a month."

HUSBAND: "D'you think you'll have finished all you want to say by then?"

—*Passing Show (London)*.

One Way Wire

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: "It costs seventy-five cents to talk to Bloomfield."

QUISENBERRY: "Can't you make a special rate for just listening? I want to call up my wife."

Great Idea

In parts of Chinese Turkestan women are so numerous, due to the emigration of the men, that the marriage ceremony by the mullah and the bill of divorcement are given at the same time.

The Greater Love

"What if I have loved another, dear? Don't you know it has only prepared me for the greater, higher love I have for you?"

"That's all right; but how do I know that the love you now have for me isn't preparing you for a greater, higher love for someone else?"

A Timely Warning

The storm burst so suddenly upon us that we had no warning of its approach," remarked the victim of a violent tornado, to a group of interested friends.

"In an instant," he continued, "the house was demolished and scattered to the four winds of heaven. How I escaped being torn to pieces I do not know! We—"

"G-good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Meke, jumping to his feet. "That reminds me! I—I almost forgot to post a letter to my wife!"

—*Answers, London.*

Premiums, Not Doctor's Bills

NEWLYWED: "I insured my life for \$10,000 today, dear, so if anything happens to me you'll be well provided for."

HIS BRIDE: "Oh, how nice! Now you won't have to see the doctor about that cough."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Guess Again!

"Henry," she said, "a fortune teller said that I was going to the Riviera."

"Then call her up, and fix an appointment for me," said her husband. "Perhaps she can tell me where I can get the money."

—*Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury.*

Revised Mottoes

The modern girl's belief—Never leave off tomorrow what you can leave off to-day.

Not His Worry

SNAPPY YOUNG WIFE: "To be frank with you, if you were to die I should certainly marry again.

HARASSED HUSBAND: "I've no objection. I'm not going to worry about the troubles of a fellow I shall never know."

A Solution

"Good heavens, is there any way of making you women dress decently?"

"Certainly there is."

"Well, what is it?"

"Kill off you men."

Humanity

"Ezra, tomorrow is our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary; hadn't we better kill a chicken?" asked a Sarasota matron.

"Why punish the chicken for what happened twenty-five years ago?"

He'd Get In

A man who had been spending the evening in happy disregard of the Volstead Act was shouting vociferously at a lamp post, finally attracting the attention of the policeman on the beat.

"Here's what's the matter?" asked the representative of law and order.

"Oh, never mind, of'sher. Iss all ri'. I know she'sh home—I shee a light upstairs.

Comes with Marriage

TEACHER (*seeking to point out the wickedness of stealing*): "Now, if I were to put my hand in someone's pocket and take out the money in it, what would I be?"

TOMMY: "Please, miss, you'd be his wife."

Turn About

WIFE: "I think you might talk to me while I sew."

HUSBAND: "Why don't you sew to me while I read?"

Temporary Quarters

A husband telephoned to say that he could not get home to dinner. Late as it was it would be much later before he had finished his business.

"You poor dear," answered his wife, sympathetically. "I wonder you can get anything done at all with that jazz band playing in your office."

Mein Gott, Nein

An old German sea-captain concluded a conversation with the remark "Vell, I go home now, my wife she shave me."

"Shave you!" exclaimed his friend, "Do you mean to tell me you let your wife shave you?"

"Let her! *Mein Gott*, I make her!"

Getting Even

SQUIRE GREEN: "Mandy, after I die, I wish you would marry Deacon Brown."

MANDY: "Why so, Hiram?"

SQUIRE: "Well, the Deacon trimmed me on a hoss trade once."

The Brute Blamed Her

MAN (*to wife who had just had twins*): "Will you never get over the habit of exaggerating?"

—*Rutgers Chanticleer.*

What an Ego

SHE: "I—I—I'm sorry I ever married you."

HE: "And so you ought to be. You cheated some other lass out of a mighty fine husband."

What She Forgot

LADY (*just back from shopping*): "I've got a feeling that I've forgotten something. Ah, yes, I know! I left my husband waiting outside the store and then came out the other way. I bet the silly fool's waiting there still!"

—*Wall Street Journal.*

Leave It to Him

Mr. Henry M. Collins, in his new book, tells the story of an obstinate bride who would not say "obey" in the marriage service. The clergyman insisted but the utmost that he could get her to say was "love, honor and 'bey."

At last the bridegroom lost patience. "Never mind her, your honor," said he. "Let her off with 'bey,' and I'll make her say 'O' when we get home."

Certainly Not, My Dear

MRS. TORKER (*sighing*): "Ah, one half of the world doesn't know how the other half suffers."

MR. CAUSTIC: "Well cheer up, my dear; it isn't your fault."

The Doctor's Orders

FRIEND: "Steady! You barely missed running over that man. If he hadn't jumped—"

LADY DRIVER: "Oh, that's all right. It was my husband, and the doctor said he needed exercise."

—*Answers.*

One Tongue Too Many

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Johnson had quarreled. Then silence reigned. He sat near the stove, sullenly looking at the glowing embers. Mrs. Johnson, looking as rough as Atchison's hard-faced brakeman, was gazing out the window.

Suddenly Mrs. Johnson said "Pete, come here—I want you to look at something."

Pete grunted, and went over to the window.

"Do you see that team of horses pulling that wagon load of coal up that hill?" Mrs. Johnson asked.

Pete grunted.

"Why can't you and I pull together like that?" Mrs. Johnson said.

"By heck, we could pull together like those horses are pulling, if there was only one tongue between us," snapped Pete.

And then another big fight was on.

—*Atchison Globe.*

Brief Agony

HUBBY: "That's a crazy-looking hat you just bought, and so expensive!"

WIFEY: "But, dear, I won't be wearing it more than a couple of weeks."

Breakfast Tales

A young husband criticized the biscuits his bride served him for breakfast, employing the usual comparison. Instead of weeping, as some brides would, she got busy and set before him the next morning a plate of hot biscuits alleged to be the real thing.

"Now you've got it," he exclaimed delightedly. "These are exactly like mother used to make. How did you happen to hit upon the recipe?"

"It's no great secret," said his wife. "I put in oleo instead of butter, used cold storage eggs, dropped a bit of alum in the flour, and adulterated the milk. Remember, sweetheart, that mother lived before the enactment of pure food laws."

—*Boston Transcript.*

He Did Her Reducing

"What makes you look so fatigued?" was asked of an undersized Arkansan Cityan the other day.

"Well, it's like this," he replied. "My wife is walking to reduce, and the only time she can do it without attracting the attention of the neighbors is in the evening. She then insists that I go along, even if I am tired. The past two weeks I have lost eight pounds and she has gained two ounces."

—*Arkansas City (Kan.) Traveler.*

Joking with a Woman

There is no use to try to joke with a woman. The other day Jones heard a pretty good conundrum and decided to try it on his wife.

"Do you know why I am like a mule?" he asked her when he went home.

"No," she replied promptly. "I know you are, but I don't know why."

Thoughtful, Very

"William," snapped the dear lady viciously, "didn't I hear the clock strike two as you came in?"

"You did, my dear. It started to strike ten, but I stopped it to keep from waking you up."

At Last!

He rushed into the room where his wife was sitting.

"My dear," he said, excitedly, "guess what's happened! Intelligence has just reached me—"

"Well, thank Heaven, Harry!" she replied, rushing to embrace him.

—*American Legion Weekly.*

A Great Loss

"Madam, you lost your thumb in this trolley accident all right, but how can you prove it was worth the \$3,000 you are suing the company for?"

"Judge, it was the thumb I kept my husband under."

Enough

CLIENT: "I want to find out if I have grounds for divorce?"

ATTORNEY: "Are you married?"

CLIENT: "Of course I am."

ATTORNEY: "You have."

—*Missouri Pacific.*

Exception

WIFE: "Didn't you say you'd go through fire and water for me?"

HUB: "Yes, but I'll be blowed if I am going through bankruptcy for you!"

Simple Question

"Why do they have firemen sleep in the engine house?"

"So they will be on hand in case the engine house catches on fire," answered her husband without blinking.

She Obligated Him

HUSBAND: "I am just in the mood for reading something sensational and startling; something that will make my hair stand on end."

WIFE: "Here is my last milliner's bill."

—And Heaven Help Him!

"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully," wrote the grateful woman. "A month ago I could not spank the baby, and now I am able to thrash my husband. Heaven bless you!"

Usual Formula Wrong

Brown was patiently waiting for his wife, who was dressing for the opera. She had a new gown.

"Umph, oof, wif," he heard her say with a twisting of her neck, her mouth full of hair-pins.

"Yes, dear, I do think it looks nifty," he assured her.

"Ruff, sugg, oof, glugg," she continued, very much agitated.

"Well, you may be right, dear, but it seemed to fit all right at first glance."

Then out came the hairpins. "Say, I've asked you twice to pull down those blinds, you boob. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

—Capper's Weekly.

Cheap at Any Price! ! ! !

Senator King said in Washington the other day:

"Taxes are going down, but they haven't reached a very low altitude yet."

"A ruffian in a Police Court was fined \$10.15 for beating his wife."

"'Say, judge,' he said sarcastically, 'what's the 15 cents for—entertainment tax?'"

An Unkind Retort, in Kind

"If I were you," she said, during a lull in the domestic storm, "I would have more sense."

"Of course you would," he retorted decidedly.

To Be Epitomized

BONES: "What did your wife say about you're being out so late the other night?"

JONES: "Don't ask me yet. When she gets through with the subject, I'll condense it for you."

Why Hubby is Healthy

An Iowa couple who lived in peace and harmony for about forty years, agreed early in their married life that, whenever one of them started an argument, the other was to walk out of the home and remain until the storm had subsided. It is said that the man is a perfect picture of health, due to the fact that he has spent so much of his life living out of doors.

—*Clara City (Minn.) Herald.*

Presence of Mind

It was late when Pat reached home. Not wishing to disturb his wife, he crept in on his hands and knees, but fate intervened. He struck the bed post. His wife, sleepily, putting out her hand, touched his head, and thinking it was the dog, began patting it.

In telling this story, Pat said, "And the saints be praised! I had the presence of mind to lick her hand."

Merchant

The Village Store

"What kind of store is that fellow running?" asked a motorist.

"Well, he has auto parts for sale," replied the attendant in the filling station, "buys butter, eggs and poultry, deals in real estate, paints houses, marries folks in his capacity as justice of the peace, runs the post office, sells stamps, hams molasses, etc., and takes boarders upstairs. I reckon you'd call it a drug store."

His Job Is to be Fired

A customer of a big New York City department store complained of bad service. The manager called an employe, blamed him for the negligence and fired him in the customer's presence. A few weeks later the same customer again had cause for complaint and again the same employe was called and fired for his carelessness. Probably you've guessed it. The store employs an "O. F. M." or "Official Fired Man" just to soothe the ruffled feelings of peeved customers. Often sympathetic customers plead with the manager not to dismiss the offending employe. Then the "O. F. M." is recalled and the manager explains to him that only the customer's pleading saved him. It is the "O. F. M.'s" duty to grasp the customer's hand in gratitude, while brushing away a stage tear.

Ought To, Just The Same

A furrier was selling a coat to a woman customer. "Yes, ma'am," he said. "I guarantee this to be a genuine skunk fur that will wear for years."

"But suppose I get it wet in the rain," asked the woman. "What will happen to it then? Won't it spoil?"

"Madam," answered the furrier, "did you ever hear of a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

—*Success.*

Tactful

A very short woman said to a millinery assistant who came forward to serve her, "I've come in to buy a hat, but I do not want you to tell me that any particular shape adds to my height. I've had to listen to that so many times that it makes me feel as if I were dumpy. And I'm not dumpy, am I?"

"No, indeed," replied the assistant, who promised that, no matter how many hats the customer tried on, she would say nothing about her size.

The woman tried on hat after hat, and then at last she selected a shape that suited the assistant, who expressed honest admiration.

"You couldn't find anything more becoming. It suits the way you wear your hair and the quill adds to your—" She clapped a hand over her mouth.

"Well?" asked the customer indignantly.

"Your literary appearance," finished the tactful saleswoman.

Henpeck Size

"I want some collars for my husband," said the woman, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the shop assistant.

"That's it. How did you know?"

"Men who let their wives buy their collars for them are always about that size, ma'am," explained the observant salesman.

La de da

An excited Kansas lady rushed into a paint store and exclaimed, "My poodle started to walk across the floor of my dining room, which has just been varnished, and the dear little thing can't get loose!"

The store man was equal to the occasion. Filling a vial with turpentine, he handed it to the lady, saying, "Apply freely and the little love will soon be at liberty."

One or Two

A youth, who had reached the stage at which his voice was changing, went into a grocery. In a deep bass voice he demanded a sack of flour, then, his voice changing suddenly to a high pitch, he added, "and a pound of butter."

"Just a minute, please," said the clerk, "I can't wait on both of you at once."

—*Turin Lattecaldo.*

Telling Her the Worst

The old lady was looking for something to grumble about. She entered the butcher's with the light of battle in her eyes.

"I believe you sell diseased meat here?"

"Worse," replied the butcher, blandly.

"What do you mean worse?" demanded the astonished patron.

"The meat we serve is dead!" confided the butcher, in a stage whisper.

Getting Them In

A storekeeper had for some time displayed in his window a card inscribed "Fishing Tickle."

A customer drew the proprietor's attention to the spelling.

"Hasn't anyone told you of it before?" he asked.

"Hundreds," replied the dealer, "but whenever they drop in to tell me, they always spend something."

Settled

"Borkesley," said the grocer to the dead beat who was planning to move out of the community, "I don't believe you will ever pay me what you owe me. It isn't worth while to sue you for it, and you have nothing I care to attach. I will simply give you a receipt and call it paid."

"Fine of you," said Borkesley.

A few minutes after, seeing Borkesley still lingering about, the merchant said, "Was there something you wished to speak to me about?"

"Not especially, but ain't it customary to give a feller a cigar when his account's settled?"

—*Forbes.*

Cornered

The young man had had no experience in collecting debts, but he was desperately in need of a job and was willing to tackle almost anything. The merchant to whom he had applied for a job hadn't much faith in his ability, and more to get rid of him than anything else gave him an old account against a man who had the reputation of owing everybody and paying nothing till he had to.

"If you collect this money," he said to the young man, "I will give you a regular job."

To the merchant's astonishment, the young man returned in half an hour with the money.

"How did you do it?" he gasped.

"I told him," said the young man, "that if he didn't pay me I would tell all his other creditors that he had done so."

Addment Sale

The son of a village merchant, after studying city department stores, persuaded his dad to install a luncheonette department. Dad didn't look into the matter very closely, but had this to say, "No waste now, remember. Merchandising principles will always apply. If there is anything left over, have a sale."

The son must have taken this literally, for a few days later he posted the placard, "Remnant Flannel Cakes."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Trade Secret Revealed

"Business is so quiet that we better have a special sale," said the shoe merchant.

"All right," said the store manager, "What shall it be?"

"Well," said the boss, "take that line of \$5 shoes and mark them down from \$10 to \$8.50."

Similar Shape

"What have you in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked a customer of a green-grocer.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am!" was the reply.

Panting for Information

"What have you in knickers?" a Palatka tourist inquired at a store the other day.

"My wife," replied the proprietor.

Easy?

"What's all dat noise gwine on ovah at yo' house last night?"

"Dat? Why, dat was nothin'; only the gen'man from the furniture store collecting his easy payments."

—*Wall Street Journal.*

Speaking of Cheese

She was giving an order to the grocer.

"And I require some cheese," she said.

"Yes, miss," replied the grocer. "I have some lovely cheese."

"You should not say 'lovely cheese!'" said the customer.

"But why not? It is lovely cheese!"

"Because lovely should only be used to qualify something that is alive."

The grocer glanced at the Gorgonzola. "Well, miss," he said, "I'll stick to 'lovely!'"

—*Selected.*

About Right at That

Scene: A shoe store in Memphis. The boss sees a Swedish clerk throw a pair of brand new shoes in waste basket.

Boss: "What's the idea of throwing those shoes away?"

SWEDISH CLERK: "They bane no gude. I try them on six fellers and they don't fit anyone."

—*The Druggist.*

Necessary Identification

"Yes," said one of our merchants, "this check may be good; but have you anything about you by which you can be identified?"

The bashful young damsel hesitantly replied, "I have a mole on my left knee."

—*Bernie Newsboy.*

Slated Ahead

HOUSEHOLDER: "How about my coal?"

DEALER: "I have it slated for Saturday."

HOUSEHOLDER: "Never mind slating it; that was attended to at the mines, if it's like the last lot you sent me."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Saved Her the Trouble

Mrs. New had called at the grocery store to register a complaint "I ordered a dozen oranges from you today," she said, sharply, "and you only sent me eleven. How was that?"

"Well, ma'am," explained the grocer, "one of them was so bad that I took the liberty of throwing it away for you."

Silent Sufferers

CUSTOMER: "Do you really think sardines are healthy?"

GROCER: "Well, madam, I never heard one complain."

Self Cure

AFFABLE SHOPWALKER (*watching woman at counter very carefully*): "See that woman over there? Well, she suffers from kleptomania."

MRS. JONES: "Good gracious! Why doesn't she take something for it?"

SHOPWALKER: "She will in a minute."

Security

MULLIGAN (*to grocer*): "If Oi lave yez security equal to what Oi take away, will yez trust me till next wake?"

GROCER: "Certainly."

MULLIGAN: "Well, thin, sell me two o' them hams an' kape wan of them till Oi call again."

Try This on Your Grocer

GROCER: "Well, little boy, what can I do for you?"

LITTLE BOY: "Mother sent me to get change for a dollar, and said she would give you the dollar tomorrow."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Money Troubles

A Real Quandary

CLERK: "We can't pay you the \$25 on this money order until you are identified."

MAN: "That tough. There's only one man in town who can identify me, and I owe him \$20."

Neighbors

Fond Mamma

"Madam," shouted the angry neighbor, "that mischievous boy of yours has just thrown a brick through our conservatory."

"Really, how interesting!" exclaimed Tommy's fond mother. "I wonder if you would let me have the brick? We're keeping all the little mementoes of his youthful pranks—they'll be so interesting when he grows up!"

At Home with Brown

Mrs. Brown, Master Brown, Miss Brown, and the Browns' maid were at the seaside and Mr. Brown was "looking after himself."

Mrs. Smith, next door, was sympathetic, and when she saw a miniature Niagara gushing down the Browns' doorstep she was alarmed.

"He's left the bathroom tap running!" she exclaimed. "The house will be flooded! O, these men!"

Quickly she roused the neighbors, who burst into the house. Wading through the torrent, they succeeded in reaching the kitchen, where stood Brown, deafening himself with his own whistling where he wiped dry a cup.

When the neighbors entered he stopped whistling.

"What's up?" he asked, in astonishment.

"What's up!" they echoed. "Why, where's all this water coming from?"

"Why, can't you see?" said Brown, quietly indignant. "I'm washing up the supper dishes!"

As They Talk

JACKSON: "The idea of letting your wife go about telling the neighbors that she made a man of you! You don't hear my wife saying that."

JOHNSON: "No, but I heard her telling my wife that she had done her best."

And That's Flat

"Mrs. Clancy, yer child is badly spoiled."

"Gwan wid yez!"

"Well, if ye don't believe me, come and see what the steam roller just did to it."

Past That Stage

MRS. JONES: "Have you a speaking acquaintance with that woman next door?"

MRS. BANKS: "A speaking acquaintance? I know her so well we don't speak at all."

Unforeseen Sequel

When Willie's father arrived home from the office the other evening he was very angry. He called to his son and said, "I thought I told you to clean up the yard."

"Well, pa, I did," said Willie virtuously. "I fired everything over the fence as soon as I could, but the kid next door threw everything back again when I went to the store for mother."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Ought To Be Busy

MRS. HICKEY: "I heard you say your Katie is workin' for a newspaper in the city."

MRS. MCCARTHY: "Yes, indade. She's ginerally picked for correshpondent in the big divorce cases."

Handle with Care

HE: "Dick is all right if you know how to take him."

SHE: "I hate those people who have to be labelled like a bottle of medicine."

Small Town

"Ah, Mrs. Mudge, one-half the world is ignorant how the other half lives."

"Not in this village, miss."

A Neighborhood Row

"Mother," said little Bobby, bursting into the house all out of breath, "there's going to be trouble down at the grocer's. His wife has got a baby girl and he's had a 'Boy wanted' sign in the window for a week."

Left to His Fate

"Does my practicing make you nervous?" asked the man who was learning to play a saxophone.

"It did when I first heard the neighbors discussing it," replied the man next door, "but I'm getting so now that I don't care what happens to you."

Temperament

NERVOUS MUSICIAN: "Madam, your cat has kept us awake two nights with its serenade."

MRS. NEXTDORE (*tartly*): "What do you want me to do, shoot the cat?"

NERVOUS MUSICIAN: "No, madam, but couldn't you have him tuned?"

—*Selected.*

Maddening

Walker had been going about for two days with a worried look on his usually smiling face. A friend stopped him and asked the reason for the sudden change from joy to gloom.

"I fear my wife is going insane. It's those people next door," Walker said.

"What have they done? What's the trouble?" the friend asked.

"She can't hear a sound of them all day long."

Judging from the Sound

PAT: "It's no wonder you're such a sissy; your pa and ma were married by a justice of the peace."

MARY: "Well, from the noise I hear coming from your house, your pa and ma must have been married by the secretary of war."

New Generation

Wasn't He Horrid

A pretty girl addressed an author at dinner.

"Mr. Writer, I was reading a story of yours the other day, and there was one bit I couldn't make out. You said a blush 'crept slowly'!"

"Because," answered the novelist with a quick glance at his pretty companion's face, "if a blush tried to run nowadays it would raise too much dust."

Just an Oversight

An artist had just completed painting "Daybreak," a picture of the palatial dwelling of his millionaire client as it looked at dawn.

"It's correct in every detail except one," said the owner critically.

"What is that?" asked the artist.

"My son should be trying to fit his key in the front door."

Domestic Science

"All I have to do to get on with my high-tone daughter is to kid her along," mused the diplomatic Mrs. Applegate. "If I ask her to do 'housework' she glares at me, but she'll mop the floors and wash the winders if I call it 'domestic science.'"

Temporarily Blind

"I didn't see you in church last Sunday."

"Don't doubt it. I took up the collection."

—*Bell Hop.*

Cheer Up, Dad

FATHER: "I'm sorry I brought you now, Peggy. This is hardly a play for a girl of your age."

DAUGHTER: "Oh, I don't mind it, Dad! It'll probably liven up a bit before the end!"

Modern Life

"Modern life is full of jolts and shocks," said Laurens Van Alen at a dinner at Wakehurst, his splendid Tudor house in Newport.

"A boy," he went on, "rushed to his mother in wild excitement.

" 'Mother, I just seen——'

"But his mother cut him short. 'Willie,' she said, 'where's your grammar?'

" 'Thats wot I'm trying to tell you,' said the boy. 'I just seen her down at the barber's gettin' a bob.' "

—*Wallaces' Farmer.*

Same As A.D., 1926

"What does B. C. after this date mean?"

"Before Corsets."

—*Puppet.*

Little Sheik and Little Dame

Blessings on thee, little dame,
Bareback girl, knees the same,
With thy turned-down silken hose,
And thy short transparent clothes,
With thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace
And the makeup on thy face,
With thy red lips reddened more,
Smeared with lipstick from the store,
From my heart I give thee joy,
Glad that I was born a boy.

Blessings on thee, little sheik,
Hotter than a lightning streak,
Ballon trousers, empty head,
Socks and ties of flaming red;
Marcelled hair, and grease galore,
Latest perfume from the store;
With the talcum on thy face,
And thy cane to add thee grace.
From my heart there burst forth joy;
Glad that I am not a boy.

Knew His Business

HESITANT FLAPPER: "Aren't these hose with roses at the knees a bit startling?"

SPECIALTY SALESMAN: "Indeed they are, Miss. Nothing else but. And the papers forecast strong winds, you know."

HESITANT FLAPPER: "I'll take them."

—*Forbes.*

Modern Metamorphosis

Bishop H. M. DuBose said at a dinner in San Francisco, "Take an army of boys chasing butterflies, put bald heads and wrinkles on the boys, and change the butterflies into bank-notes, and there you have a beautiful panorama of the modern world."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

How the Times Change

Two friends dining at a downtown club were discussing the romance of a common acquaintance.

"Dorothy is very devoted to him, isn't she?" observed one.

"She's head over heels in love with him," was the rejoinder.

"She's quit drinking; she's quit smoking, and she's quit swearing all for his sake."

—*Argonaut.*

A Lost Art

A fond mother was exhibiting with great pride, her flapper daughter to the new rector of a church in Harrogate, recently.

"My daughter," said the mother, "could dress herself when she was but three years old."

"Well, er, do you think," asked the rector, shyly, "that her ability in that direction will ever return?"

—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Knew His Own

CHAPERONE: "Just saw a young man on the back porch trying to kiss your daughter."

MODERN MOTHER: "Did he succeed?"

CHAPERONE: "No, he did not."

MODERN MOTHER: "Well, it wasn't my daughter."

—*Rammer-Jammer.*

Some Problem These Days

MATER: "I am firm, Gwendolyn! You must be vaccinated and have it done where your clothes will surely cover it."

GWENDOLYN: "But, Mater. . . ."

MATER: "That's a problem you and the doctor will have to work out, Gwen."

—*Selected.*

More to the Point

DRUGGIST: "Yes, Miss, you'll find that most ladies like this lipstick."

YOUNG GIRL: "You couldn't—ah—tell me the kind the men like, could you?"

Not On the Magazine Covers

The club cynic remarked recently that modern women were like bad photographs. They were, he proceeded, both under-developed and over-exposed.

What They Are Wearing

The young woman had just returned to her rural home from several years in the big city. She was exhibiting the contents of her trunk to the admiration and amazement of her mother who had bought her clothes for forty years at the general store.

"And these," said the daughter, holding up a delicate silken garment, "are teddies."

"Teddy's? You don't say. Young men are certainly different from what they used to be."

—*Judge.*

Double Blossoming

Playwright Eugene O'Neill sat in the palm garden of a Bermuda hotel. Near him a group of pretty girls in white riding breeches were drinking cocktails, smoking cigarettes in long amber tubes and giving one another the addresses of reliable bootleggers.

Mr. O'Neill nodded toward the group of girls, then he said, "What a beautiful thing it is to see young girls blossoming into womanhood! And it's doubly beautiful, nowadays when they blossom into manhood, too."

—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Legerdemain

"The man who-hides behind a woman's skirt, nowadays is not a coward. No sir, he is a magician." —*Boxes.*

Of Course She Knew

OLD LADY (*who doesn't like modern manners*): "You girls are so useless nowadays. Why, I believe you don't know what needles are for!"

THE FLAPPER: "Of course I know. They make the phonograph play."

Dear Old Granny

LITTLE JOAN: "Mummy, what's this funny thing I've found?"

MOTHER: "That's called a hairpin, dear. If you take it to granny, she'll show you how it was used." —*Clipped.*

"And They're All Alike"

GOUDY: "Bill calls his girl Spearmint."

CHELTENHAM: "Why, is she Wrigley?"

GOUDY: "No. Always after meals."

What Happened to Sis?

IRATE MOTHER: "Give me that cigarette butt!"

YOUNG SINNER: "Gee whiz, ma, I just bummed it from sis."

Excusable Error

AFFABLE OLD LADY: "It's a fine day, Miss."

YOUTH: "It's a fine day, but I'm not a 'Miss,' I'm a 'Mister.'"

OLD LADY: "Oh, I beg your pardon. You looked so much like a boy that I took you for a girl."

Flapper Wool

MANDY: "Heah's an advertisement in de papah of a suit dat's made outen 'virgin wool.' What does dat 'virgin wool' mean?"

SHADRACH: "I s'pose it must be de wool de barbers clip off'en de flappers when dey bobs deir hair."

Newspapers

Bolshevism

Amby Lambert says that Floyd Gibbons, who is in charge of the Chicago Tribune's European bureau, once sent Dick Little, the well-known correspondent on a long mission into Russia.

After awhile Gibbons wired to Little, "Why are your expenses just twice as much as those of any other correspondent?"

Little replied, "I'll bite—why?"

"Blah" Rates Issued

F. J. Raymond, editor of the Blakesburg, Iowa, Weekly Excelsior, has issued a new, out the ordinary, rate card with the statement that a percentage of the receipts will be used for "founding an asylum for the feeble-minded who believe the editor has a soft snap":

"For telling Excelsior readers a man is a successful citizen, when everybody knows he is as lazy as a bench warmer, \$2.75.

"Referring to one as a hero and a man of courage and one who will stand by his convictions, when everybody knows he is a moral coward and would sell out for a dime, \$4.13.

"Lambasting the daylights out of John Barleycorn at the behest of the local dry forces, \$6.77."

"Whoopin' 'em up for the repeal of the Volstead law in the interests of the local White Mule Funnel Club, \$6.77."

"Referring to a deceased merchant who never advertised and was too stingy to contribute towards needed public improvements, as a leading citizen and a progressive merchant, \$344.99."

Beats Methuselah

Illustrating his lecture with stereopticon slides and motion-pictures, Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, Gobi Desert explorer, yesterday showed an audience of 400 at the Long Beach Ebell Club just how he and members of his staff dug out dinosaur eggs, 10,000,000,000 years ago.

—*News item in a California paper.*

Needy

The editor of a country paper received a paragraph to the effect that a bride in his bailiwick kneaded bread with her gloves on.

He ran the paragraph in his paper, adding as an appendix: "The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on, he also needs it with his clothes on, but if some of the delinquent subscribers don't pay up pretty soon, he will need bread without a darn thing on."

Printer's Error

The flower show had been a great success, and a few evenings later the minister who had performed the opening ceremony, was reading the local paper's report of it to his wife.

Presently he stopped reading, his justifiable pride turning to anger. Snatching up his stick, he rushed from the room. Amazed, his wife picked up the newspaper to ascertain the reason of her spouse's fury.

She read, "As Mr. Blank mounted the platform, all eyes were fixed on the large red 'nose' he displayed. Only years of patient cultivation could have produced an object of such brilliance. . . ."

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Another Good Man Gone

A few days ago David E. Jones lost a valuable horse, got his leg fractured and had to be killed.

—*Boonville (N. Y.) Herald.*

Correct

Friday, generally fair, probably followed by Saturday.

—*Weather report in Newark (Ohio) Advocate.*

Are You a Bird's Nest?

"FOR SALE—Twelve fresh milk cows, twelve calves and one hundred lambs. Scientifically adjusted. Terms to right party, but no last year's bird nests need apply."

—*Roswell News.*

A Much Needed Invention

Two men, socially very far apart, shared a table in a dining car. One was a man of perhaps forty, who, very evidently, was quite unaware that such a thing as class-distinctions exist. The other was considerably older—a quiet, well-dressed, self-possessed man who gave you the impression that he belonged to a family which has been more than ordinarily well-to-do for at least three generations. The rough-neck was trying, without very much success, to engage his fellow-traveler in conversation. Here is a portion of the conversation:

THE ROUGH-NECK (*his mouth full of soup*): "What line you in?"

THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN: "I—I am not in any business."

ROUGH-NECK (*more soup*): "Had a rich father, eh?"

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN: "Well, he was pretty well off."

ROUGH-NECK (*absolutely explosive with his soup*): "How did he make his money?"

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (*very, very quietly*): "He invented a noiseless soup-spoon."

Sharp Appetite

Church Notice—Bring thimbles, scissors, needles and sandwiches for your lunch. Meeting at the church.

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Full Purse

When Mrs. A. T. Miller, regained consciousness after lying for three hours pinned beneath her automobile here Saturday, she awakened to learn that in addition to physical injuries, she had suffered the loss of her pocketbook, containing \$50 and a spotlight, spare tire, and kit of tools.

—*Hastings (Neb.) Tribune.*

Astounding!

Eli Riemer is a patient at the local hospital with a broken leg, as a result of a fall at his home. Fifty years ago the same limb was amputated.

—*From Marion (Ohio) Star.*

A Modern Samson

The Rev. Frazier will preach Sunday evening, after which the church will be closed for necessary repairs.

Town Life, Columbus, Ohio.

He Oughta Eat at Home

William Scheiderer, who conducted a restaurant here the past summer, has sold his stock and closed out the business, as it did not agree with him.

From Washington C. H. (Ohio) Record Republican.

Spinsters Please Note

WANTED—Position as married man on farm. Virgil Campbell, Buckley, Ill. Phone, J. E. Smith, Thawville, Ill.

—Eastern (Illinois) Register.

Her Appetite for Matrimony

SHOOTS MAN WHO WOULDN'T MARRY HER FIVE
TIMES IN DUEL

—Headlines in a Pittsburgh paper.

Dougle

Flour has advanced 86 per cent in twelve years. Now you have to have the dough before you can get the flour.

—American Lumberman.

Old Joints

Hand-painted knees are the latest on Fifth Avenue. You wouldn't know the old joints now.

—New York American.

Our Language

Subtly Put

African youths who attend the Tiger Kloof Native Institution of the L. M. S. have to grapple with the English language with the help of a dictionary. The L. M. C. "Chronicle" shows the result by publishing a letter addressed by a student to Principal Haile:

"Dear Mr. Haile,

"My Lord,

"I find I will be unable to be at the aperture of the Inst. on the 13 Feb. On returning from my holidays I found that my brother had fallen asleep. The incident of the accident was a lion."

—*Boston Globe.*

A Real Quandary

CHICAGO MILLIONAIRE: "Do the English understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London to an earl and he has just cabled me to 'come across for the wedding.'"

Not American Born

SALESMAN: "Any meat today?"

BUTCHER: "Yes, 10 pounds of weal."

SALESMAN: "Weal! You meal veal."

BUTCHER: "Same ding. I always pronounce my 'wees' like my 'wobble-yous.'"

—*Pacific Mutual News.*

Go to the Head of the Class

TEACHER: "I have went. That's wrong, isn't it?"

WEE WILL: "Yes, ma'am."

TEACHER: "Why is it wrong?"

WEE WILL: "Because you ain't went yet."

Bo, This Is Nothin' Else But

NEGRO JELLY BEAN: "Did ya git them flowers I sent ya?"

NEGRO FLAPPER: "I didn't git nothin' else!"

NEGRO JELLY BEAN: "Did you like them flowers?"

NEGRO FLAPPER: "I didn't do nothin' else!"

NEGRO JELLY BEAN: "And say, did you wear 'em?"

NEGRO FLAPPER: "I didn't wear nothin' else!"

NEGRO JELLY BEAN: "Well, zat so, honey? What did ya pin 'em to?"

—*Selected.*

American Language

A teacher in a grammar school wished to impress on her pupils the value of originality, so she said, "Johnny, repeat these sentences after me in your own words:

"I see the cow. The cow is pretty. The cow can run."

Johnny replied: "Lamp de cow. Ain't she a beaut? An' say, baby, she sure kin step!"

Singular

The English language sometimes puzzles children as well as foreigners.

"O, Jimmie, did you see that cunning little lamb?" asked his mother, as they were out driving one day.

"I got a glimpse of it," replied Jimmie.

"You mean glimpse," said mother.

"No, I only got one," was the reply.

English as She Is Spoke

The little boy sat disconsolately on the curb and sobbed as though his heart was breaking. The kind old lady stopped and asked sweetly "Is a itta boy cwyn'? Tum, tella nice wady wassa matter."

"If you are inquiring as to the cause of my lachrymose condition," he answered, looking up at her pityingly, "it is because I have been unable to find any suitably intelligent playmates whose eugenic constitutions are in harmony with my pathological tendencies and whose hereditary affiliations meet with the approval of my parental relations since we moved to this damn place from Boston."

—*Carnegie Puppet.*

Perfectly Clear

"Officaire! Officaire!" sputtered an excited Frenchman, just come over, to the burly policeman on the curb, "Which is ze opposite side of ze street?"

"Why, over there, of course," replied the astonished cop as he waved his hand.

"Zat's what I thought," replied the bewildered Frenchman; "but a man over there told me zis was the opposite side."

—*Business.*

Pa Took the Air

"Father, freight is goods that are sent by water or land, isn't it?"

"That's right, son."

"Well, then, why is it that the freight that goes by ship is called a cargo, and when it goes by car it is called a shipment?"

And then Johnny wondered why father put on his hat and sauntered outside to get the air."

—*Portland Advertising.*

Cause for Bewilderment

A Frenchman who was learning English, read a little every morning in an English newspaper. One day he was sorely puzzled.

"What ees this?" he asked a friend. "Your English ees a puzzle."

The friend took the paper and read: "Should Mr. Hilton, who sat for a county constituency in the last Parliament, consent to stand again he would probably have a walk-over."

All the Vowels

"Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels?"

"Unquestionably."

"What is it?"

"I've just told you."

Passing Throng

He Was Not Forgiven

HE: "You'll pardon me for hugging you in the hall, won't you? The fact is I mistook you for my wife."

SHE (*dubiously*): "Well, I don't know. I'll consult your wife, and if she says you've hugged her within the past six months I'll forgive you."

What He Needed

"I want a suit of clothes," said Tobe Sagg of Sandy Mush, "and I'd sorter like to have a vest with it."

"All our suits include vests," replied the proprietor of the Tore Fair store at Tumlinville.

"I didn't know that, it's been so long since I bought a whole suit. But now I've swapped for a watch, and I've got to have a vest to wear it in."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Army Fashion

"I can tell you how to keep from losing your collar buttons," Clevenger volunteered. "Have your wife sew your collar to your shirt."

"Good idea!" Brown exclaimed. "I'll just try out your suggestion."

A few days later the two met again.

"I didn't like your scheme a bit," complained Brown. "I tried it for two days, but the collar hurt my neck so I couldn't sleep."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Taking Him at His Word

He was telling her about the members of the football team.

"Now, there's Johnson," said he; "in a few weeks he will be our best man."

And then she lisped, "Oh, Jack, this is so sudden!"

Maintaining His Principles

Robinson was well known in the club as a vegetarian. The members were hardly surprised, therefore, when his friend Jones burst into the billiard room one evening and announced: "Robinson has been true to his vegetarian principles."

"What's he done now?" they asked.

"Haven't you heard? He's run away with a grass widow."

Lame Excuse

Blinks has a way of walking in his sleep—a failing of which he is greatly ashamed. Early one morning, after a long absence, he returned, with a pair of trousers rolled up and tucked under his arm.

"Where in the world have you been?" his wife demanded sternly.

"Down to the office."

"But why the trousers under your arm?"

"O—I—I thought I might meet someone."

Still Wild

"How long has the wild man been in this country?" asked the old lady visiting the circus.

"About five years, ma'am," replied the attendant.

"Can't be he tamed?"

"I guess not, ma'am. The fat lady, the wire walker and some of the lady acrobats have been makin' eyes at him, but he don't fall for none of 'em."

—*Morning Irontonian.*

Slain

Leonard Bacon, who was one of the best-known debaters in New England a half century ago, was attending a conference, and some assertions he made in his address were vehemently objected to by a member of the opposition.

"Why," he expostulated, "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!"

"Mr. Moderator," rejoined Bacon, calmly, "I cannot allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to offset my knowledge, however small."

Perfectly True

There are all sorts of ways of putting things, and some sound much better than others. For example, there is the case of the man of whom Lord Coleridge used to tell, whose father was hanged for highway robbery. Some one asked him how his father died.

"Sir," said he, "he fell from a scaffolding outside Newgate while he was talking to a clergyman."

Shy, O So Shy

"Is there any particular sport you are fond of, Miss Effie?"

"No—but—er—I like you very much Mr. Snaggs."

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

The Way of Men

A Northerner riding through the West Virginia mountains came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving some pigs.

"Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the rider.

"Out to pasture 'em up a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em."

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten them on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and feed them on corn. It saves a lot of time."

"Yaas, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer. "But what's time to a hawg?"

Opposed

This story is related by a person connected with the White House.

One Sunday after the president had returned from church, where he had gone alone, Mrs. Coolidge inquired "Was the sermon good?"

"Yes," he answered.

"What was it about?"

"Sin."

"What did the minister say?"

"He was against it."

—*The Pathfinder.*

Another Course Needed

"So Brown took a course in first-aid. Is he good at it?"

"A little hasty sometimes. A man was nearly drowned yesterday, and the first thing Brown did was to throw a glass of water in his face."

—*Winton Advance.*

Commercial Misrepresentation

Her lover had appeared with a shiner and she was naturally curious.

"My!" she exclaimed. "How did you get that terrible black eye?"

"Well," he explained gloomily, "I believed the advertisement of a musical house that sells goods on time payments."

"But what has that to do with your eye?"

"Everything. The ad said: 'Learn to play a saxophone at our risk'."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Suspicious Father

The pickpocket's daughter was entertaining a caller one night. After bidding him good-night at the door, she started to her room, but was stopped by her father.

"I saw you kiss dat guy. C'mon, gimme his watch!"

—*The Nebraska Merchant.*

Plenty of Warning

Little Johnny went to church and sat just in front of the pulpit.

The clergyman took as his text, "I shall come down and dwell amongst you."

He had repeated the words several times when, without any warning, the pulpit collapsed.

The clergyman rescued Johnny from the wreckage, and remarked sympathetically, "I am very sorry. I hope you are not hurt."

"It can't be helped," replied Johnny, "Tha warned me oft' enough!"

—*London Answers.*

The Bull Meant It

He was being medically examined preparatory to taking out an insurance policy.

"Ever had a serious illness?" asked the examiner.

"No," was the reply.

"Ever had an accident?"

"No."

"Never had a single accident in your life?"

"Never, except last spring when a bull tossed me over a fence."

"Well, don't you call that an accident?"

"No sir! He did it on purpose."

Seeking a Job

"What qualifications have you for the position of janitor?"

"I was in my last position for 30 years without ever quarreling with my neighbors."

"What were you?"

"Lodge-keeper at a cemetery!"

Criss Cross

Two deaf men met on a country road. Dave had a fishing pole in his wagon. When he saw his friend Jim he stopped.

"Goin' fishin'?" shouted Jim.

"No," Dave replied, "I'm goin' fishin'."

"Oh," said Jim. "I thought mebbe you was goin' fishin'."

Mistaken Identity

The owner of Bosco, the trained flea, was exhibiting him for the benefit of his dinner companions.

"Bosco," he said, "jump to the right." Bosco obeyed.

"Bosco, hop into Mrs. Thumgig's hair." Bosco did as ordered.

Whereupon Bosco's owner reached up and set him back on the table.

"Bosco," he said, "jump to the left." But Bosco wouldn't budge.

"Bosco, forward march." But the flea remained still.

"Well," said his owner, after looking carefully at the unwilling performer, "this— isn't Bosco."

Calm and Collected

There had been an explosion at the quarry. The reporter rushed to the hospital and was shown to the room wherein Pat M'Queer lay groaning. The scribe pulled out note-book and pencil.

"Pat," he began, "they tell me you were calm and collected."

"I was ca-am," answered Pat, "but poor old Dinnis was collected."

T N T

"What started the explosion?"

"The powder on father's sleeve when he came home from the lodge meeting."

—*Toronto Goblin.*

Didn't Want The Neck

BOOTBLACK: "Light or dark, sir?"

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: "I'm not particular, but please don't give me the neck."

Didn't Bother Him

Through a glaring mistake, a burly man was thrown into a dark cell already occupied by a pretty young shoplifter. The latter, hoping to escape any unwelcome attentions, remarked "It's a cosy cell, brother, but I hope you don't mind me having scarlet fever."

"Not a bit. I'm going to commit suicide in the morning!"

For the Sick

A little girl sat in church with her mother. During the sermon the little girl said she was sick and wanted to go out and throw up. "Go back of the church, be sick and come back," said the mother.

Presently the little girl came back looking very much relieved.

"Did you go where I told you?" said the mother.

"No," said the little girl, "I went out in the vestry and there I found a box which said, 'For the sick.'"

Nor the Eighteenth Amendment

"Well, Woodrow," said Moses, "They don't seem to be treating your Fourteen Points very kindly below."

"Not so well," replied Woodrow, "but take a look at what they are doing to your Ten Commandments."

Checkmate.

One Kind of Burglary Insurance

"A burglar got into the house at 3 o'clock this morning, when I was on my way home from the club."

"Did he get anything?"

"He certainly did! The poor burglar is in the hospital suffering from a broken skull. My wife thought it was me."

—Exchange.

Apparently Not

They had chummed up in the hospital and were discussing the virtues of their respective wives. Presently one of them explained that his wife has been a Miss Mary Wilson. "And a fine girl, too," he added enthusiastically, in praise of his absent spouse.

"Miss Mary Wilson," chuckled the other. "O!"

"What, d'you know her, then?" asked the proud husband.

"I should say I do. I remember one day when we were out boating and we came to an island where we landed. 'Now, Mary, m'dear,' I said, 'either you kiss me or we both drown.'"

"And did you kiss her?" gasped the husband in jealous fury.

"Was she drowned?" asked the other slowly.

Had Nothing On Him

A woman who, both by bearing and dress, could be distinguished as "new rich," entered a street car and with a very haughty air seated herself near an old Italian.

When the conductor came to take up the fares, she said to him, in a very loud voice, "Let me off at my husband's bank."

The conductor, evidently knowing her, assured her that he would, and passed on to the Italian.

"Let me off at my peanut-stand," called out the old fellow, as he paid his fare.

School-Days

"What are you studying now?" fondly asked the new-rich mother of her youngest son.

"We have just begun the study of molecules," he answered.

"For a moment she looked blank; then a gleam of interest showed in her eyes. "I hope you will be very attentive and practice constantly," she exclaimed eagerly. "I tried to get your father to wear one, but he couldn't keep it in his eye."

Horrors!

A guide showing an old lady over the zoo, took her to a cage occupied by a kangaroo.

"Here, madame," he said, "We have a native of Australia."

The visitor stared at it in horror.

"Good heavens!" she said. "An' to think my sister married one o' them things!"

Mourning, Perhaps

The rector of a large and fashionable church was endeavoring to teach the significance of white to a Sunday school class.

"Why," said he, "does a bride invariable desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?" As no one answered he explained.

"White," said he, "stands for joy, and the wedding day is the most joyous occasion in a woman's life."

A small boy queried, "Why do the men all wear black?"

Pronouns

A famous pianist living with his current wife, he having been previously divorced, as she also had been, was interrupted one day at his work by his wife who exclaimed. "Come, Rudolph, quickly, your child and my child are beating our child!"

The Deadly Sex

MR. WAGNER: "I saw a headline in the paper today that said, 'Seven Men Killed by Ethyl Gas.' Isn't it terrible what we are coming to?"

MRS. WAGNER: "Yes; she must be a very bad woman. How did she kill them—with poison or a revolver?"

The Russian Theory

We must all agree that when it comes to the question of occupation or profession, the character of either should be far greater importance than considerations of priority.

A doctor, an architect and a bolshevik were discussing the priority of their occupations.

The doctor said "When Adam's side was opened and a rib removed to make woman there was a surgical operation—medicine was the oldest trade."

The architect—"Yes, but when the earth was made out of chaos, there was the building process, the use of materials according to a plan. The architect is therefore oldest."

The bolshevik smiled and said: "But who supplied the chaos?"

—*De Laval Monthly*.

Hitting a Bullseye

Otto Kahn, the financier, art patron and philanthropist, said at a dinner in New York:

"Communism, bolshevism and kindred movements are bound to fall. Why? Because they're based on hate, not love."

"'As I understand it,' a man said to a bolshevik, 'the fundamental idea of bolshevism is to divide up with your neighbor.'"

"'Nothing of the kind,' the bolshevik snarled. 'The fundamental idea of bolshevism is to make your neighbor divide up with you.'"

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph*.

Final

"We do not enter into correspondence as to the reasons for rejections," snickered St. Peter, as he kicked the protesting editor down the elevator shaft.

—*American Legion Weekly*.

Foot Lumbago

"No, Jimmy, I can't go out tonight. I've been taking riding lessons and I have er-er-er-a sore foot."

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Adam, Eve And The Apples

According to the following figures, taken from an exchange, Adam and Eve did not stop at one apple, but kept right on eating until the entire orchard was consumed. It is no wonder that they were turned out and the gates closed.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2—a total of 10 only. Now we figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also—total 16.

And yet the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 8-2, certainly the total would be 90.

Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this: Eve 8-1 and Adam 8-2—total 163.

Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 8-1 and Adam 8-1-2, the total was 893?

If Eve 8-1-1st and Adam 8-1-2, would not the total be 1623?

I believe the following to be a fair solution: Eve 8-1-4 Adam before Adam 8-1-2-4 Eve—total 8938.

Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 8-1-4 Adam, Adam 8-1-2-4-2 oblige Eve—total 82,056. We think this however, not a sufficient quantity. For though we admit that Eve 8-1-4 Adam, Adam if he 8-0-8-1-2-4-2 keep Eve company—total, 8,082,056.

All wrong. Eve, when she 8-1-8-1-2 many, and probably she felt sorry for it, but her companion, in order to relieve her grief, 8-1-2. Therefore, when Adam 8-1-8-1-4-2-4 ofy Eve's depressed spirits. Hence, both ate 81,896,864 apples.

—*World's Events.*

Professional Pride

"Le' me down, Spike!" Second-story Pete whispered excitedly to his pal, who had given him a "leg-up" to the window. "We can't kick into dis joint."

"S matter," was the nervous question, "did youse tumble de alarm?"

"Naw, but dere havin' some kinda swell reception, an'—

"Well," interrupted his buddy, "what's dat got to do wit' us?"

"It's got plenty to do," was the emphatic reply. "I ain't gonna crash into a swell dressed mob like dat in a torn sweater."

Striking to Him

He was going home, and it was growing dark. His road from the station was a lonely one. Suddenly he suspected that a man behind was following him purposely. The faster he went, the faster the man followed until they came to a cemetery.

"Now," he said to himself, "I'll find out if he's after me," and he entered the cemetery. The man followed him. He circled a grave, and his pursuer jogged after him. He ducked around a family vault. Still the man was after him. At last, he turned and faced the fellow. "What do you want? What are you following me for?"

"Well, sir, it's like this," said a small voice. "I'm going up to Mr. Brown's house with a parcel, and the station-agent told me if I followed you I should find the place, as you live next door."

—*The Advocate.*

Thirty Years Ago

Women wore bustles.
Operations were rare.
Nobody had appendicitis.
Nobody wore white shoes.
Cream was five cents a pint.
You never heard of a "tin lizzie."
Doctors asked to see your tongue.
Milk shake was a favorite drink.
Advertisers did not tell the truth.
Nobody cared about the price of gasoline.
Farmers came to town for their mail.
The hired girl drew one-fifty a week.
The butcher "threw in" a chunk of liver.
Folks said pneumatic tires were a joke.
Nobody "listened in" on a telephone.
You stuck tubes in your ears to hear a phonograph, and it cost a dime.

Fighting for a Principle

"They're fightin' 'cause Bill said Alf's wife wuz cockeyed."
"But Alf's a bachelor, ain't he?"
"Yeh, but the principle is wot made Alf wild."

Then They Clinched

"What's the trouble here?"

"Oh, a man from Miami has just told a native son from California that jelly won't jell in California because of the earthquakes!"

Not Funny—Logical

DUMB: "Funny how he is so lucky at cards and then loses his winnings at the race track."

DUMBER: "Not very funny. They won't let him shuffle the horses!"

—*Colby White Mule.*

Full Particulars There

It appears that soon after Viscount Astor's father bought Clieveden, his stately home near Maidenhead, a flood occurred in the Thames Valley.

Lord Astor—he was plain Mr. Astor then—was in America at the time and being wishful to know if the beautiful grounds at Clieveden had suffered any damage, he cabled to his eldest son in England: "Send particulars of the flood."

Now it happened that the recipient of the cablegram was away in Scotland at the time and had heard nothing of the Thames inundation.

He could make neither head nor tail of the request, so eventually, thinking it must be some new kind of a joke on his father's part, he cabled back:

"Look in the Book of Genesis."

Neglectful

A scientist has stated that man runs faster than woman. But it's astonishing the number of men who don't take advantage of this natural gift.

—*Humorist.*

You Bet He Did

"Why didn't Brown cry out when he sat on the hornet?"

"He felt it beneath him."

A Foregone Conclusion

ST. PETER (*to applicant*): "Where are you from?"

APPLICANT: "California."

ST. PETER: "Come on in, but I don't think you'll like it."
—*Oregon Orange Owl.*

Needed

A small boy in the visitors' gallery was watching the proceedings of the Senate chamber.

"Father, who is that gentleman?" he asked, pointing to the chaplain.

"That, my son, is the chaplain," replied his father.

"Does he pray for the Senators?" asked the boy.

"No, my son; when he goes in he looks around and sees the Senators sitting there, and then he prays for the country."
—*Exchange.*

Bashful—Or Daring?

GOODFELLOW BRIDEGROOM: "Step up, old man! Don't you want to kiss the bride?"

BASHFUL GUEST: "Well, er—if it's all the same to you, I'd rather some other time."
—*American Legion Weekly.*

Needed a Poker Face

The sweet young thing turned to a young man from the office who was showing her through the works, and, pointing, asked, "What is that big thing over there?"

"That's a locomotive boiler," the young man replied.

She puckered her brows, "And what do they boil locomotives for?"

"To make the locomotive tender." And the young man from the office never batted an eyelash.

Quite Clear

PROFESSOR BROWN (*at the telephone*): "What's that? You can't catch my name? Spell it? Certainly. B for Bron-tosaurus; R for Rhizophoracae; O for Ophisthotelae; W for Willugbaeya, and N for Nucifraga."

A Trustful Burglar

He was a burglar.

After effecting an entrance into the bank he found his way, easily enough, to the vaults. When the light of the lantern fell on the door he saw this sign written in red letters:

"Save your dynamite. This safe is unlocked. Turn the knob and it will open."

"Anyhow," he reflected, "there's no harm in trying it if it really is unlocked."

He grasped the knob and turned it.

Instantly the office was flooded with light, an alarm bell rang loudly, an electric shock rendered him helpless, while a panel in the wall opened and out rushed a bulldog which seized him firmly.

An hour later, when the cell door closed on him, he sighed, "I don't know what's wrong with me. I'm too trusting. I have too much faith in human nature."

—The Sample Case.

Just Two Ways

In certain sections of Missouri the making of moonshine whisky is still the principal industry. A small native of this district was interestedly interrogating an Eastern commercial salesman, as being from another world, as to his life, connections, etc.

"You got a brother?" he inquired.

"I had one but he died."

"Got shot?"

"No, he wasn't shot."

"Drink himself to death?"

"Certainly not."

"I knew you was a liar," exclaimed the boy triumphantly, "there's only them two ways of dyin'."

—Oil Pull.

Curiosity Satisfied

PHRENOLOGIST: "This bump on your head shows that you are very curious."

CLIENT: "You are right. I got that by sticking my head into the shaft to see if the dumb-waiter was coming up and it wasn't."

—Hard Times.

Not a Crustacean

A girl at a dance was asked by a poetic enthusiast if she had seen Crabbe's "Tales."

"Why, no," she replied, "I didn't know crabs had tails."

I beg your pardon. I should have said 'read Crabbe's "Tales."'

"Why, I did not know red crabs or any crabs at all had tails."

Playing Safe

A somewhat unsophisticated old lady in Pennsylvania was visiting wealthy friends who dwelt at a "swell place" near Philadelphia. After the old lady had been shown around awhile, luncheon was served, and after that it was suggested that the estate possessed other striking features that would interest the visitor. "And now, Mrs. Gearin," said the proud hostess, "we should like to show you our apiary."

At this the old lady seemed to evince signs of apprehension. "Thank you very much," said she, "but I don't think I'll trouble you for that. The fact is, I am rather afraid of monkeys."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Dutiful Cow

In an out-of-the-way corner of a Boston graveyard stands a brown board showing the marks of age and neglect. It bears the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of Eben Harvey, who departed this life suddenly and unexpectedly by a cow kicking him on the 15th of September, 1853. Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

—*Sheridan (Wyo.) Post-Enterprise.*

And Nobody Cared

OLD GENTLEMAN (*in street car*): "Has anyone here dropped a roll of bills with an elastic around them?"

"Yes, I have," cried a dozen at once.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*calmly*): "Well, I've just picked up the elastic."

—*The Columbian Crew.*

Not in Chicago

A Health Commissioner of Chicago said,

“Bathing alone does not make good health.”

We predict some very radical changes will be made in the size of tubs.

Her Name Was Enza

FIRST ANGEL: “How’d you get here?”

SECOND ANGEL: “Flu.”

He Would

A canvasser for a magazine house walked to the door of a prospect, knocked, and a colored maid answered.

CANVASSER: “Is the lady of the house in?”

MAID: “She am takin’ a bath, suh!”

CANVASSER: “I’d like to see her.”

MAID (*grinning*): “I specks you would, white man. I specks you would.”

Them Was the Days

Two business friends who lived in the country met one day, and one invited the other to dine with him that evening.

At the appointed time the guest set forth in the direction of his friend’s house, and as the roads in the village were somewhat dimly lighted he took with him an old-fashioned stableman’s lantern.

The dinner was good and all went merrily.

The next morning, however, he received the following note from his host of the night before:

“Dear Old Man—I am sending my man over to you with this note, and he takes with him your lantern. If you have quite finished with my parrot and cage I shall be awfully glad if you will return same per bearer.”

—*The Sentinel*.

Towser Agrees

DROWSE: “What was the biggest mistake made in history?”

DROWSIER: “That’s easy. It was when Noah included two fleas in his ark passenger list.”

Back to Boston

A man dreamed that he went to Heaven and was shown around by a heavenly guide. He saw the Tree of Life with 12 kinds of fruit, the golden streets, beautiful landscapes everywhere, a lovely stream, and by it growing a great tree, to which, much to the dreamer's surprise, a man was chained by his feet.

"What does this mean?" the dreamer asked the heavenly guide.

"O," said the guide, "he's from Boston, and he wants to go back."

Illustrating "Bonehead"

"Is this the fire department?" yelled one excited gentleman over the phone.

"Yes. What is it?"

"How far is it to the nearest fire-alarm box? My house is on fire and I must turn in a call at once."

—*Logansport Phoros-Tribune.*

The Only Guilty One

The clamor for paroles among the prisoners of the State penitentiary recalls to the Rev. F. D. McDonnell, a chaplain, an incident in the administration of the late Gov. William J. Stone. The Governor was questioning prisoners as to their guilt. Virtually every man interviewed protested his innocence. Finally he found a young man serving a term for forgery. The prisoner readily admitted his guilt.

"Why you awful person," the Governor ejaculated. "You a guilty man among all these innocent ones. You will contaminate the morals of this institution."

On returning to the executive offices, the Governor signed a parole for the "only guilty prisoner."

—*Kansas City Star.*

Local Pride

NEW YORKER: "It gets so cold in the winter in New York that we have to build fires under the cows before we can milk them."

TEXAN: "That's nothin', in Texas in the summer we feed the chickens cracked ice to keep them from laying hard boiled eggs."

He Stayed Put

James Maher, a jovial and witty Irishman, was the landscape architect who plotted out the seven acres added to the White House grounds in President Jackson's administration. One day the President sent for him, and said with evident regret, "I am your friend, Jimmie, but I have warned you often, and this time I must turn you off."

"Why, what's the matter now, General," inquired Jimmie.

"I am told you had a bad drunk again yesterday at the Yellow Tavern," said the President, sorrowfully.

"Why, now, General," said Jimmie, "if every bad story that is told against yourself was to be believed would it be you that would be putting me in or putting me out?"

Jimmie stayed.

Why He Was Avoided

A Swede just arrived in America was strange to the customs and the language, and, of course, he could not read. As he stepped out of his boarding house he was handed a small slip of paper by a man who stood nearby. The man then hurried away.

The Swede noticed that the paper bore characters of some kind, so, stepping up to another man, he indicated that, not understanding English, he would like to know the meaning of the note. The pompous old gentleman adjusted his spectacles and glanced at the piece of paper. Then he dropped it and ran.

Puzzled, the Swede retrieved the note and continued down the street until he came to another man, who, on being asked to read the note, also dropped it and ran.

Finally, the Swede handed the note to a policeman. The latter glanced at the slip of paper and took the Swede into custody. On the paper was written: "I have just escaped from the pest house—Beware!"

As a Rule

As a rule a man's a fool.
When it's hot he wants it cool,
When it's cool he wants it hot,
Always wants what he's not got.

—*Anonymous Proverb.*

At Last

Klumseigh obtained a job as a packer in a china warehouse. On the third day he smashed a big vase. On pay day he was called into the manager's office and was told that half his wages would be deducted each week until the vase was paid for.

"How much was the vase worth?" he asked anxiously.

"About \$300," replied the manager.

"Hurrah!" shouted Klumseigh.

The manager asked the cause of his jubilation.

"Well," said Klumseigh, "it looks as if I've got a steady job at last."

Save Surface—Save All

It costs \$90 more to raise a girl to 18 than it does a boy, say the investigators. Oh! we have it. The extra \$5 a year for the girl is due to paint used to save the surface.

Here's One to Use

"My ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

"It's lucky they did. The immigration laws are a little stricter now."

More Befitting

An obscure poet took his wife and his eight children to the zoo. The children had made repeated demands to see the elk, so the poet pleaded with the man at the turnstile.

"I'm a poet," he said, "and I have a wife and eight children. Can we get in to see the elk without paying the full price?"

The man at the turnstile craned out of his little box.

"Half a moment," he said. "You are a poet. That is your wife, and those are your eight children, and you want to have a look at the elk?"

"Exactly," said the poet.

"If you wait a second," said the man, "I'll fetch the elk along to have a look at you."

—*London Tit-Bits.*

Converging Parallels

"And how have you been getting on, Mrs. Mumble?"

"Ah, miss, not too well. My poor 'usband 'ad a parallel stroke, and we've 'ad a 'ard time to make both ends meet."

Platform and Stage

Might as Well Be Loose

He was a reformer, one of the fire and brimstone type, and he was giving the audience a few home truths.

Every now and then he would bump his clenched fist into his palm as he emphasised some vital point in his speech.

"Yes, my friends," he said, "although you are all above sin, each one of you must beware of the demon. The demon is chained to the wall, waiting to jump out and catch you. If you give him the slightest chance he'll stretch out his hand in front and grab you! Or he'll stretch out to the right and grab you! Or he'll stretch out to the left and grab you! And he'll even stretch out behind and grab you."

This was a little too much for a man seated in the middle row of seats, and rising to his feet he shouted:

"Well, the blessed thing might as well be loose."

Appius Claudius

One of the one-line actors was especially wooden and persisted in standing stock still after he had spoken his short bit.

"See 'ere, my man," pleaded the directing genius at the last reheasal. "Don't do that! Speak your lines, and then go over to the crowd that will be standing there"—pointing up-stage left—"and pretend to talk to Appius Claudius."

The neophyte actor did so, and the effect was all that could be asked. The next night, when all the "supers" were on stage at the opening performance, the one-line man spoke his bit and turned to make his mimic talk with the Roman, as directed. But which was Appius Claudius? He couldn't pick him out from all that brilliant throng of senators and citizens in flowing togas. Then he spied one who looked as if he might be Appius, and in a hoarse whisper, he said, "Are *you* Appius Claudius?"

"Naw," said the super, "I'm as miserable as 'ell!"

That's what the mind can make us—as happy as Claudius or as miserable as Hell.

A Bad Guess

The theatrical manager was busy at his desk when there came a quiet knock at the office door.

"Come in," shouted the manager.

The door opened, and on the threshold stood an elderly dame with a George Robey nose and a Nellie Wallace hat. The manager's eyes gleamed. Perhaps this was the low comedienne he had been searching for?

"Well, madam," he said, brusquely, "what do you do? Sing? Dance? Recite? Come, please; my time is valuable; sing first."

The old lady cleared her throat and ventured a few bars of "It ain't gonna rain no mo'," but the manager stopped her with a wave of his hand.

"You're no good. You can't sing a bit."

"No, sir, that's true," agreed the old lady. "And now, sir, can I get on with the sweeping—I'm the new charlady?"

—*Montreal Star*.

Couldn't Catch Them

The company had given the last performance the previous evening and the manager was settling up with the theatre authorities.

"Your show is the worst we have ever had here," remarked the theatre manager, in icy tones, as he handed over a share of the box office receipts to the company's agent.

"That's rather strange!" exclaimed the latter. "Very strange! Why, do you know that when we played in San Francisco we had the longest run the city had ever known!"

"I'm very sorry indeed!" replied the theatre manager.

"Sorry about what?"

"I'm very sorry, indeed," he retorted, "that the audience abandoned the chase."

Twain

She arrived late, and when the speaker paused to take a sip of water, she leaned over and whispered to a friend, "What's he talking about?"

The friend shook her head sadly and whispered in return, "He's in the same difficulty you are, and he wasn't late."

—*Kansas City Star*.

Butcher Shop Drama

A low cry of horror swept the room. The man, a veritable giant, his face black with a three-day beard, leaned closer to the beautiful young bride. His knife raised, and the despair of a woman's soul lay trembling in her eyes.

"Have you no heart? No heart?" she pleaded.

"No!" The bearded man was merciless.

She faltered. Then steeling herself, she said quietly, "Very well, then, you may give me some liver."

Perseverance

"Well, was my speech to your liking, Pat?" asked the speaker at the finish of an oration.

"Sure, it was a grand speech!" declared Pat.

"Was there any part of it more than another that seemed to hold you?" the speaker asked.

"Well, now that you ask me, I'll tell you," responded the Irishman. "What took hold of me most, sir, was your perseverance—the way ye went over the same thing again and again!"

Disappointed

Becoming reminiscent, Mr. Will Fyffe, the famous Scottish comedian, told the story of an incident that happened in connection with a theatre he used to frequent in his boyhood.

Ordinarily, prices ranged from three pence to one shilling, but if a "star" came along they were raised three-pence all round.

A fairly well-known actor made his appearance in Hamlet, and prices were duly increased. Afterwards, as the audience was dispersing, he heard one old Scot say to another, "Weel, Jock, what did you think of him?"

"Oh," answered Jock, "the body is no wi-oot merit. I liked him weel eneuch, but, Dougal mon, I'm thinkin' he's no whit I wad call a saxpenny Hamlet."

Unintelligible

WIFE: "Well, Jack, what did you think of that blood and thunder play?"

JACK: "In my opinion it was more like thud and blunder."

Then He Left

Sir Arthur Balfour, speaking on the occasion of the Japan Society's dinner in honor of Prince Chichibu, second son of the Emperor of Japan, gave a gentle but necessary hint to that terrible bore, the long-winded after-dinner speaker. Sir Arthur told the story of a Chairman who took forty minutes to introduce a lecturer, ending up with, "And now I will call upon the lecturer to give us his address."

The reply was full of meaning. "My address," he said, "is No. 4, Blankishroad; my time is up, and I am going there now."

Might Start Again

The doctor told the actress she was run down and needed a change.

"A change?" said she. "Do you know that during the last eighteen months I have had three husbands, four cars, three jewel robberies, eleven cooks, two divorces, and seven landlords? What other change can you suggest?"

Just Being Civil

A tramp once found a ticket to a theatre and used it to get in the show. He found himself in the orchestra, seated behind a flashily dressed woman in an evening gown. In an attempt to be friendly he leaned over and tried to start conversation.

"What is the name of this show, lady?" he asked cheerily. She looked at him haughtily.

"Go Feather Your Nest," she replied.

"Aw, go yourself," he retorted. "I only asked you a civil question."

—*Dartmouth Jack-o' Lantern.*

Stage Fright

DIRECTOR: "Terrible! What can I do to make you put more expression into the kissing scene?"

WOULD-BE: "Pull down the curtain, get everyone out of here, and leave me alone with that blonde over there."

—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.*

Tragedy De Luxe

"This Hamlet is the most tragic I have ever seen."

"He knows there's only \$40 in the box office."

—*Wall Street Journal*.

Some Other Drivers, Too

At a lecture the speaker orated fervently. "He drove straight to his goal. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him nor turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"

"A truck driver!" shouted a voice from the audience.

—*Oil Pull*.

Spontaneous Offer

COOK (*in play, on the stage, to her mistress*): "I give you notice on the spot; I'm going to leave at the end of my week."

LADY (*in audience, excitedly*): "In that case you can come to work for me. I'll give you \$15 a week and allow you two afternoons and four evenings a week out."

—*Berlin Illustrirte Zeitung*.

Rather Disconcerting Request

CHAIRMAN OF BANQUET: "How long will you talk, old man?"

NEXT SPEAKER: "Oh, five minutes."

CHAIRMAN: "You couldn't make it ten, could you. We want to clear the room for dancing!"

Wary, Vera

"Did you disapprove of the play?"

"Very much," answered Miss Cayenne.

"For what reason?"

"I decline to go into particulars. The fact that I dislike it is no reason why I should contribute to its publicity campaign."

—*Washington Star*.

A Warning to You

THE TOASTMASTER: "The next speaker on the program is a man you all know. He is better known than any chewing tobacco, and is still more famous than any murderer. His name is a household word in every family, and this city is mighty proud to claim him. It is with pleasure that I introduce—a—er—pss—ss—what the dickens is your name?"

The Last Lap

At a country theatre they were playing "The Forty Thieves," and as the company only numbered eight, the entry of the robbers into the cave was augmented by their passing out at the back of the stage and entering again at the frint.

Unfortunately, one of the robbers walked with a limp, and when he had entered five times a voice from the gallery cried, "Stick it, Hoppy; last lap!"

—*London Tit-Bits.*

A "Bouncing " Boy!

"How did your old husband get over his gland operation, dearie?"

"Came bouncing down the stairs yelling for his school books. And how did your old fossil come through?"

"He died this morning of infantile paralysis."

Not in His Lines Twice

A few years ago when the melodrama was at its height, a play came to Indianapolis that had many stirring moments of action, not the least of which was the shooting of the villian who fell at each performance with the words, "Heavens, I am shot."

Doubtless the cast grew weary of the scene and intended to liven it up. At any rate, the story goes that some one put salt in the blank cartridge to be used by the heroine in the act and the audience was startled when, after falling as he uttered the fateful words, the villian rose up, felt his side and announced, his eyes big as saucers, "Heavens, I am shot."

Our Only "So's Your Old Man Joke"

"Better keep away from the stage door, Freddie."

"But I am hoping to marry Dottie."

"So's your old man."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Politics

Altruism

It was the year 2024. The United States had just elected its first woman President.

"Don't you feel that your home life will be ruined?" the inquiring reporter asked her husband.

"My only regret," he said with a sigh, "is that I have but one wife to give to my country."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Transparent

Senator Borah said at a Washington banquet:

"Some of the poor mouth talk we hear from Europe nowadays reminds me irresistibly of little Willie. It's so easily seen through, you know.

"'Asleep, Willie?' whispered mother.

"'Yes, I am,' Willie whispered back without opening his eyes, 'an don't forget that Dr. Bolus said I wasn't to be woke up to take any medicine, neither.'"

—*Wall Street Journal.*

Abraham Lincoln

In 1846 Abraham Lincoln, a young lawyer, was a candidate for Congress. His opponent was a somewhat celebrated evangelist named Peter Cartright. Cartright did not give up his evangelistic work to prosecute his campaign, but he occasionally put in a lick for himself at his meetings.

Lincoln attended one night, and when Cartright invited sinners to come forward to the mourners' bench he remained in the background.

Presently Cartright caught sight of him and called out, "Mr. Lincoln, if you are not going to repent and go to Heaven, where are you going?"

"I am going to Congress," replied Lincoln. And he did, by 1511 majority, though the district was opposed to his party.

Moral: Head the List

The large number of candidates who have filed for the primary campaign for public offices reminds John McGregor, former county commissioner, of the result that attended a political meeting years ago.

The meeting in question was open to all candidates, regardless of party. After each speaker addressed the meeting, he left the hall, generally for some other assemblage.

"When it came to the last speaker, there was no audience," McGregor said, "because it developed that the large crowd during the early part of the session was composed entirely of candidates who had come to speak."

—*Indianapolis News.*

A Well-Earned Rest

"Fellow citizens," said the candidate, "I have fought against the Indians. I have often had no bed but the battlefield and no canopy but the sky. I have marched over the frozen ground till every step was marked with blood."

His story took well till a dried-up looking voter came to the front.

"I'll say you've done enough for your country. Go home and rest. I'll vote for the other fellow."

—*The Continent.*

Public Service

A Public Benefactor

VALET: "What shall I do with this old clothing, sir?"

PHILANTHROPIST: "Give it to the Near East Relief."

VALET: "And these old books and magazines?"

PHILANTHROPIST: "The Salvation Army."

VALET: "And shall I throw away these old pen points?"

PHILANTHROPIST: "No. Give 'em to the Post-office Department."

Dear Old Soul

It was a hot day and the traffic policeman was having a busy time. In the midst of it he saw an old lady looking across at him, so he held up a bus, four cars, a motor-cycle or two, and two loaded trucks.

The woman sidled up to him and the officer bent his head to hear her request.

"It's all right," she said, "I only thought you'd like to know that the number on your collar is the number of my favorite hymn."

Variation of an Old One

A musician was trying to telephone to a firm of music publishers. Thinking he had been given his number, he said, "I want Beethoven—Op. 243."

"Line's busy," said the telephone girl.

He Was

An old friend of the family was on a visit and one of the neighbor's little boys had dropped in.

"And what does your father do?" the visitor asked.

"Oh, he's a numismatician," the boy replied.

"Why, a numismatician is a coin collector."

"Yes, that's what my father is," said the boy. "He's a conductor on a street car."

Wrongly Suspected

CORNTOSSEL (*at phone*): "Hello, hello! Kin you let me talk to my wife?"

OPERATOR: "Number, please?"

CORNTOSSEL: "Say, I ain't no Mormon, miss!"

Accomplished Without Peanuts

One afternoon the ticket agent on an Iowa railroad was called to the brass-barred window of his little office. Before the window stood a motherly looking woman. At her side was a bright faced boy.

"Please, sir," said the woman, addressing the agent, "what time does the next train leave for Des Moines?"

"It leaves at 2:48, madam," answered the agent, with just a trace of annoyance. "I have already told you that no less than six times during the last half hour."

"I know you have, sir," gently replied the motherly looking woman, "but Johnny likes to see you come to the window. He says it reminds him of the Zoo."

A Regular Nerve

A woman got on a trolley car and, finding that she had no change, handed the conductor a \$10 bill. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I haven't a nickel."

"Don't worry, lady," said the conductor, "you'll have just 199 of 'em in a minute."

—*Medley.*

A Well-Known Game

The St. Augustine inspector was testing the general knowledge of new police recruits. Slapping a half-dollar on the desk, he said sharply, "What's that?"

Instantly a voice came from the back row, "Tails, sir."

Hold Your Hat

NERVOUS PASSENGER TO TAXI DRIVER: "Hey, what makes this machine go from one side of the street to the other? This is my first ride in a taxi."

DRIVER: "You got nothing on me, this is my first job as a driver."

Poor Service

She was in a telephone booth, also in distress. Wiping away her tears, she pulled down on the hook to attract the operator's attention.

"Hello!" came that young woman's clear voice.

"H-hello," she sobbed, "I-I want my money back. Harry wouldn't speak to me."

—*Boston Transcript*

Impudent

She approached the post office window belligerently.

"I've been expecting a package containing medicine for a week, and haven't received it yet."

"Yes, madam," replied the post-office clerk. "Kindly fill in this form and state the nature of your complaint."

"Well, it's no business of yours, but if you really must know, it's rheumatism. I get it very bad across my shoulders."

—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Radio

A Bargain

"I certainly got a bargain when I bought my wireless set," said Smith.

"Are you quite sure of that?" questioned Jones.

"There's no doubt about it. After I had assembled the set I had 67 parts left over?"

No Argument

"I'm so glad that summer is coming," announced Jane.

"Yes," replied her mother, "Summer is lovely with the flowers and birds and soft breezes."

"It isn't that," said Jane. "It isn't that at all."

"Then what is it?"

"Why," answered Jane, with an air of vast superiority, "in the summer time one is sure it's static."

Not About Antennas

"Ariel," that Frenchman's story of the life of Shelley, has been a popular book so that the young lady in the public library was not surprised when a man called for it, but when it was handed to him he looked at it carefully and asked, "What kind of a book is this?"

She explained, and he very courteously but firmly said, "Take it back. I thought it was a book about radio!"

Evading Daddy

Betty and Bobbie were operating the radio. Suddenly from Betty came a scream of delight. "Listen!" she cried, "I have San Francisco and that's where mother said daddy would be today."

Bobbie paled a little, but he stood his ground. "Turn that dial," he commanded firmly. "What's the matter with you? Don't you know I broke a window pane today?"

Explanation

The crooked radio dealer, who also was a "radio bug," died suddenly. When he arrived below, Satan conducted him to a room that was filled with radio sets of every description. Satan left and said he'd be back in a few minutes. The dealer started to turn the dials on first one set and then the other, but he heard nothing. Every set seemed to be properly hooked up, but he couldn't produce a sound.

When Satan returned, the disgusted radio fan asked him, "What in Sam Hill's the matter with all of these sets? None of 'em will work."

Said Satan: "That's the Hell of it."

Ho, Hum!

"Gosh! I heard a tiresome talk last night," remarked the first radio nut.

"Why didn't you tune out and try for some other station?" asked the second ditto.

"No chance. Station WIFE was doing the broadcasting."

There Are Plenty of Them

"Say, Bill, what was that music I heard coming from your house last night?"

"Music? Shucks, that wasn't no music. That was the radio!"

Inside Antenna

Mrs. Alden was proceeding through the house with her new maid on a tour of inspection. She halted in one corner and, pointing to a cobweb, said, "Have you seen this?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the new maid. "That was there when I come—something to do with your radio ain't it?"

But So Different

TELLER: "It's just the same as it always was, only it's different now."

ASKER: "How's that? Elucidate!"

TELLER: "Life is just one hook-up after another. It used to be our wives' dresses, and now it's radio sets."

Beats the Band

"So your daddy's got a radio now, has he?" the minister asked the little son of one of his church members. "I expect you will stay at home now to listen, instead of coming to hear me preach," he added, with a smile.

"No," said the youngster, with deliberation, "I sha'nt. I shall come to your church 'cos I like to hear your teeth go 'click-click.'"

—*Fenton News.*

Standing By

The telephone rang in the radio store and was answered by the clerk.

"Will you please send your man to fix my radio? I can't get anything on it."

"The reason for your trouble, madam, is that there is an SOS on the air."

"SOS? Why, what does that mean?"

"Ship in distress."

"Dear me, isn't that too bad! Well, if I can be of any assistance please let me know."

—*New York Evening World.*

A la Radio

Passenger, feeling queer while visiting ship's radio room, "Oh, operator, I feel an attack of sea-sickness coming on. What shall I do?"

OPERATOR: "Just stand by, lady, for further announcements."

When Revere Broadcasted

NEUTRADYNE: "Did you know that Paul Revere was the first man to invent radios?"

REFLEX: "No, Howzat?"

NEUTRADYNE: "Why, he broadcasted with one plug!"

Usually One Dollar

PURCHASER: "What is the charge for this battery?"

RADIO DEALER: "One and one-half volts."

PURCHASER: "Well, how much is that in American money?"

The Acid Test

ROUND-SHOULDERED MAN: "I'll pay you for this battery when I get straightened out."

BATTERY MAN: "Oh, no; we sell for cash only."

R. S. M.: "Well, it says 'Batteries Charged' in your window."

A Practical Fan

The hour was approaching when the suburban train was due to leave for the city, and Mrs. Gripps was growing anxious.

"Dear," she warned her husband, "you'll have to leave that radio if you expect to catch the train."

"I know it," he replied calmly. "I'm just waiting for the correct time."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

So Would We

BILL: "I got a new kick out of my radio last night."

PHIL: "How come?"

BILL: "The wind blew my aerial onto the high-tension power line."

Not the Loud Speaker

HUSBAND: "Dear, will you please turn off the radio?"

WIFE: "But it isn't on, dear. Now, as I was saying—"

He Will Be

"So your husband has taken your radio all apart?" said Mrs. Suburbs. "Is he an expert?"

"Not yet," replied Mrs. Saylor. "He hasn't got it back together."

—*Life.*

Worse Than Baseball

HE: "Now, my dear, since I've fully explained the radio set to you, are there any questions?"

SHE: "Yes, I am curious to know how often they read the wavemeter."

—*Radio News.*

Railroad Stories

Oil Can Ran Dry

At a local railway siding a man asked the foreman if there was a vacancy.

"What can you do?" asked the foreman.

"Anything," replied the man.

"All right," answered the foreman; "take this oilcan and oil the points and crossings up the line."

After an absence of three days the foreman received a telegram which read: "Dear Sir,—Arrived at Liverpool. Please forward more oil."

A Bit Difficult

There was a dear li'l pink baby on the train and the elderly man evinced much interest and stopped to peek-a-boo at it. "A fine youngster," said he to the young mother. "I hope you will bring him up to be an upright and conscientious man."

"Yes," smiled the fond mother, "but I'm afraid it is going to be a bit difficult, as—"

"Oh, nonsense," continued the adviser; "as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined."

"I know it," agreed the mother; "but this twig is bent on being a girl, and we are inclined to let it go at that."

—*Vancouver Province.*

Effective Help

A green brakeman on the Colorado Mudline was making his first trip up Ute Pass. They were going up a very steep grade and with unusual difficulty the engineer succeeded in reaching the top. At the station, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakemen and said, with a sigh of relief, "I tell you what, my lad, we had a job to get up there, didn't we?"

"We certainly did," said the new man, "and if I hadn't put on the brakes we'd have slipped back."

—*Everybody's.*

Nobody's Business

CONDUCTOR: "How old are you, my little girl?"

LITTLE BOSTON GIRL: "If the Railroad company doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and to keep my own statistics."

Salesman

No Singles

The clerk's temper was plainly suffering from the effects of the heat. Selling footwear is a trying occupation when the mercury is attempting to gush out of the thermometer.

The portly woman who entered the shop was in the throes of a violent attack of hay fever. Her distress was acute.

"I want—ash-oo," she began, "I want—ash—oo—ash-oo."

The man frowned.

"I want—ash-oo!" she struggled bravely, "I want—ash-oo!"

The man's short stock of temper came to an end with startling rapidity.

"Can't be done, madam," he said. "We sell them only in pairs."

Couldn't Be Bought

"I want to buy some earrings for my wife's Christmas."

"Herrings?" inquired the deaf floorwalker.

"No, earrings—for the ear, you know."

"For to hear, oyeh. Got some nice ear-oil, next counter."

"No, earrings—ear ornaments, you know."

"Oh, ear armament! Headgear sport department, fourth floor."

"Earrings, I said. You wear them on the lobe of your ear!"

"'Love of the Year,' oyeh, that's a new book. Books, fifth floor."

And he wondered why the man fainted.

Who Wouldn't

A young lady who wanted to keep up to the latest style went into a dry goods store and called for a pair of rolled hose. The clerk was quite equal to the occasion—with a little to spare. Said he quite pleasantly, "Have a seat, Miss. We roll them free of charge."

—*Bro. Baker.*

Enterprise

"Yes," said the man in the ancient overcoat with bulging pockets, "Bill and me are in partnership, but we don't carry the same goods."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Bill goes around sellin' a stove polish that leaves a stain on the fingers, and I go around next day to the same houses with the only soap that'll take it off."

—*Haversack.*

No Terminal Facilities

He was selling meat-slicing machines and his first canvass was a Dutch butcher. He started right off with a demonstration, slicing diligently at the slab of bacon until it all had been cut. Then he turned to the butcher and asked, "What do you think of 'er? Some machine, eh?"

The butcher, eyes shining and his face wreathed in smiles, slapped his hands approvingly and said, "Py gollies! Dot's fine! Dot's a great t'ing. Effry butcher in dis town should have vun."

Then elapsed a period during which neither spoke. The salesman placed another slab of bacon in the machine and repeated the demonstration. Then he turned again to the butcher. "Don't you think that's a time saver—a real investment?"

"Sure! Dot's de stuff, all right."

"You think it's a good thing for you?"

"Sure! Dot's de perries."

"You know you need it, don't you?"

"Sure! I should say so."

"Well, why don't you buy it?"

"Vell, vy don't you ask me?"

The Fresh Thing

A stout woman drove up to a filling station.

"I want two quarts of oil," she said.

"What kind, heavy?" asked the attendant.

"Say, young man, don't get fresh with me," was the indignant response.

—*Iowa Frivol.*

Trained in College

"Have you had any experience in salesmanship?" asked a sales manager of a college graduate applying for a job.

"Oh, yes," replied he, confidently, "I assisted for two years in selling the seats for the Yale-Harvard football game."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

At the Animal Store

The sweet young thing entered the office of the fashionable dog kennels and tripped up to the handsome young man at the desk.

"I want a pet," she cooed.

"I'd love to," he answered sadly, "but the boss is awfully strict."

Careless

Two traveling salesmen went to a small town. There was only one room at the hotel, so they took this together.

About nine-thirty, one went to the room. He locked the door on the inside, threw the key over the transom, and went to sleep.

About eleven, the other salesman came up, found the key, and let himself in. Then he woke up the other salesman.

"Hey, you, what do you mean locking yourself in this way?" he said. "Don't you know there might be a fire?"

"Well, what if there was?" said the other. "I wouldn't go to it."

His Insinuation

BASHFUL YOUNG MAN (*to fair clerk in hardware store*): "I would like to see about 50 feet of your hose, please."

THE FAIR ONE: "What do you think I am, sir, a centipede?"

Well Equipped

BOSS: "Young man, do you know what they do with boys who lie?"

WILLIE: "When they get old enough the company sends them out as traveling salesmen."

Wanted "Dirt" Soap

LADY AT COUNTER: "I want a cake of soap."

YOUNG CLERK: "Yes, madam, here is Prince Domitroeo's Boudoir soap, highly milled and finely scented. This here is Madam Nix's velvet cuticle soap, while this here was named after the Prince of Wales. Which one would you prefer madam?"

LADY: "Have you any soap that will take the dirt off?"

—*Bronx Pharmacist.*

No Handicap

The crack salesman for a calendar house had been presented with a set of twins—one lower and upper row of never-before-used false teeth. He entered the office of the president of a small town bank. The president sat at his desk with his hand over his mouth. "You'll have to excuse me," he mumbled. "I've just had all my teeth pulled and I can't talk to you."

"Well, pardner," came back the breezy salesman, as he removed his own false teeth and slapped them on the table, "I don't want to take any advantage of you. Let's start even!"

—*Ed. Chat.*

On His Toes

The late William Archer, the English critic and dramatist, visited America during the run of his one and only success, "The Green Goddess," and a lady at tea asked him how he liked our country. He answered, "Your efficiency amazes me. There was a funeral the other day out in Arizona, in the town of Hot Dog, and while the minister was preaching the funeral sermon two shots were fired in quick succession in the street outside.

"The undertaker tiptoed forth. In a minute or two he tiptoed back again with a bland smile on his face.

"'I secured both them funerals,' he whispered to the chief mourner."

—*Hardware Dealers' Magazine.*

Just Checking Up

The wearied and haggard clerk had been kept busy so long by an importunate customer that eventually he demanded, "Madam, are you shopping here?"

"Certainly," retorted the woman.

"Oh," went on the clerk, "I thought you were taking an inventory."

—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Paving the Way

"The dealer made you pay more than this car is worth," commented the candid friend.

"I know it," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I'm selling him a piece of property, and I want to convey the impression that I am guileless and easy."

—*Washington Star.*

A Suggestion

The shopper had nearly everything hauled down from the shelves.

"I don't see just the right thing," she decided, at last. "I want to surprise my husband on his birthday."

"Well," suggested the exhausted clerk, "why don't you hide behind the door and shout 'Boo!' at him?"

—*Pennsylvania Farmer.*

Detachable Legend

"So this is the old settee you told me you had picked up at such a bargain price?" said the caller. "My dear, it's a perfect treasure! It looks as if there might be some real old legend connected with it."

"Well there was," replied the hostess, "but at the price I offered the dealer said he would have to keep the legend and connect it with an antique bedstead he had."

An Old One Revamped

WOMAN CUSTOMER (*after the clerk had pulled down all but one of the blankets on the shelves*): "I don't really want to buy a blanket today. I was only looking for a friend."

CLERK: "Well, madam, if you think he's hiding in the other one, I'll gladly take it down for you."

This Rapid Age

"Is that a genuine antique?"

"Yes," replied the dealer.

"Why, here's a mark that indicates it was made only twenty years ago."

"We are living in a very rapid age, madam. It doesn't take nearly as long to make an antique as it used to."

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

School and College

A Practical Answer

"If I cut a beefsteak in two," asked the teacher, "and then cut the halves in two, what do I get?"

"Quarters," returned the boy.

"Good. And then again?"

"Eighths."

"Correct. Again?"

"Sixteenths."

"Exactly. And what then?"

"Thirty-seconds."

"And once more?"

"Hamburger," cried the boy impatiently.

A General Idea

A teacher instructing her pupils in the use of the hyphen, asked them to give her an example of its use, and the word bird-cage was submitted by a small boy.

"That's right," she encouragingly remarked. "Now, tell me why we put a hyphen in bird-cage."

"It's for the bird to sit on," was the startling reply.

—*The Furrow.*

Unprepared

On the whole he was a decent little Britisher, but, as he had an unfortunate predilection for cricket, it is not astonishing that he should occasionally have played truant from school to indulge in his favorite sport. But, alas, he was always found out, and the consequences were always dire.

One day, however, he hit on a bright idea. Going to a telephone, he called up his teacher and, assuming a deep, mature voice, explained that his son would be unable to attend school that day.

"Thank you very much for the message," courteously replied the teacher. "Who is it speaking?"

The query somewhat staggered the small delinquent. "Er—this is my father speaking," he faltered lamely.

The Difference

The teacher was trying to explain to the class what she meant by subtraction.

"For instance," said she, "you can't take three marbles from two tops or four pencils from three books, you see."

"No," said the sharp lad of the class, "but I can take six eggs from two hens in three days."

Then teacher collapsed.

$$6 + 4 + 1 = 11$$

The teacher asked the class to write down 11 antarctic animals. Jimmy Jones quickly wrote down his answer and took up his slate to the teacher's desk. This is what she read: "Six seals, four polar bears and one walrus."

Eggscuse Inuff

A teacher received from the mother of one of her pupils the following excuse for his absence:

"Dere mum. please eggscuse Monty, he didn't have but one pair of trousers and I kep 'im home to wash thum and Mrs. Boyles goat come and et them orf of the line and that awt to bee eggscuse inuff goodness nose. With respeck. —Mrs. B—."

Easy Enough

One day a school teacher told her class to write an essay on "Income Tax."

A small boy taxed his brain to the utmost, and at length he wrote the following:

"I have a dog, his name is Tax, I opened the door, and income Tax."

Did

A little girl had been asked to tell the story of Elisha, and her reply was: "Elisha had a bear and the children mocked him, and he said, 'If you mock me I will set my bear on you, and it will eat you up.' And they did, and he did, and it did."

Correct Be Blowed

The boy was taking an examination. He had passed most of the necessary tests and was now undergoing one to test common sense and initiative.

His examiner asked how the boy had come to the school.

"In a taxi, sir," replied the youth.

"And what was the number of that taxi, my boy?"

"Three-six-three-seven, sir!"

"That's quite O. K. You'll do," said the examiner, beaming at the elated youngster.

That evening the examiner told the story to a friend, who said, "A most observant lad. But how did you know that he was giving you the correct number?"

"Correct number be blowed!" exclaimed the examiner. "Don't you think it was smart of the boy to give me the first number that occurred to him without the slightest hesitation?"

Questionable

Clarence was home from college on his mid-year vacation, and his mother was unpacking his clothes and hanging them in the closet.

She found a pawn-ticket hanging from one of the buttons of his coat.

"Clarence, what is this tag on your coat?" she asked.

"Oh, that's a check, mother; I was at a dance and checked my coat."

Presently mother hauled out a pair of trousers and these, too, bore a tag.

"Clarence," said she, "just what kind of dance was that?"

—*Midnapore Gazette.*

Approaching Calamity

A speech-maker was telling school children in Northwestern Pennsylvania, among other things, that the cliff over which the water pours to make Niagara Falls was wearing away at the rate of about one inch in every 10 years.

One little boy commenced to bawl like a freshly weaned calf. Everything else stopped and teacher went back to investigate.

"What's the matter, Bobby?"

"I've g-g-got," sobbed the heartbroken lad, "I've got an aunt livin' in Erie."

Correct

CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR: "What can you tell me about nitrates?"

STUDENT: "Well—er—they're a lot cheaper than day rates."

Charity Begins at Home

The schoolmaster was giving his class lecture on charity.

"Willie," he said, "if I saw a boy beating an ass and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

Willie, promptly—"Brotherly love."

Undoubtedly

"If the President, Vice-President, and all the members of the cabinet should die, who would officiate?" asked the teacher.

Robert tried hard, but in vain, to think of the next in succession until a happy thought struck him. "The undertaker!" he exclaimed.

—*Acton Leader.*

Meticulous Reply

A schoolmaster met two students out for a walk when he knew they ought to be at their lessons.

Going up to them, he took out his notebook and pencil to jot down their names.

"Now, sir," he said to one of them, "what might your name be?"

"William Makepeace Thackeray, sir," answered the boy.

"What, sir! Do you mean to tell me that your name is William Makepeace Thackeray?" cried the master.

"Sir," replied the student, gravely, "you asked me what my name might be, not what it is."

Just as Bad

A teacher had written on the back of a student's paper, "Please write more legibly."

The next day the student went to her desk and asked, "What is that you wrote on the back of my theme?"

Young America

The school teacher, in trying to explain the meaning of the word "slowly," illustrated it by walking across the floor.

When she asked the class to tell her how she walked, she nearly fainted when Little Mabel shouted, "Bow-legged."

Hibernating in Summer

The teacher had been telling her pupils about the bear hibernating in the winter. After explaining it to them, she said, "Can anyone tell me of any other animal that hibernates?"

A little tot's hand went up, and the teacher said, "Well, Tommy, you may tell us of one."

"Santa Claus," said Tommy, "only he does it in the summer-time."

In the Order Named

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman were lunching together.

"By the way, did either of you go to Johnson's wedding?" inquired the Englishman. "I wasn't able to, but I sent him a coffee service for twelve people."

"I wasn't there either," said the Irishman, "but I sent a tea-set for twenty-four people. Were you there, Sandy?"

"No, I couldn't get there, but I sent Johnson a pair of sugar-tongs for a hundred people."

Lucky Thieves

Two thieves attacked a Scotchman. He put up such a stubborn fight that they began to regret their rashness. To add to their sorrows, when they finally succeeded in robbing him they found that their booty amounted to sixpence—all he had in his pockets.

"It's mighty lucky," said one, "that he didn't have a shilling. He'd have killed us."

No Authority for This

TEACHER (*in Sunday School*): "What were the Epistles?"

DUMDORA: "Wives of the Apostles."

Young America

"Ernest," said the teacher of geography, "tell what you know about the Mongolian race."

"I wasn't there," explained Ernest, hastily. "I went to the ball game."

Why Johnny Got 100

In the beginners' class at school one day, Johnny was called on to spell the word "frog." He did not know how, but after a moment's hesitation decided to make the attempt.

"F-r," he started, then stopped. Just then the boy sitting behind him stuck a pin in Johnny's leg. Johnny felt the pain and exclaimed, "Oh, gee!"

"Correct," said the teacher. "Johnny, that's the first thing you ever knew."

—*Exchange.*

Lot's Flea

"Children," said the Sunday School teacher, "this picture illustrates today's lesson. Lot was warned to take his wife and daughter and flee out of Sodom. Here are Lot and his daughter, with his wife just behind them, and there is Sodom in the background. Now, has any girl or boy a question before we take up the study of the lesson?"

"Pleathe, thir," lisped Susie, "where ith the flea?"

Words of Wisdom

"Sedentary work," said the college lecturer, "tends to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," butted in the smart student, "the more one sits, the less one can stand."

"Exactly," retorted the lecturer, "and if one lies a great deal, one's standing is lost completely."

Cute

TEACHER: "Willie, who was it that prompted you? I distinctly heard someone whisper that date."

WILLIE: "Excuse me, Miss, but I expect that it was history repeating itself."

Explained

SMITH: "What is the difference between a possum and an opossum?"

HAGGERTY: "The possum is a small fur-bearing animal found in America. The O'Possum is the Irish species of the same family."

Present Day Columbus

"Is the world round?" a schoolma'am asked the little boy.

"No'm."

"It isn't, eh? Is it flat, then?"

"No'm."

"Are you crazy, child? If the world isn't round and isn't flat, what is it?"

"Pop says it's crooked."

—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

These Modern Tendencies

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: "And Belshazzer was in the midst of his riotous orgy when, looking up, he saw the handwriting on the wall. Now, can any of you little girls and boys tell me what words he saw?"

BRIGHT BOY: "Watch your coat and hat."

—*Pullman News.*

If the Coat Fits

"Do you think that Professor Kidder meant anything by it?"

"What?"

"He advertised a lecture on 'Fools.' I bought a ticket and it said, 'Admit One.'"

She Likes Him

The teacher asked little Ruth what her father's name was.

"Daddy," she answered.

"Yes, dear," said the teacher; "but what does your mother call him?"

"She don't call him nuthin'," Ruth answered earnestly. "She likes him."

Short Course

A young woman who came to Columbia to take her degree of Doctor of Philosophy married her professor in the middle of her second year. When she announced her engagement, one of her friends said, "But, Edith, I thought you came up here to get your Ph.D?"

"So I did," replied Edith, "but I had no idea I would get him so soon."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

A Canine Vegetable

"Yes," the teacher explained, "quite a number of plants and flowers have the prefix 'dog.' For instance, the dog-rose and dog-violet are well known. Can any of you name another?"

There was silence, then a happy look illuminated the face of a boy at the back of the class.

"Please, miss," he called out, proud of his knowledge, "collie-flowers!"

—*Exchange.*

Punishment By Proxy

Little Willie arrived at school, and with him brought a letter addressed to the teacher. It was from the boy's mother, and read as follows:

"Dear Teacher: My son Willie is a very delicate, nervous and timid child, and if he should be naughty—a thing that has occurred more than once—I wish you would punish the boy next to him, for that will frighten him so that he'll behave himself."

—*London Opinion.*

Young America

The teacher gazed sorrowfully at the small boy who had stolen an apple from one of his schoolmates. "Bear in mind, James," the teacher said, "that these temptations can easily be resisted if you turn a deaf ear to them."

The boy looked solemnly at her. "But, teacher," he said, "I haven't got a deaf ear."

His Uniform Worn Out

It was at the closing exercise at a city public school and Marjorie was reading a composition of her own on "Grant's Work in the Civil War."

She was getting along fine until she started to describe Lee's surrender.

"Lee," she said, "was handsomely attired in full uniform, while Grant wore nothing but an old ragged Union suit."

—*Ex.*

Unlucky Seven

TEACHER: "Seven boys went along the road where there was an orchard full of green apples. Three had been told not to go into that orchard. How many had cramp colic next day?"

WISE PUPIL: "Seven."

Uncle Was Profane

Once in an English class the teacher assigned a composition to be written, and it had to contain 250 words. The next morning one little boy was asked to read his. This is what he had written: "My uncle was driving his new car one day and he had a puncture. . . . The other 236 words are not fit for publication."

—*Washington Post.*

Scotch

Cheap Cutlery

A Scotsman had been shown over a cutlery factory at Sheffield and on leaving was presented with a knife, worth about \$10.00.

"Give me a halfpenny for it," said the manager, "you know the old superstition—a gift of a knife cuts a friendship."

The Scot felt in his pockets. "I hav'na got a ha'penny," he replied; "only a penny."

"Sorry I can't give you change," said the manager.

"Ah, weel," said the Scot, "just tak' me penny, and give me anither knife!"

McDonald Might Suit

Some few years ago an English family rented a Scottish castle up in the highlands. It was situated near a loch, and one day, desiring to make an excursion into the nearest town, the visitors arranged for a ferry boat to take them across.

Just before their departure, however, the sky became overcast. Great black clouds hung low over the water and rain seemed imminent.

The father, fearing that his daughter might suffer from the effects of a soaking, turned to the boatman and asked:

"I say, can you tell me where I might get hold of a mackintosh for my daughter?"

The boatman rested on his oars for a moment, and then he replied: "Weel, there's no McIntosh aboot here, but a little below the heid of th' loch there's a braw McDonald, a bachelor, who might suit the young leddy."

None Too Generous

A Scottish minister was on his usual visiting rounds when he came across one of his old friends.

"And how has the world been treating you, Jock?" asked the minister.

"Very seldom!" replied Jock sadly.

One Medium Boiled

A certain Scotch farmer had a reputation among his neighbors for being rather close. One time he was called to the big city on business and somehow or other his wife prevailed upon him to take her along for the first vacation she had had in many long years of married life. They lodged in a boarding house, and the second morning the man awoke to find that the trip had been too much for his good wife, and that she was dead. He took one look at her to be sure, and then rushing to the head of the stairs, he called down to the landlady: "Mrs. Brown! Mrs. Brown!"

"Yes?" came a cheery voice from below.

"Cook only one egg this morning!"

Wise Old Sandy

"Jock, will ye sup wi' me taemorrow night?"

"Aye, Sandy, that I will, wi' pleasure."

"Guid. Then eight o'clock at your house."

—*Gaiety.*

The Bigger Loss

Three Scotchmen, McDougal, McFerson and McHenry were chums in the trenches.

One evening a shell burst over the trench where they were stationed and blew McHenry's head off.

McDougal turned to McFerson and remarked, "McHenry lost his head."

McFerson, in great excitement asked, "What are ye saying? McHenry lost his head? Where did it go to?"

"What difference does it make? It's gane," answered McDougal philosophically.

"What difference does it make?" retorted McFerson.

"Mebbe none tae ye, but he has me pipe in his mouth."

Truly a Thrifty Man

A Scotch countryman, coming to the great city and registering in the hotel, was conducted by the bell hop to his room. The Scot looked out of the window, and observing that there was a church clock just across from his room, got out his watch and stopped it.

The Safer Way

Two Highland farmers met at market, and one said to the other, "What's come over Donald lately? I haven't seen him for weeks."

"Och, have ye no' heard?" replied the other. "Puir Donald got three months in jail for stealin' a cool!"

"Oh, the big fool! Why did he no' just buy it an' no' pay for it?"

—*London Tid-Bits.*

Somewhat Obfuscated

The market day was wearing late when Tam emerged somewhat unsteadily from the inn door, cranked up his car, and slightly overshooting the mark, planted himself solemnly in the back seat.

The watchful village policeman approached him and said, in kindly tones, "Noo, Tammas, ye'll need to come out of that, ye're not fit to drive."

"Mind yer ain business," was the rejoinder, and then in magisterial tones Tammas proceeded, "It would suit ye better to catch the chiel that's stolen my driving wheel."

—*The Isis.*

Too Literal

Two Highlanders met, and the following conversation took place.

SANDY: "Well, Donald, an' how's Hughie?"

DONALD: "Haven't spoken to 'im for a fortnight."

SANDY: "An' how's this?"

DONALD: "Well, he was pourin' me out a dram, an' I said 'Stop,' and 'e stop it; that's the Hughie for ye."

A Mouthful for Bossy

A Scotsman had been promised a present of a new hat.

Before it was bought the donor called and asked, "Would you rather have a felt or a straw hat, McPherson?"

"Well," said the latter, "I think I'll take a straw one. Maybe it will be a mouthful for the coo when I'm done wi' it."

—*London Tit-Bits.*

Golf—North o' the Tweed

Malcolm McTavish was a golf addict. He could drive a wee sma' ba' with the same efficiency with which he could drive a bargain, and he could break a hundred easier than he could break a sixpence.

At the club house he looked over the line of caddies and finally picked out a small freckled youngster. The boy was engaged in counting his pennies, and McTavish took an immediate liking to him. But McTavish was a canny Scot, and an exacting task-master.

"Laddie, are ye onny guid at findin' the balls?" he asked.

"Richt grand, Mister-r-r McTavish," the boy replied, and McTavish continued:

"Well, aw richt, me bonnie laddie. Gang awa oot an' find a ball an' we'll start the game."

—From Eric Charleson.

A Limb for a Limb

A Cockney angler, thinking his Highland boatman was not treating him with the respect due to his station, expostulated thus, "Look here, my good man, you don't seem to grasp who I am. Do you know that my family has been entitled to bear arms for the last two hundres years?"

"Hoots! that's naething," was the reply. "My ancestors have been entitled to bare legs for the last two thousand years."

—Cornish Arms Bulletin.

Absolute Proof

BROWN: "Do you think the dead can communicate with us?"

BLACK: "I know they can't. Once I borrowed a dollar from a Scotchman. A week later he died, and I haven't heard a word since."

There Is a Difference

Dr. Tehyi Hsieh, well-known Chinese resident of Boston, captures his audience with a story of Chinese and Scotch canoes. "They are pretty much alike," says Dr. Hsieh, "the only difference being that Chinese canoes will tip."

Breaking It Gently

While working on a scaffold in Glasgow, a man slipped and fell to the ground. He was picked up, and another man went off to warn his wife of his arrival home.

"I hae a sad duty tae perform, Mrs. MacDonald," he began, sympathetically. "Yer husband—"

"Is he off on the spree again?" demanded Mrs. Macdonald.

"Na. He's—"

"Mebbe he's got intae jail again?"

"Na, na. He's fa'en off the scaffolding an' broken his leg."

"An' why dae ye come roon' here wi' a face like a lum, and scare a puir body near to death, making her think something awfu' had happened?" cried the woman angrily. "Jist ye bring him hame, and tak' care naethin' fa's oot o' his pockets!"

Accomodating

"I don't see why jokes about our race being so close are continually being published," remarked a young Scotchman. "We are not close, just thrifty."

"I think it's a shame, myself," agreed the Irishman with whom he was walking.

They proceeded in silence until they drew near a tobacco shop. "Come in and have a cigar," invited the Irishman.

They stepped inside. The Irishman put his hand in his pocket, then withdrew it with an exclamation. "By Jove," said he, "I left my money at home."

"Well, the day is young," commented the Scot. "I don't mind walking back with you to get it."

—*Country Gentleman.*

When He Was Ready

An old Scotchman, David Gordon, was seriously ill, with scant hope for recovery. He had been wheedled into making a will by relatives, and these were now gathered about his bedside watching him laboriously sign it. He got as far as D-A-V-I—then fell back exhausted.

"D, Uncle David, D," exhorted a nephew.

"Dee!" ejaculated the old Scot, feebly, but with indignation. "I'll dee when I'm ready, ye avaricious wretch!"

—*The Forest.*

Team Work

Three Scotchmen were in church one Sunday morning when the minister made a strong appeal for some very worthy cause, hoping that everyone in the congregation would give at least one dollar or more. The three Scots became very nervous as the collection plate neared them, when one of them fainted and the other two carried him out.

Saving the Pennies

Sandy McTavish, proprietor of a corner confectionery, was the proud owner of a new cash register. One day, when an old friend came into the shop and bought a five-cent cigar, the customer noted that Sandy pocketed the money instead of putting it into the drawer.

"Why not ring it up?" he asked. "You'll be forgetting it."

"Oh, I'll nae forget it," replied the wary Scot. "Ye ken I keep track in mah head until I get a dollar, an' then I ring it up. It saves the wear-r and tear-r on the machine."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

A Little Bit of Scotch

ALEC: "I saw ye at the bank, yesterday."

DONALD: "Aye."

ALEC: "Did ye put in some money?"

DONALD: "Nae."

ALEC: "Did ye take out some money?"

DONALD: "Nae."

ALEC: "Then ye borrit some money?"

DONALD: "Nae."

ALEC: "Then what did ye?"

DONALD: "I fillit me fountain pen."

No Sleep, No Pay

A canny Scot was fast asleep in his hotel and dreaming of the "land o' cakes and bonnie braes," when he was awakened by a loud tapping at the door.

"Wha's there?" he demanded in a sleepy voice.

"Quick, quick, sir!" shouted the page. "Get up! The hotel's on fire!"

"On fire, is it? Well, mind ye, laddie, if I do get up, I winna pay for the bed!"

A Slander

Secretary T. R. P. Gibb said at a banquet of the Order of Scottish Clans in Boston:

"We Scots are a tenacious people—not tenacious, though, in the sense of the slot machine anecdote.

"A practical joker, according to this slanderous anecdote, once put a placard on a penny-in-the-slot machine:

"'Push hard enough and you will get your penny back.'

"The next morning the joker, grieved and dismayed, took down his placard in great haste, for at the foot of the machine a burly Scot lay dead."

The Sensational Dog

"Yes, you're right," said the lover of dogs. "Dogs do have understanding. There's a legend about a Scotsman who told his wife that he'd decided to give his collie away. The dog heard him, ran away and never returned."

"It came to me differently," said his companion. "The dog overheard the conversation, curled up in the corner and died of shame."

"Died of shame?"

"That's it. He realized that anything a Scotsman would give away must be utterly worthless."

—*Los Angeles Times*

Sea

A Lost Art

A young artist was given permission by the captain of a large ship to get on a staging, slung over the side, for the purpose of obtaining a better view of another vessel which he wanted to paint.

It was not long after that the captain got into the ship's boat and shouted up to the deck, "Let go the painter!"—the painter being a rope by which the boat is made fast to the ship.

The order not being obeyed promptly, he shouted again, "Let go the painter!"

Instantly a voice replied, "He's gone, sir; brushes, paint and all!"

Mr. Jones Is It

In describing the New Englander's desire to have everything just right, Governor Cox told the story of a Boston wizard of finance who had a beautiful place on the South Shore. "It was his desire when he went there," said Governor Cox, "to have everything arranged for his convenience and his comfort.

"One afternoon he went down on the train, and as he alighted the captain of his yacht, who met him at the station, was asked, 'What time can you get the yacht under way?' The captain said, 'Any time you say, Mr. Jones.' 'What time can I have dinner aboard?' 'Any time you say, sir.' 'By the way, what time is it high tide to-night?' 'Any time you say, Mr. Jones.'"

—*Outlook.*

She Trained Him

"I'd like to be cremated, but I'm sure my wife wouldn't like it."

"Why so?"

"She's always complaining about my leaving my ashes around."

No Need to Worry

"I wish you could assure me," said a nervous old lady, approaching the captain of an excursion boat, "that this vessel would be able to come safely through a storm."

"Lady," proudly asserted the grizzled skipper, "this old craft has come safe through so many storms that half her timbers is unj'inted."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

The Kernel

"What do you think of that new brand of cigar I gave you? It's 'The Colonel,' you know."

"Well, well, how appropriate! There's something about that cigar that's suggestive of a colonel."

"What's that?"

"It's rank."

The Gargling Gob

Capt. George Fried of the Roosevelt was talking to a reporter about the hardships of the sea.

"I know a sailorman," he said, "who has suffered for years from chronic sore throat and the other day he consulted a specialist.

"The specialist examined him and said, 'I am a great believer in simple remedies. Have you ever tried salt water gargling?'

"'Well,' said the sailorman, with a modest cough, 'I've been torpedoed seven times and shipwrecked five.'"

—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Smoker

Or Asbestos Uniform

"How do you like that cigar I gave you, old man. For 200 bands off that brand they give you a phonograph."

"You don't say! If I smoked 200 of those cigars I wouldn't want a phonograph! I'd want a harp."

—*Toronto Globe.*

The Fifth Child

"Have a cigar?" said the man with the smiling face.

"Don't mind if I do," said his friend. "But what's the occasion? Why this lavish display?"

"O, I've got an addition to the family," was the answer.

"You don't say so? Congratulations!" said the other man, enthusiastically, as he put a match to his cigar. After a few puffs he observed, "About the fifth child, I should say."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Snappy Retorts

Crossed Swords

When women are witty their wit is apt to take an acrid turn.

Two young women were lunching together.

"There goes George Kincaid," said the first. "What a flatterer he is!"

"Why?" asked the second girl. "Did he say you were pretty?"

"No," the first answered, "he said you were."

Quite Probable

A woman lately wrote an editor of the personal columns, and said, "I have lost three husbands and now have an offer of a fourth. Shall I accept him?"

The reply came, "If you have lost three husbands I should say you are too careless to be trusted with a fourth."

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Her Feet or His?

"My!" exclaimed Oscar at the barnwarming, "this floor's awfully slippery. It's hard to keep on your feet."

"Oh!" replied the fair partner, sarcastically, "then you were really trying to keep on my feet? I thought it was purely accidental."

Doubting Thomas

The speaker on the fourth dimension had asked the audience to question anything they couldn't understand. Suddenly, a man rose to his feet, and, in a loud voice, remarked, "The trouble with you occults is that you believe in things you can't see. I don't. I am a man of common sense."

"Oh, are you!" retorted the speaker without hesitation. "Well, let us believe the things we can see. Put your common sense on the table, and then we'll believe you have it."

Fond Memories

The mild-looking man walked into the commercial room at the hotel and forgot to close the door behind him. According to the *Boston Globe*, this is what happened:

"Shut that door!" yelled the rough-looking stranger in the arm-chair. "Where were you brought up? In a barn?"

The mild little man complied. On looking up a moment later, the rough man noticed that he was in tears. Going over to his victim, he apologized.

"Oh, come," he said soothingly, "you shouldn't take it to heart because I asked you if you were brought up in a barn."

"That's it, that's it," sobbed the little man, "I was brought up in a barn and it makes me homesick every time I hear an ass bray!"

An Appreciation

A male quartet was singing plantation melodies at a concert. As the melodies went on, a man in a front seat was seen to wipe his eyes furtively, and a few minutes later he burst into tears.

The manager of the quartet slipped around and touched him on the shoulder.

"My dear sir," he said, "our quartet deeply appreciates the compliment you have paid it by this display of emotion. You are a southerner, no doubt?"

"No," sobbed the man, "I am a musician."

—*Boston Globe*

Made the Skin Tender

A priest went into a barber shop conducted by one of his Irish parishioners to get a shave. He observed that the barber was suffering from a recent celebration, but decided to take a chance. In a few moments the barber's razor had nicked the father's cheek.

"There, Pat, you have cut me," said the priest, as he raised his hand and caressed the wound.

"Yis, y'r riv'rence," answered the barber.

"That shows you," continued the priest, in a tone of censure, "what the use of liquor will do."

"Yis, y'r riv'rence," replied the barber humbly, "it makes the shkin tender."

She Knew About Board

"Madam," said the peripatetic purist to a landlady in a rural town, "I see you advertise table board."

"I do."

"But why specify table board? What other kind of board is there?"

"Stable board," was the sharp reply. "You ain't the first jackass that's been along."

Biblical Repartee

A minister who had been invited to preach in a country church one Sunday, was annoyed to find the room so dark that his eyes could hardly penetrate the gloom. Beckoning to one of the deacons, he asked him to open the blinds and let in more light.

"We expect light from you," the deacon remarked facetiously.

"But I must get it from heaven first," was the quick rejoinder.

Mutually Mistaken

A pompous man missed his silk handkerchief and accused an Irishman of stealing it. After some confusion the man found the handkerchief in his pocket and apologized for having accused the Irishman.

"Never mind at all," said the latter. "Ye thought I was a thafe and I thought you was a gentleman, an' we were both mistaken."

Deserved a Citation

The elderly and somewhat shrewish daughter of a general finally received a proposal of marriage from a subaltern.

This she announced to her father.

"Dad, Filbert has proposed to me. He's only a second lieutenant. Now you must do something for him."

"I can't promote him over the heads of others," responded Dad soothingly, "but I might have him cited for gallantry."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Sarcasm

LECTURER (*to committeeman*): "May I have a pitcher of water on the platform table?"

COMMITTEEMAN: "To drink?"

LECTURER: "No; to do a high diving act."

The State of Ignorance

REPORTER: "And in what state were you born, professor?"

PROFESSOR: "Unless my recollection fails me, in a state of ignorance."

REPORTER (*scribbling*): "Yes, to be sure, and how long have you lived there?"

—*Baker Orange.*

Not To Be Browbeaten

A man traveling on a transcontinental train left his seat in the dining car, just after he had ordered his meal, to get something he had left in his compartment. On returning, he found an overdressed woman in his place, in spite of the fact that he had placed a magazine there. When he politely informed her that the seat had been taken by him, she turned on him with flashing eyes. "Sir," she exclaimed, haughtily, "do you know that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"My dear madam," he replied, "if you were the director's only wife I should still ask for my seat."

No Lack

"Did you fall?" asked a man rushing to the rescue of a woman who slipped on an icy pavement.

"Oh, no," she said. "I just sat down here to see if I could find any four-leaf clovers."

—*The Way.*

More Acid

FIRST ACTRESS: "When I came on the stage the audience simply sat there, open-mouthed."

SECOND ACTRESS: "Oh, nonsense! They never all yawn at once."

A Mere Man

A member of Parliament, who was a staunch advocate of sex equality, sat next to a very clever woman at a dinner party, and in reply to a remark of hers, said, "My dear lady, I go further than believing in woman suffrage. I maintain that man and woman are equal in every way."

"Oh," said the woman, sweetly, "now you're boasting!"

Pointed

Said the club bore, "Oh, dear, I wonder how long I've been talking; my watch has stopped."

Said the unwilling audience, "You'll find a calendar in the hall."

Sour Grapes

SHE: "I'm going to sell kisses at the charity bazaar to-night. Do you think a dollar each is too much to charge for them?"

HE: "No. People expect to get cheated at these affairs."

When Father Was Nabbed

THE FATHER: "Your mother never dressed to catch a husband the way you girls in Coral Gables do today."

HIS DAUGHTERS (*in unison*): "No, but look what she got!"

Climatic Problem

A clergyman once attacked Wendell Phillips for causing what he called an unfriendly agitation in one part of the country about an evil that existed in another part. "Why do you not go South and kick up this fuss, and leave the North in peace?" exclaimed the accuser.

Mr. Phillips was not in the least ruffled, but said smilingly, "You, sir, are a minister of the Gospel, are you not?"

"I am, sir."

"And your calling is saving souls from hell?"

"Exactly."

"Well, then, why don't you go there?"

—*Boston Transcript.*

Precisely

A minister, while passing a group of convicts at work on the county roads, became very much depressed at the wickedness of the world.

"My good men," he exhorted, "we should strive to mend our ways."

"Well, wot you think we're doin'," asked No. 3289, "diggin' fish-worms?"

—*Carolina Buccaneer.*

Tit for Tat

"I think," she said, as she came into the room, "that I will give that parrot away."

"Yes," replied the young man, who was calling; "it would only be tit for tat. It has been doing as much for you."

Not Even Skin Deep

"I must admit, my dear, that women are more beautiful than men."

"Naturally."

"No, artificially."

She Was Selected

FIRST LITTLE GIRL (*in quarrelsome mood*): "Yah! you haven't got any real parents. You're only adopted."

SECOND LITTLE GIRL: "That's so. My parents chose me. Yours had to put up with what was sent."

The Duke Merely Smiled

"What do you think?" said Percy. "The Duke smiled at me today."

"That's nothing," said his flapper friend. "The first time I saw you I thought I would go into hysterics."

Trifling Matter

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the reply.

Glad He Didn't Call

Ross, a great bore, strolled into the club one day.

The smoking room was full, and, wishing to appear on terms of close friendship with an important man, he addressed him before all the members present.

"Hello!" Ross began familiarly, "I passed your house yesterday!"

The other man looked at him. "Thank you very much," he said quietly.

Tit for Tat

"Dear Clara," wrote the young man, "Pardon me, but I'm getting so forgetful! I proposed to you last night but really forget whether you said yes or no."

"Dear Will," she replied, "So glad to hear from you. I knew I said yes to someone last night, but I had forgotten just who it was."

Cleverly Turned

For some months two men who were political enemies had not been on speaking terms. One day they met face to face on a narrow pavement which only afforded room for one pedestrian at a time.

"Sir," said one of them, drawing himself up to his full height, "I never give way to fools."

"Don't you?" responded the other cheerily. "I always do," and immediately stepped into the road.

Friends No Longer

SHE (*naively*): "A little bird told me what kind of a lawyer your father was."

HE: "What did he say?"

"Cheep, cheep!"

"Well, a duck told me what kind of a doctor your father was."

Another Bluff Called

MAID: "No, ma'am, Mrs. Hughes is out."

VISITOR: "How fortunate! When I saw her peeping through the curtains as I came up the path, I was afraid she would be in."

'Nth Degree

"Is he lazy?"

"Lazy? Say, that fellow rides in a Ford car to save himself the effort of knocking the ashes off his cigar."

—*N. Y. C. Lines Magazine.*

Caustic, Very!

She insisted hotly that, economy or no economy, a new frock she must have, and he, with equal warmth, declined to produce the cash.

"I'll never speak to you again!" she snorted angrily.

"How like a woman," he sighed. "When everything else fails, you try bribery!"

—*World's Pictorial News.*

Freshenfresher

A fresh sheik called one Sunday. Her little sister, who hated him, opened the door.

"Is May in?" he asked.

"May who?" said the little sister.

"Mayonnaise," was the fresh answer.

"Ah—Mayonnaise is dressing," said the little sister, as she slammed the door. "You can call later."

—*Retail Grocer's Advocate.*

No Trade

A woman's exchange in St. Louis was managed at one time by a lady of uncertain age, noted neither for pulchritude nor amiability. A lank Missourian walking by, noticed the sign, studied it awhile, grinned and sauntered in. In an instant the manager was facing him asking rather acidly what he wanted.

"This the Woman's Exchange?" he drawled.

"It is," she snapped.

"An' air you the woman?" he persisted.

"I am," she replied in an exasperated tone.

He looked at her again and edged toward the door. Safe in the doorway he remarked, "Wall, I thought, ptu—we might do business, ptu—but I reckon I'll just keep Sal."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Needed a Map

Billy Sunday stopped a newsboy in a city where he was conducting a revival and inquired the way to the post office.

"Up one block and turn to the right," said the boy.

"You seem a bright little fellow," said Sunday. "Do you know who I am?"

"Nope!"

"I'm Billy Sunday, and if you come to my meeting tonight I'll show you the way to heaven."

"Aw, go on!" answered the youngster; "you didn't even know the way to the post office."

—*Wall Street Journal*.

Mutual Admiration

RASSMANN: "Make a good hearse; that car of yours!"

WEISE: "Happy to take you riding any time."

Yes, Where Is It?

CINEMA ACTOR: "Yes, laddie, when I was young my father offered me five thousand pounds not to become an actor."

FRIEND: "And what did you do with the money?"

—*Pacific Mutual*.

Village Repartee

SI: "Yep, I had a beard like yours once, and when I realized how it made me look I cut it off, b'gosh."

HI: "Well, I hed a face like yours once and when I realized thet I couldn't cut it off I grew this beard, by heck."

Classified

Mrs. Muggs had the reputation among tradesman of quibbling over the fraction of a cent, and she was living up to it in her argument with the ice-man.

"Is that all the ice I get for 10 cents?" she demanded peevishly.

"Don't worry, lady," he replied as patiently as possible. "Some day you might be in a place where you couldn't buy this piece for \$1,000,000."

—*American Legion Weekly*.

Sports

Other Ways

A weedy young man attended a boxing academy to take lessons in the noble art.

A few moments after they had begun the first bout, the instructor floored his pupil with a neat half-hook.

"I say," spluttered the learner, as he struggled to rise, "is it necessary to knock me down like this?"

"Bless yer 'eart, no, sir," grinned the old pugilist. "Stand up and I'll show yer a dozen other ways."

A Good Reason

Two novices were enjoying a round of golf. One player sliced into a huge bunker, and after some time, when he failed to appear, his opponent went in search of him.

The latter was found seated on a hummock outside the bunker, which showed signs of heavy attack.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed the other.

"Oh, it's all right, old man," replied the beginner. "But my niblick's got a bit overheated."

—*Chicago News.*

Alpha and Omega

"Ah shuah pity you," said a colored pugilist to his opponent as they squared off. "Ah was bohn with boxin' gloves on."

"Maybe you was," retorted the other; "and ah reckon you's goin' to die de same way."

Bet His Shirt Before

"I've put your clean shirt on the clothes horse, darling," said his wife as she prepared to go out.

"Very well, dear," answered the husband, who was an inveterate gambler, "very well, what odds did you get?"

Served Him Right

"In the second preliminary," says a boxing story, "a new-comer to Long Island City fans named Limbourg and weighing 198 pounds was badly outpointed."

Good enough for him! The big cheese!

Wrong Impression

"I'm getting up a little poker game, Major," invited the friend. "Would you like to join us?"

"Sir, I do not play poker."

"I'm sorry. I was under the impression that you did."

"I was once under that impression myself, sir."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

Literal Truth

"John," observed his wife, in a rather ominous voice, "I found some very queer-looking tickets in your desk this morning."

"Did you, dear?" replied John, innocently.

"Yes. One of them said, 'Ptolemy, 100 to 7.' What does that mean?"

"Oh, that concerns my archaeological studies, my dear," responded John. "Relic of a lost race. Gone, but not forgotten!"

—*Los Angeles Times.*

The Fisherman Was Human

Squire Perkins had stopped on the footbridge to watch his neighbor who was fishing from the bank.

"Caught anything?" inquired the squire.

"Nope," was the reply.

"Had any bites?"

"Nope."

"How long you been fishing?"

"Since breakfast."

"Well," remarked the squire, "can't be very good fishing around here."

"'Tain't," admitted the fisherman, "but it's a heap sight better'n no fishin' at all."

Sahib Shot Divinely

An Englishman, notorious for his poor marksmanship had returned from a long hunting trip, but was reticent as to how he had fared. A friend, curious to know the facts, inquired of a Hindu that had accompanied the hunter.

"Oh," replied the polite Hindu, "the young sahib shot divinely. But Providence was very merciful to the birds."

Our English Cousins

Things were not going very well in the Warmshire Ladies' football match. To begin with, the captains were both good-looking and, only naturally, hated each other from the first, and when a dispute arose they decided to settle it themselves.

Becoming more and more excited, they literally hurled invective at each other, heedless of the presence and undoubted authority of the referee.

"You're a fool!" shrieked one captain at last.

"And you're a bigger one!" retorted the other.

For a moment there was silence. Then the referee spoke.

"Now that the captains have identified one another," said he, "we will proceed with the game."

—*London Answers.*

On All Teams

Head Coach Lou Young of the University of Pennsylvania was talking about a certain football player.

"He reminds me of a story," said Mr. Young. "It's a story about a farmer's wife who bragged at the sewing circle that her son now played on his college football team.

"What's he play?" a second farmer's wife asked.

"Drawback," said his mother proudly."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Dispatch.*

Both of Them Truthful

MILTON (*describing a catfish*): "The trout was so long—I tell you I never saw such a fish!"

IRVING: "No. I don't suppose you ever did."

—*Merton Item.*

Not a Prophet

He was on the point of making his umpteenth swipe at the ball perched on the tee when his caddie held up a warning hand.

"There's a man going across in front of you, sir."

"So I see. What about it?" snapped the novice.

"You must shout 'Fore!' if there's anybody in the way when you're going to hit the ball."

"How on earth do I know when I'm going to hit the ball?" shouted the novice angrily. "I'm no prophet."

Better To Go Alone

She didn't understand football. "Why did they stop that man and knock him down as soon as he touched the ball?" she asked.

"Because he was trying to get a goal," her brother explained.

"But isn't the object of the game to get goals?"

"Yes; but he was—you see, he's on the other side. He was going the wrong way—that is, towards the wrong goal."

"Well, I don't see why they should knock him down to tell him that. Everybody makes mistakes."

Not Quite!

Four golfers were resting at the ninth green, which was behind a mound, when a battered ball came over the rise and rolled into a sandy trap. The player was not in view.

"Let's make him think he did it on one," said one of the golfers.

So they picked up his ball and put it in the hole.

Presently a weary player walked over the mound and looked about for his ball. The four men rose at him, shouting,

"Did you hit that ball? Bravo! You've done it in one, old man. Look! It's in the hole!"

The player looked bewildered.

"Here's how it rolled," they said, tracing a course across the green. "A perfect shot! The right angle and the right strength! Bravo!"

The weary player pulled out a tattered score-card.

"Good," said he; "that makes it thirty for this hole!"

Two Old Timers

Gov. Smith, at a dinner in Albany, was talking about New York's almost incredibly changeable weather.

"In a hotel lobby the other night," he said, "a Maine man told a New Yorker a hunting story.

"'Yes, sir,' he wound up, 'I killed that b'ar with this here little pearl-handled penknife. Guess you never had a tussle with a b'ar, hey stranger?'

"'My goodness, yes,' said the New Yorker. 'I was fishing in Saranac Lake one day, when a big bear made a rush for me. He knocked the rod clean out of my hands, and so I was deprived of even that poor means of defense. But I grabbed the critter by the throat, roughed it up with him and then drowned him and held him quiet till he froze to death.

"The Maine man nodded thoughtfully. 'Yep,' he said, 'I've often wanted to try that dodge myself; but the weather up our way don't change as quick as it does down here in York State.'"

Good Links

The man in the rainbow stockings was trying to play golf. The difficulty was, of course, to hit the ball. It was so much easier to hit the ground. He hit that every time, the turf flew in all directions. Swish! Swosh! Plop! More excavations. Something was wrong somewhere. It couldn't be his stockings. It must be the links. He turned helplessly to his opponent.

"What do you think of these links?" he exclaimed.

"What do I think of 'em?" gasped his opponent, wiping a bit of soil from his lips. "Pouf! Best I ever tasted."

—*Argonaut.*

Nine Ovair ze 'ill

Buffalo Bill was entertaining a shooting party at his ranch at one time. Among the guests was a French Count, and when the day's sport ended Bill went up to him and asked how he had made out.

"Of ze birds I 'ave none," said the Count. "Zey are too difficile. But of ze wild cows and calves, I 'ave nine ovair ze 'ill."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Tired Business Man

Dark Horse in That Office

A certain firm kept a book in which each employe was required to write his name every morning, together with the time of his arrival and any excuse he might have for being late. The first man to come always gave as his excuse: "Train late," and the others followed suit by writing "Ditto."

One morning, when the usual number of "dittoes" had followed the first man's alleged excuse, it was seen that the latter had written, "Wife had twins."

The Man for the Job

Some of these efficiency experts are carrying things too far. One of them was working on a job where some more bricks were needed, and he said: "Here, now, Thomas, what about carrying some bricks?"

"I ain't feeling well, guv'nor," said James, "I'm trembling all over."

"Well, then, lend a hand with the sieve."

Ducky All Right

A certain club has replaced its familiar black-coated servitors with young, and sometimes pretty waitresses.

One of the old die-hard members, who had strongly opposed the idea, dropped in to lunch one day.

"How's the duck today?" he growled, glowering at the girl who came to serve him.

"Oh, I'm all right," said the waitress, perkily, "How are you, sir?"

The Boss' Idea

FIRST STENOGRAPHIST: "The idea of your working steady eight hours a day! I would not think of such a thing!"

SECOND STENOGRAPHIST: "Neither would I. It was the boss that thought of it."

She Had Speed

"The stenographer we require," ran the ad, "must be fast, absolutely accurate, and must have human intelligence. If you are not a crackerjack, don't bother us."

One of the answerers wrote that she noted their requirements and went on,

"Your advertisement appeals to me strongly—stronger than prepared mustard—as I have searched Europe, Airopo, Irope and Hoboken in quest of someone who could use my talents to advantage. When it comes to this chin-music proposition, I have never found man, woman or dictaphone who could get first base on me, either fancy or catch-as-catch-can. I write shorthand so fast that I have to use a specially prepared pencil with a platinum point and a water cooling attachment, a note pad made of asbestos, ruled with sulphuric acid and stitched with catgut. I run with my cutout open at all speeds, and am, in fact, a guaranteed, double hydraulic welded, drop-forged and oil-tempered specimen of human lightning on a perfect thirty-six frame, ground to one-thousandth of an inch.

"If you would avail yourself of the opportunity of a lifetime, wire me, but unless you are fully prepared to pay the tariff for such service, don't bother me, as I am so nervous I can't stand still long enough to have my dresses fitted."

She got the job.

—*Wall Street Journal*.

Curiosity

"I beg your pardon," said the hotel clerk, "but what is your name?"

"Name?" echoed the indignant guest who had just signed the register. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," answered the clerk. "That aroused my curiosity."

Alibi—Had a Sore Toe

"Are you a messenger boy?" asked the near-sighted man of a boy in the street.

"No, sir," was the indignant reply; "it's my sore toe that makes me walk so slowly."

Sarcasm Personified

The president of a New York bank called in the office manager one day, and said, "I want a new stenographer. Miss S— is a good one, but she's so infernally attractive everybody stops to visit with her. Get me a plain one."

The next morning when the president buzzed for his stenographer, there came in a very plain-looking woman, sixty or sixty-five years old, with a sallow complexion, a dour visage, and a watery blue eye. The president gave her the dictation, excused her, then again called for the office manager.

"I know," said the president, "that I asked for a plain stenographer, but why be sarcastic about it?"

At Least Ninety Days

"Have you ever been married?" asked the judge.

"Ye-es," stammered the prisoner.

"To whom?"

"A woman."

"Of course it was a woman," snapped the judge; "did you ever hear of any one marrying a man?"

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner brightly, "my sister did."

A Mild Letter

Barnard had rung for his secretary and a few seconds later she made her appearance, complete with pencil and shorthand notebook.

"Ah, Miss Smith," said Barnard, looking up, "I want you to write a short note to Blank, Blank & Co., to remind them that their account is three months overdue."

In a few minutes the secretary returned with a letter, which the business man looked over.

"I'm afraid this is a little too strong. I don't want to insult them. Just remind them of the account."

"That's better," said Barnard; "but still a bit vigorous. What I want is just politely to remind them they have overlooked paying our bill."

The third letter was prepared eventually.

"That's much better," exclaimed Barnard; "just about what I want. Now just rewrite it and correct two misspelled words. There's only one 't' in wretched and one 'l' in swindlers."

Uncle Was Right

Old Uncle Eben Jones went into a life insurance office and requested a policy.

"Why, uncle," said the president, "you are too old for us to take the risk. How old are you?"

"Ninety-seven come next August," said the old man, and added testily, "If you folks will take the trouble to look up your statistics, you'll find that mighty few men die after they're ninety-seven."

—*De Laval Monthly.*

"Ish Ka Bibble"

ANXIOUS WIFE: "Abie, have you done anything about that horrible Black Hand letter?"

ABIE: "Oh, ain't I, though? I turned it over to my insurance company. They got \$20,000 tied up in me; let them worry."

—*Moorestown Star.*

You Tell What Happened

One morning a clerk turned up at his office even later than usual. His employer, tired of waiting for him, had himself gone about the work of making out bills. The enraged merchant laid his pen aside very deliberately.

"Mr. Jones," he said sternly, "this will not do!"

"No, sir," replied Jones, glancing over his employer's shoulder, "it will not. You have made these out to the wrong people. Far better to have waited till I came!"

An Amended Notice

There is a grim humour about the story told recently by Mr. Chauncey Depew, the American statesman, at a dinner of the New York Bankers' Association.

It concerned a certain bank president in Arizona, who made away with all the money under his charge, and then posted on the door of the institution: "Bank suspended."

That night he was interviewed by several angry depositors, who dealt with him in approved Western fashion, and then amended the notice to: "Bank president suspended."

Obedient

BOSS: "Well, did you read the letter I sent you?"

OFFICE BOY: "Yes, sir; I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said, 'You are fired,' and on the outside it said, 'Return in five days,' so here I am."

An Editor's Heaven

A certain editor died, and was, of course, directed to ascend to the Abode of the Just. But during the ascent, the editor's journalistic curiosity asserted itself and he said, "Is it permitted for one to have a look at—er—the other place?"

"Certainly," was the gracious reply, and accordingly a descent to the other place was made. Here the editor found much to interest him. He scurried about and was soon lost to view.

His angelic escort got worried at last and began a systematic search for his charge. He found him at last, seated before a furnace, fanning himself and gazing at the people in the fire. On the door of the furnace was a plate, saying, "Delinquent Subscribers."

"Come," said the angel to the editor, "we must be going."

"You go on," the editor answered, without lifting his eyes, "I'm not coming; this is heaven for me."

—*Exchange.*

Good Business Head

DUMB-BELL: "Who is the smartest man living?"

WISE ONE: "Thomas A. Edison."

DUMB BELL: "Why Thomas A Edison?"

WISE ONE: "He invented the phonograph and the radio so people would stay up all night and use his electric light globes."

—*De Laval Monthly.*

Hit the Nail on the Head

MANAGER: "I am afraid you are ignoring our efficiency system, Smith."

SMITH: Perhaps so, sir, but somebody has to get the work done!"

—*Passing Show.*

What He Lacked

A colored agent was summoned before the Insurance Commissioner.

"Don't you know," said the Commissioner, "that you can't sell life insurance without a State license?"

"Boss," said the darkey, "you suah said a moufful. I knowed I couldn't sell it, but I didn't know the reason."

—*Forbes.*

The Ass

At a meeting of directors one heated arguer called his opponent an ass.

This, of course, was unpardonable, and had to be withdrawn.

"Well," said the aggressor, "I'll withdraw what I said, Mr. Chairman, but I still insist that my opponent is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" cried the other.

"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you," was the aggressor's reply.

A Mad Woman

MRS. TELLER: "I got such a bargain for a present for my husband."

MRS. ASKER: "What was it? Everything seemed so high in price."

MRS. TELLER: "It was a box of cigars. It cost only 98 cents and the cigars were bigger and the box was prettier than the ones for \$4 and \$5. And they were genuine old cigars into the bargain—made before the war, the clerk assured me, I have proved that if the men would let us women do their cigar buying we could save them an awful amount of money."

—*Trouveur de Sentiers.*

Truth in Advertising

An advertising man recently said, "I would like to see all advertisements as candid as the one I once read in the personal columns of an Australian newspaper. This advertisement, signed 'Mrs. John Mahaffey' read: 'If John Mahaffey, who 18 years ago cruelly and wilfully deserted me and his baby son Michael, will return, Michael will take pleasure in knocking —— out of him.'"

Blood Will Tell—What?

A prominent man was asked a short time ago for information in regard to a youth whom a firm was considering taking into their office. He wrote:

"I believe Mr. — to be an excellent young man. He is a grandson of Gen. —. He is the cousin of C— B— S—, related to H— G— N—'s and has an excellent bringing up in every way."

The following reply was received from the firm inquiring:

"Dear Mr. —: Thank you very much for your letter in regard to Mr. W. —. We would say, however, that we do not want the young man for breeding purposes, but for clerical work."

—*Forbes.*

Unlimited Supply

Two cracker-box philosophers at Bangs Corners were lamenting the times.

"There's laws bein' busted every day in the week," moaned the first. "Somethin's gotta be done about it."

"Wal," comforted the second, "I reckon we're makin' new ones as fast as the old ones is bein' broke."

Secret Service

"What's this?" asked the boss as his stenog laid a box on his desk.

"Why, they're the envelopes you told me to get while I was in the department store," replied his stenog.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the boss, "I meant for you to get them in the stationery department."

"Oh," giggled the stenog. "I thought your wife had asked you to make a purchase and you were too bashful to go yourself."

Couldn't Kid the Kid

An insurance man says his company recently took on a new office boy who is a wonder. A man came into the office the other day and asked, "Can you insure my immortal soul?"

"I don't know," the kid replied, "but if you'll wait a minute I'll ask the manager of the fire department."

Cheaper at 90

A noted financier was taken seriously ill at 90 years of age, and felt that his end was near.

"Nonsense," said the doctor, "the Lord isn't going to take you until you've passed the 100 mark."

"No, my friend," said the aged banker, "that wouldn't be good finance. Why should the Lord wait until I reach par when He can pick me up at 90?"

Cause for Action

A darky named Sam borrowed \$25 from his friend Tom, and gave his note for the amount.

Time went on, and the note became long past due. One day the two men met on the street. Tom stopped and said, with determination: "Look heah, man, when you goin' t' pay thet note?" "I ain't got no money now," replied Sam, "but I'm goin' to pay it soon as I kin."

"Yo' been sayin' thet fer months," retorted Tom, "but it don't git me no money. Ef y' don't pay thet money here and now, y' know whut I'm goin' t' do? I'm goin' to burn yer old note; then whar'll yo' be at?"

"Yas, yo' will! Yas, yo' will!" Sam shouted. "Jes' yo' burn dat note o' mine and I'll pop a lawsuit onto yo'!"

—*Outlook.*

Out of His Experience

JOHN: "I have some very valuable papers here. Can you advise me concerning a safe place for them?"

HENRY: "Sure, put them in a filing cabinet. No one will find anything there."

All Railroads Have 'Em

The railway board had met to consider the case of old Tom Jones, who in a train accident had become absolutely deaf.

"Well," said a director, "old Tom has been with us a long time now, and we want to find him a new job. What do you suggest?"

"I know," said the chairman. "Let's put him in charge of the complaints department."

A Misunderstanding

There was trouble at the office and the husky new clerk was in disgrace.

"You're fired!" snarled his boss. "When I hired you, I asked if you were quick at figures and you said yes."

"Jumpin' snakes!" expostulated Arizona Pete. "I thought you said triggers!"

—*American Legion Weekly.*

The Business Man at Home

MRS. FLETCHER: "Did you have a hard day at the office, dear?"

FLETCHER: In re your question as to my day at the office, will say that business matters were pressing and that I am very tired."

MRS. FLETCHER: "Well, dear, dinner is ready."

FLETCHER: "Your statement re dinner duly noted, and your suggestion will be acted upon as soon as possible. In spite of all I can do, it will be five minutes before I can act upon this, owing to the fact that I have just lighted a cigar. Trusting that this delay will not inconvenience you, and hoping that—

MRS. FLETCHER: "Come to dinner at once! It's getting cold."

FLETCHER: "Your complaint has been placed in my hands by the head of the department. This will be acted upon at once. Feeling sure that you will be pleased——"

MRS. FLETCHER: "Well, thank Heavens! Won't you have some potatoes, dear?"

FLETCHER: "Will go into conference with my appetite at once, and trust that we will arrive at an early decision."

MRS. FLETCHER: "Please hurry, dear!"

FLETCHER: "After a conference we are pleased to notify you that we will be highly pleased if this matter re the passing of the potatoes can be pushed through at once. Also note the memorandum re gravy, which should accompany the order for the potatoes. Thanking you for this favor, we remain,
J. H. Fletcher."

—*In Lighter Vein.*

Salesman's Tactics

Tommy, the diminutive office boy, had worked hard on a "salary" of \$5 a week. He was a subdued little chap, faithful and quiet. Finally he plucked up courage to ask for an increase.

"How much more would you like?" inquired his employer.

"Well," answered Tommy, "I don't think that \$3 a week more would be too much."

"You are rather a small boy to be earning \$8 a week."

"I suppose I am," said Tommy. "I know I am small for my age, but to tell the truth, since I've been working here, I've been so busy I haven't had time to grow."

He got the raise.

—*Los Angeles Times.*

A Banker in Embryo

A veteran white-wing took his boy to the president of a large bank and said, "I want you to start my boy in the banking business, first as an office boy, next as a messenger, and on up the ladder as bookkeeper, teller, cashier, and so on, up to president."

The executive, not much impressed with the lad, answered, "That's a good idea, but why not start him in your own line, first as a sweeper, then driver, foreman, superintendent, and on to street commissioner?"

"Well," replied the old man, "I'd thought of that, but, you see, the boy is not right bright."

Budding Financier

"James, my son, did you take that letter to the post office and pay the postage on it?"

"Father, I seed a lot of men putting letters in a little place; and when no one was looking, I slipped in yours for nothing."

Must Have Been Mighty Busy

Boss: "Miss Janice, could you take the Lost and Found Desk in addition to your present work?"

MISS JANICE: "Not a chance! I have more responsibility now than a chorus girl's shoulder strap."

Right in His Element

A guest of a middle-west penal institution recently received a visit from the warden, who said:

"I understand you became a boarder here because of a glowing oil well prospectus."

"Yes," replied the gentlemanly prisoner. "I was quite optimistic."

"Well," continued the warden, "the Governor wants a report on conditions in this jail. I want you to write it."

A Merger

"I see in the paper that a widower with nine children has married a widow with seven children."

"That was no marriage. That was a merger."

—*Washington Post.*

Show Your Advertising Manager This

"I want to buy a cake of soap," said Mrs. O'Brien to the grocer.

"What kind?"

"I don't remember the name," replied Mrs. O'Brien. "But it's the one the advertisements speak of so highly."

Quite Safe

Two men, evidently business partners, took their places in the line that was wending its way toward the ticket window for the evening performance.

Suddenly one of the men seemed to remember something.

He clapped one hand to his forehead, gasped, and, in consternation, said to his partner, "Mosey, I forgot to lock the safe!"

"That's all right," said the other; "we are both here, ain't we?"

The First Qualification

"That boy of ours will be a big executive some day."

"What makes you think so?"

"It takes him so long to eat his lunch."

—*Life.*

Not Quite a Cellar Full

The banker asked a man who was trying to borrow money, "How much have you in the way of immediate liquid assets?"

To which the customer cautiously replied, "About a case and a half."

—*Schaefer Magazine*.

Take Your Choice

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

—*Longfellow*.

I must have been mistaken, then,
I thought that great men did so well
Because they slept while other men
Were sitting up and raising hell.

—*Baird Leonard in Life*.

—*Western Insurance Review*, Oct. 1925.

Holy Moses!

An efficiency expert is the kind of man who thinks he can improve on the Ten Commandments by cutting them down to five or six.

How's Business

"Business is poor," said the beggar;
Quoth the undertaker, "It's dead";
"Falling off," said the riding school teacher,
The druggist, "Oh, vial," he said.
"It's all write with me," said the author,
"Picking up," said the man on the dump;
"My business is sound," said the bandsman.
Said the athlete, "I'm kept on the jump."
The bottle declared, "It was corking."
Said the stove, "It's certainly grate."
"I make both ends meat," said the butcher;
Ætna-Izers say, "It's first rate."

—*Ætna Ærial (Minn. Branch)*.

Higher Mathematics

VERY NEW OFFICE BOY (*who has just handed long column of figures to employer*): "I've added those figures up ten times, sir."

EMPLOYER: "Good boy!"

VERY NEW OFFICE BOY (*handing up another slip of paper*): "An' here's the ten answers, sir."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Voice of the Sluggard

Dr. John A. Hutton, talking with contempt of the "canny" idea, recited Chesterton's parody in a lecture that he gave recently at Birmingham:

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,

Thus I my life conduct;

Each morning sees some task begun,

Each evening sees it chucked.

—*The Christian Register.*

Johnny's Diagnosis

"Mother," cried little Mary, as she rushed into the farmhouse they were visiting, "Johnny wants the listerine. He's just caught the cutest little black and white animal, and he thinks it's got halitosis."

—*Union Pacific Magazine.*

Certainly Not?

"Algernon is so educated!" gushed Miss Wall Street to her father. "He's so up on Shakespeare's quotations!"

"Don't display your ignorance, daughter!" roared the old man. "There ain't no such stock on the market."

—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Do You Read Them?

"Catch me, Clarence, I'm dizzy."

"Wassamatter?"

"Been reading a circular letter."

Salesman's Samples Insurance Needed

An advertising salesman upon arriving at the hotel, was met by the porter who wanted to know how many trunks he carried.

"I use no trunks," the salesman replied.

"Oh, I thought you wuz one of these traveling salesmen gentlemen," said the porter.

"I am, but I sell brains, understand? I sell brains."

"Well excuse me, boss, but youse the fust travelin' fella that's been here this season who ain't a-carryin' no samples."

It's Got to Be Good

CUSTOMER: "Look here, this quarter you gave me is counterfeit."

CLERK: "But, sir, it's dated 1870, and must be good."

CUSTOMER: "How do you get that way? I tell you it's no good."

CLERK: "Well, it's funny that nobody noticed it until now."

Double Entry Bookkeeping

A New York man who had been working as a teamster tried to secure a job on the police force. He passed the physical tests, but the written examination gave him a little trouble. One question was:

"A man buys an article for \$12.25 and sells it for \$9.75; does he gain or lose on the transaction?"

After pondering over the question our friend finally answered, "He gains on the cents, but loses on the dollars."

Ownership Dubious

A group of big business men in Washington were talking one evening about government taxation.

"There is no telling where we will land by the time the tax bill is settled," said one. "Our status is as uncertain as that of an old Negro slave I once heard of. Somebody asked him whom he belonged to. 'I don't know, suh,' he replied. 'Old Marse, he's upstairs playin' pokah.'"

—*Forbes*.

Respected

BYSTANDER: "I observe that you treat that gentleman very respectfully."

MILLER: "Yes, he's one of our early settlers."

BYSTANDER: "Early settler? Why he's not more than forty years old."

MILLER: "That may be true; but he pays his bills on the first of every month."

Good Material

"Say," exclaimed the movie magnate, "there's some swell stuff in that thing you dug out for me."

"Er—you mean that 'Hamlet'?" asked his right hand man.

"I guess so. I can make a swell little play outta that!"

—*American Legion Weekly*.

Juvenile Advertiser

A little boy stood in the middle of the street and cried as if his heart would break. A large crowd gathered and endeavored to learn the cause of his tears. When the multitude had reached large proportions the boy took his hands from his eyes.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked a member of the crowd.

"Boo hoo," cried the lad. "Von't somebody please take me to Brown's clothing store? There is a big sale of men's suits, overcoats and ties. Everything at reasonable prices."

Then Tommy Studied

"Aw, what good is percentage?" growled little Tommy.

"Now, Tommy," asked his teacher reproachfully, "don't you want to learn how to figure batting averages?"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Nor Any Other Town

OLD LADY: "Sonny, can you direct me to the First National Bank?"

SONNY: "I kin fer a nickel. Bank directors don't work fer nawthin' in this town."

Cold Logic

To Elbert H. Gary, the head of the United States Steel Corporation, is credited the most apt reply to a question of stock value.

"Do you think steel stocks will go up or down?" a woman once asked him.

"Yes," was the answer, "I think they will. They rarely stand still, and they can't go sidewise!"

—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Generous

A colored revival was in full blast and one old fellow was exhorting the people to contribute generously.

"Look what de Lawd's done fo' you all, brethren!" he shouted. "Give Him a portion of all you has. Give Him a tenth. A tenth belongs to de Lawd!"

"Amen!" yelled a perspiring member of the congregation, overcome by emotion. "Glory be to de Lawd! Give Him mo'. Give Him a twentieth!"

—*Wall Street Journal.*

Always Reliable

A correspondent wrote as follows:

"Dear Editor: Please tell me the address of the most reliable fortune teller. Anxious."

The editor wisely replied, "Dun and Bradstreet, New York City."

—*Ex.*

Not in the Application

LIFE INSURANCE AGENT: "Do you want a straight life?"

PROSPECT: "Well, I like to step out once in a while."

Need an Efficiency Expert?

MARRIAGE BUREAU MANAGER: "No you won't do, you don't know enough about the business."

APPLICANT: "Oh, don't I? I waited to see you ten minutes and I am engaged to your stenographer."

What He Meant

A young man of Boston who had failed to pay his laundry bill, endeavored to turn his Chinaman aside from inquiry by an attack upon the Celestial's manner of speech.

"Why do you say Fliday, John?" he asked.

"Say Fliday because mean Fliday," replied John tartly.

"No say Fliday and mean maybe week after next like you Melican man."

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Too Well Trained

Owen D. Young, the international lawyer, said in New York in a discussion of Bolshevism:

"Bolshevik arguments that look good at first glance won't bear examination.

"An employer complained to one of his clerks:

"See here, Sam, how is it you never turn up on time any more?"

"Well, boss, it's like this," said Sam, "You've drilled me so darn well never to watch the clock during office hours that I've lost the habit of watching it at home, too."

—*New York Telegram.*

For Purposes of Finance

At the little church the minister, a colored man, announced that he regretted to state that a certain brother had retired to rest the night before without locking the door of his fowl-house, and on rising in the morning had found that all his chickens had disappeared.

"I don't want to be personal," he added, "but I hab my suspicions as to who stole dem chickens. I shall be glad if the man who took dem will not put any money in the box when it is passed round, and then I shall know if dose suspicious are right or not."

The collection was taken up. The boxes were crammed full of money.

"Now, breddern," announced the minister, "I don't want your dinners spoilt by wonderin' where dat brudder lives who don't lock his chickens up at night. Dat brudder don't exist, mah friends; he was a parable for the purpose of finance."

—*Secretary Hank.*

Benevolence, Maybe!

While an errand boy was conveying a truckload of soda water syphons through the street the wheel suddenly came off, with the result that every bottle was smashed.

The lad showed signs of much distress, and a crowd speedily congregated to ascertain the nature of the disaster.

After seeing what had happened, a benevolent old gentleman expressed his sympathy and gave the lad a shilling, an example which was followed by other bystanders.

Enough money was eventually subscribed to replace the damaged goods.

The boy proceeded to repair his barrow as best he could, and the spectators dispersed with the exception of one, more curious than the rest, who inquired if the lad knew who his kind benefactor was who started the collection.

"Know him? He's a cute 'un, he is. That's my boss!"

—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Sizing up J. D.

For many years John D. Rockefeller, Sr., used to visit Augusta, Ga., for winter golf. He would always attend the Negro Baptist Church on the first arrival, the First Baptist Church (white) on the second Sunday, and St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of which his secretary was a member, on the third Sunday.

After noting this sequence for several years, a prominent member of St. Paul's asked an old negro, "Look here, William, how is it that every winter when Mr. Rockefeller comes down here he goes first to your church, then to the white Baptist Church and then to St. Paul's Eepiscopal?"

William replied, "Lawd, boss, dat's easy. It's dis a way: At St. Paul's you bu'ns 'lectricity, at de w'te Baptist Church dey bu'ns gas, but we bu'ns kerosene."

—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Always to Blame

CALLER: "Who's the responsible man here?"

OFFICE BOY: "If you mean the fellow that always gets the blame, it's me."

Here's a Good One

How far into details should a railroad president go?

When George B. Baer was president of the Reading, he was sitting on the porch of his home one Sunday afternoon when a man carrying a dress-suit case approached and said, "Is this where the president of the Reading Railroad lives?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Baer.

"Are you the president of the Reading Railroad?"

"Yes," said Mr. Baer again.

"Well," said the man with the dress-suit case, "how much does an excursion ticket to Niagara Falls cost?"

"Sorry," replied Mr. Baer, "but I don't know."

"What!" exclaimed the inquirer in astonishment, "you don't know the price of an excursion ticket to Niagara Falls? Say, you're a hell of a railroad president!"

Down Where the Vest Begins

Down where the belt clasps a little stronger,
Down where the pants should be a little longer,
That's where the Vest begins;
Down where you wish you were a little slighter,
Where the shirt that shows is a little whiter,
Where each day the buttons grow a little tighter,
That's where the Vest begins.

Down where the pains are in the making,
And each heavy meal will soon start it aching,
That's where the Vest begins;
Where each added pound is the cause of sighing,
When you know in your heart that the scales aren't
lying,
And you just have to guess when your shoes need
tying,
That's where the Vest begins.

—Unknown.

Group Insurance

CHARLIE CARREL (*looking at premium card*): "What does this M. O. B. stand for?"

COLETTE PIERRE: "That spells 'mob'."

CHARLIE: "Oh, I see! A group policy."

Business

"John," said Mrs. Norris to her husband, "I'm really afraid our Junior is lazy. He persuades little Freddy to do all his work."

"Lazy!" exclaimed Norris. "That's executive ability!"

Trades

Efficiency

Men were digging a ditch in a wet, sticky soil that was in danger of caving in.

"All out!" the young foreman shouted one morning.

The men were out like a flash.

"All in!" the foreman shouted, and the men tumbled back into the ditch, thinking that the call had been a false alarm.

"All out!" came another shout.

Out tumbled the men.

"All in!"

And they disappeared once more in the hole, grumbling a little.

After half-a-dozen repetitions of this business the men became angry and asked the foreman what he meant by it.

"What's the game?" one demanded. "There's no water coming."

The foreman smiled.

"I know there isn't," he said, "but I find that you fellows take out more dirt on your boots than you do on your shovels."

Entirely Reasonable Excuse

"Where have you been?" inquired the employer.

"Having my hair cut," replied the workman.

"Well, you can't have your hair cut on my time," protested the exasperated employer.

"Why not?" demanded the wage earner sturdily. "It grew in your time."

—*London Post.*

His Idea

A foreman saw one of his men hammering a screw into a piece of wood.

"What the dickens are you doing?" he cried. "You know a screw should never be put into wood with a hammer. What do you think that screw-driver is for?"

"Why, for taking the screws out, of course," was the answer.

—*Good Hardware.*

And Then Some

A lady living in a Miami suburb was shocked at the language used by two men repairing telegraph wires close to her house.

She wrote to the company on the matter, and the foreman was asked to report.

This he did in the following way:

"Me and Bill Fairweather were on the job. I was up the telegraph pole, and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Bill. It went down his neck. Then he said: 'You really must be more careful, Harry.'"

The Plumber Again

JULIUS: "Let's go; slow-motion pictures always bore me."

CAESAR: "That's not a slow-motion picture; it's a plumber working at the top of his speed."

—*Life*.

Alibi Accepted

"Here, here, gentlemen!" exclaimed the train conductor, finding two of his smoker passengers engaged in a brawl. "What's the trouble here?"

"My pocketbook's gone," replied one of the combatants when peace had been restored. "And I think he took it. He was sitting beside——"

"He's crazy!" interrupted the accused. "I never stole a penny in my life! I don't have to steal, I'm a plumber."

—*Country Gentleman*.

Skilled Work

"I'm tired of carrying the hod," said Cassidy, as he rested a stack of bricks. "I want to push a barrer, like Flynn does."

"You push a barrer!" exclaimed his friend Flannigan, scornfully. "Phwat the dickens d'you know about machinery?"

Used No Safety Razor

BARBER: "You say you have been here before? I don't seem to remember your face."

VICTIM: "Probably not. 'It's all healed up now.'"

Statuesque

COUNTRY COUSIN (*after prolonged inspection of building operations*): "I don't see the sense of putting statues on top of the building."

FRIEND: "Statues? Those aren't statues. They're bricklayers."

From the Shoulder

"Your hair wants cutting badly, sir," said a barber, insinuatingly, to a customer.

"No, it doesn't," replied the man in the chair; "it wants cutting nicely. You cut it badly last time."

Ssh!

YOUNGSTER: "Mother, who put that statue under the kitchen sink?"

MOTHER: "SSh! That's the plumber working."

—*Building Magazine.*

The Union Idea

FOREMAN: "Wot's up, Bill, 'urt yourself?"

BILL: "No, gotta nail in me boot."

FOREMAN: "Why dontcher take it out, then?"

BILL: "Wot! In me dinner hour!"

—*London Opinion.*

His References

EXCAVATION CONTRACTOR: (*to applicant*): "Do you think you are fit for really hard labor?"

HARD CASE: "Well, sor, some of the best judges have thought so."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Pat's Explanation

FOREMAN (*to Irish laborer*): "Look at that Italian carrying two scaffold poles at a time, and you're taking only one."

PAT: "Shure, he must be too lazy to go twice."

—*Oil Weekly*

Travellers

When Railroad Was New

A bold sportsman who lived in England 100 years ago when the railway was new, accepted an invitation to go with a house party for a run of five miles by rail. In a letter written in 1829 he gives this account of his experience:

"The quickest motion is to me frightful; it is really flying, and it is impossible to divest yourself of the notion of instant death to all upon the least accident's happenings. It gave me a headache that has not left me yet."

"The train in which he rode "flew" at the terrific speed of 23 miles an hour.

Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

His Little Graft

The customs officer had eyes like a lynx. Little escaped his notice. And he had seen the bottle.

"What have you got there?" he demanded sternly.

"Only ammonia," quavered the traveler.

"Only ammonia, is it?" thundered the official, and at once put the bottle to his lips and took a long pull.

It was.

No Alligators There

The Florida beach and blue sea looked inviting to the tourists from the North, but before venturing out to swim he thought to make sure.

"You're certain there are no alligators here?" he inquired of the guide.

"Nossuh," replied that functionary, grinning broadly. "Ain't no 'gators hyah."

Reassured, the tourist started out. As the water lapped about his chest he called back, "What makes you so sure there aren't any alligators?"

"Dey's got too much sense," bellowed the guide. "De sharks done skeered dem all away."

Slide, Becky, Slide

Mr. and Mrs. Cohan were touring in Italy. When they arrived in Pisa, Mrs. Cohan pattered her 260 pounds up the spiral stairway of the famous Leaning Tower, leaving husband below. She leaned far out from the topmost rampart, waved a scarf at her husband and shouted, "Hi! Come on up."

Cohan looked up to the top of the leaning tower for the first time, and shouted, "Becky, Becky, for your life, get back! You're bending the building."

Not Included

"I shall refuse to pay for attendance," said the irate tourist, who had been staying at an old-fashioned country hotel, and who had just been presented with his bill. "Why, the bells in the room are a perfect disgrace—not one of them would ring. Everything I wanted I had to fetch myself. I must have spent hours tugging at those bell-pulls."

"It's true we have charged for attendance," said the smiling proprietor, "but we have charged you nothing for your physical culture course."

"Physical culture course!" exclaimed the tourist in surprise. "I don't know what you mean."

"The daily use of our dumb-bells," was the cool retort.

Far Fetched—Five Stops

PASSENGER: "Please, conductor, will you help me get off the train?"

CONDUCTOR: "Certainly, madam."

PASSENGER: "You see, it's this way. Being rather stout I have to get out backwards—the porters think I'm getting in—so they give me a shove and say, 'Urry up ma'am.' I'm five stations past where I want to go now."

Time

As the train entered the long tunnel a drummer breezed into the smoking compartment.

"Lots of kissing going on back there," remarked the drummer cheerily.

Whereupon several husbands made hasty exits.

Poor St. Peter

Two women in a train argued concerning the window and at last one called the conductor.

"If this window is open," she declared, "I shall catch cold and die."

"If the window is shut," declared the other, "I shall suffocate."

The two glared at each other.

The conductor was at a loss, and welcomed the advice of a man who sat near. "First open the window," the man suggested, "that will kill one. Then shut the window; that will kill the other. Then we'll have peace."

Welcome Stranger

A distinguished Westerner, subject to severe attacks of indigestion, was traveling with his wife. Late one night in a Pullman, he was seized with an attack. His wife slipped on a kimono and hurried to the wash-room to prepare a mustard plaster. She rushed back, hastily threw aside the curtains, opened his pajamas and applied the plaster securely before she discovered it wasn't her husband but a strange man. She fled, horrified, to the right berth and told her husband, who went into such fits of laughter that his indigestion was cured. If they tried to take off the plaster they would awaken the stranger. To avoid a difficult explanation they decided just to leave it on.

At 6 A. M., there was a terrific roar from the stranger's berth. "Porter," he howled, "who the H—ll put a porcupine in my bed!"

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Drop in the Bucket

An Englishman and an American were standing before the Victoria Falls, when the Englishman said, "Surely you must concede that these falls are far grander than your Niagara Falls."

"What!" replied the American. "Compare these to our Niagara Falls? Why, man alive, they are a mere perspiration!"

—*Tit-Bits.*

Done and Donor

"Had a nice trip?"

"Yes, rather."

"Been doing the Continent?"

"Well, yes, if you put it that way; but when I look at the bills I've paid, it rather seems as if the Continent had been doing me."

Ruins

The American heiress had just come back from her trip to Europe. At dinner her neighbor inquired, "Did you see many picturesque old ruins during your trip?"

"Yes," she replied. "And six of them proposed to me."

—*Irish Weekly Times.*

Nice Little Lake, Too

Absent-minded Prof. Smith had left his berth in the sleeper to find a drink of ice water and was hopelessly lost in the middle of the aisle. It was about midnight and the train was speeding through the country.

"Don't you remember the number of your berth?" asked the conductor.

"I'm—er—afraid not," was the reply.

"Well, haven't you any idea where it was?"

"Why, uh—oh, yes, to be sure." The professor brightened perceptibly. "I did notice one time this afternoon that the windows looked out upon a little lake!"

—*Judge.*

All of a Sudden

The train stopped longer than usual on the big curve coming into the Irish wayside station. A passenger looked out, saw the guard descend from his van and listened to the following conversation with the driver:

GUARD: "What are ye shtoppin' for?"

DRIVER: "Sure, and can't ye see the signal is agin me?"

GUARD: "'Tis mighty particular you're gettin' all of a sudden."

Ze Frenchy Comique

AMERICAN (*entering N. Y. harbor*): "Look! do you see the lights? That's the Statue of Liberty."

FRENCHMAN: "Ah, ze Americaines are jus like we French. You, too, raise statues to your illustrious dead."

—*Life*.

Oscar Hopped Off

"What was the name of the last station we stopped at, mother?"

"I don't know. Be quiet. I'm working out a cross-word puzzle."

"It's a pity you don't know the name, mother, because little Oscar got out of the train there!"

Wham!

An American traveling in Scotland saw a gang of navvies at work. Going up to one of the men, who had a shovel in his hand, he said: "We have teaspoons as big as that in America."

"I guessed that from the size of your mouth," replied the navvy.

Annoying

They had been on their much-talked-of trip abroad, and had now returned home. "And what did you think of Venice?" asked a neighbor.

"Venice?" murmured Mrs. Greening. Then she turned to her husband. "Did we go to Venice, George?"

"Don't you remember that we stopped there, and there was a flood on, so we didn't leave the station."

On Safe Ground

They inquired about his trip abroad. He began enthusiastically, but stopped short.

"Has anyone here been to Europe?"

"No."

"Well, then, I can speak freely."

—*Boston Transcript*.

Ah, Those Americans!

A group of tourists were looking over the inferno of Vesuvius in full operation. "Ain't this just like hell?" ejaculated a Yank.

"Ah, zese Americans," exclaimed a Frenchman enviously, "where have zey not been?"

—*Texas Shop Talk.*

Beyond Imagination

A well-known woman is a famous Mrs. Malaprop as regards her speech.

"And what in France," asked a friend, "did you enjoy the most, Mrs.——?"

"Well I think," said the lady, it was the French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise."

Mormonic Appearance

A tourist relates that on a recent motor trip he had 11 passengers in his touring car—his own family of four, a wife's sister with four children, and a couple of extra children lent by a neighbor. Up in Nebraska he stopped at a repair shop by a lonely road, and called the old blacksmith, who ran the shop, out to the road.

The passengers, taking advantage of the stop to get out and stretch their weary limbs, filed out—first the tourist's family of four, then the wife's relatives numbering five, and then the two neighbor children.

The old repair man looked the procession over with awed interest, and then walked around and looked at the license tag. "Well," he said, "you've got a Missouri tag on yer car but I'd a swore you was from Salt Lake City."

—*Kansas City Times.*



